

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Greece-Turkey

BOTH as a government and as a people we demonstrate the most extraordinary capacity for surprise. The crisis over Greece has been on the horizon for at least two years. In the form it finally took, it was visible for several months before the President delivered his message to Congress.

The chronology is worth noting. In mid-January Paul Porter was sent to Athens as the head of an economic mission. Before he left he heard rumors the British might have to withdraw their economic assistance. The American Ambassador in Athens, Lincoln MacVeagh, had been sending back such reports for some time. MacVeagh was working in close collaboration with the British Ambassador, Sir C. J. Norton.

On February 22 the British Ambassador in Washington, Lord Inverchapel, asked for an appointment with the Secretary of State. On February 24 he informed Secretary George C. Marshall that British assistance would terminate on March 31, the end of the Greek fiscal year. The final shipment of UNRRA supplies was due to leave this country for Greece the first week in April. British troops will be withdrawn this summer.

The President delivered his message to Congress on March 12. Only nineteen days remained for action. Given the precarious condition of the Greek government, with a dollar balance of only \$14,000,000 left for necessary imports, this was split-second timing.

United States or United Nations?

Perhaps the President planned it that way. But Senator Vandenberg and other Republicans responsible for putting it over did not think so. They were irritated by what they considered unnecessary delay and bungling, and by the decision not to consult the United Nations.

Vandenberg wanted to know why the UN had not been immediately notified of the step the United States was to take. He argued that the United States should have asked the Security Council to keep jurisdiction over the border dispute. In that way, said Vandenberg, the prestige of the UN would have been saved and, more important, as a matter of practical procedure the UN would thereby have been placed between Russia and the United States in Greece.

Giving point to this criticism, the report of a UN mission to Greece was released five days after the President spoke. UN's Food and Agricultural Organization had sent eight experts to study the plight of Greece. At an FAO conference in Copenhagen last September they released a preliminary summary of their recommendations.

Now in their full-length report of 188 closely printed pages they set out a detailed cure for the misery and ruin that Greece is today. This was a long-term program for the construction of dams, the irrigation of land, and the development of industry — particularly of a tourist trade that would bring thousands of visitors to an appreciation of the beauty of Greece.

The report recommended that these steps be carried out under the guidance of a United Nations Advisory Mission for Greece, to be made up of representatives of various UN groups, including, of course, the FAO itself. It suggested a long-term loan from the International Bank.

While these are admirable suggestions, they are not entirely realistic. The International Bank would be highly unlikely to make a loan to Greece its first commitment. Obtaining approval of a UN commission to Greece might prove difficult in view of the veto, and in any case, approval could scarcely be obtained in time.



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Economist for the FAO mission was Mordecai Ezekiel, adviser of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Ezekiel pointed out, in what was a "non-political" report, that inflationary pressures could scarcely be checked so long as such a considerable part of the male population remained in the Army. About 55 per cent of the government's budget goes to the military, and the budget is 50 per cent unbalanced.

It is impossible to keep "politics" out of a discussion of Greece. Members of the mission got the impression of a weak and uncertain government trying to enforce order by repressive measures. The law of the defense of the realm adopted last summer subjects citizens generally to execution by courts-martial and arbitrary search and seizure.

Army vs. guerrillas

What members of Congress found hard to understand was the disparity between the size of the Greek Army and the scale of the guerrilla operation in the north. About 150,000 men were in the Army. The guerrilla bands were estimated at 13,000, equipped with mortars, machine guns, and other modern weapons.

One reason advanced for the success of the guerrillas is the nature of the country in which they operate. In the wild, mountainous region on the northern border, villages have been terrorized and laid waste. Guerrillas are in control in parts of Macedonia, where apparently the plan is to establish a corridor from the Albanian border eastward.

Evidence is fairly detailed that members of bands organized by the National Liberation Front (EAM) have been trained outside Greece. Moscow is said to have supplied a manual on guerrilla warfare, printed in Greek. But there was no evidence that foreigners had participated in this border warfare.

Why does Greece need to maintain a large army? The explanation, as it came from Porter, MacVeagh, and others on the spot, was in terms of the imminent breakdown of the Greek economy. For example, rehabilitation machinery on the dock could not be moved to the site of reconstruction because no one wanted to work for inflated Greek paper money. What is essential first of all, according to Porter, is to send in quantities of food and clothing so that people will be able to buy something with their money. This will restore confidence and thereby ease the position of the Bank of Greece. Funds in hiding outside the country will be returned.

Army politics

Another doubt about the Greek Army was its politics. When left-wing Labor members of Parliament complained to the British Foreign Office about Greek fascists holding high commissions, they got a remark-

able reply. The Foreign Office, which had been largely responsible for shaping Britain's policy in Greece, said there were 228 former members of the German-sponsored security battalions holding active service commissions in the Greek Army. These were the hated Greek battalions that did much of the Nazis' dirty work during the occupation.

As a counter, the Foreign Office pointed out that nearly as many officers holding active service commissions had been members of the Communist-dominated National Liberation Front. Lyall Wilkes, a young Labor M.P. who fought in Greece, said he believed the number of collaborators with Army commissions was much higher than the Foreign Office estimate, perhaps as high as a thousand.

Whatever the exact figures, the picture that emerges is of a political army. Troops not deployed in the troubled areas spend their time in idleness. They manage, of course, to get more food than civilians do. Ezekiel suggested, in his section of the FAO report, that they might well be put to work, part time at least, on reconstruction projects. They could help in the construction of roads and bridges. The destruction in Greece during four years of war was perhaps more calculated and more thorough than anywhere else in Europe. The Nazis deliberately plotted and executed the economic ruin of the country.

Another Spain?

Those who are in the best position to know believe that if help is not forthcoming, events will probably occur in the following sequence. Civil war will in all likelihood follow the downfall of the present government. Fascist-minded Army officers — several still in exile in Egypt — will try to take over. They could be expected to enforce a new dictatorship on the order of the savage Metaxas regime, which worked such harm just before the outbreak of the war.

Enlarged guerrilla activity would immediately follow. The expectation, said observers, was that material in volume would then begin to pour across the border from Soviet Russia by way of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. This would be a repetition of Spain. Anything like peaceful assistance would, of course, be much too late after open civil war had started.

The points of view were almost as many as the special interests involved. Oil reserves owned and exploited by American interests in the Middle East were certainly a factor in the decision. These interests were charting expenditures in Saudi Arabia and Iraq nearly as large as the advance to Greece and Turkey. Our Navy has said that Middle East reserves are essential to American security. As the President's proposal was being debated, the Navy announced that a United States squadron would visit the Straits of the Dardanelles.

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What disturbed many members of Congress was the fact that the proposal seemed to lack focus. It was too amorphous, too undefined. It was considered probable that \$150,000,000 would be spent on the Army in the first twelve to eighteen months. A large part of this sum would go for material, a portion of it for construction.

Turkey and the Straits

If the proposal seemed out of focus in so far as Greece was concerned, it was definitely blurred with respect to Turkey. One who helped to frame the policy put it thus: "A shot in the arm for Turkey's military." In Turkey the justification of imminent collapse and terrible war damage does not exist. The Turks had sat out the war despite fierce pressure from both sides. They came out with a \$200,000,000 gold balance derived in large part from the sale of chrome to both the Germans and the Allies.

The background for the Turkish move was in two notes sent by the United States to Russia last year, one on August 19, a second on October 9. They followed a Soviet note to Turkey suggesting that the Black Sea powers discuss measures for controlling the Dardanelles. It happens, of course, that Turkey is the only Black Sea power not in Russia's orbit.

The second American note, delivered at the Kremlin by Ambassador Smith, reminded the Soviet government that the Protocol of the proceedings of the Potsdam Conference, signed by Russia, the United States, and Great Britain, provided that "the Convention on the Straits concluded at Montreux should be revised as failing to meet present-day conditions." All three powers, the note emphasized, had an interest in the revision of the Dardanelles convention.

The American note concluded: "My Government also feels that it would be lacking in frankness if it should fail to point out again at this time, in the most friendly spirit, that in its opinion the Government of Turkey should continue to be primarily responsible for the defense of the Straits and that should the Straits become the object of attack or threat of attack by an aggressor, the resulting situation would be a matter for action on the part of the Security Council of the United Nations."

The Army comes first

What we proposed to do in Turkey was to bolster a military establishment that was bearing down heavily on the Turkish economy. An estimated 850,000 men were under arms, approximately as many as were kept mobilized during the war. This was nearly 5 per cent of the total population.

The burden was felt by every Turkish citizen. Military expenditures for the fiscal year 1944-1945 were 58.5 per cent of the total budget. The cost of national

defense was estimated at 558,200,000 lira, equivalent to \$199,300,000. This was reduced somewhat the following fiscal year. Estimated military expenditures for the twelve months of 1946 were only 31.7 per cent of the total budget, but actual expenditures were much larger. The estimate for the current year is 425,700,000 lira, or 44 per cent.

The servicing and amortization of existing "armament" loans is an obligation which adds further to the heavy burden of national defense. In addition to outright military expenditures, disbursements in other government departments for radio, telegraph and telephone extensions, airfields and equipment, railway service, public health, can also be attributed to the effort to keep the Army at full strength.

With so many able-bodied men under arms, Turkey's capacity to produce is retarded. This is particularly true in agriculture, in which 80 per cent of all gainfully employed persons are occupied. Agriculture in Turkey is still on a relatively primitive level.

Turkey's military burden

Turkey's transportation system, inadequate for normal needs, is heavily requisitioned for direct and indirect Army services. The movement of troops, equipment, food, animals, and other supplies requires a substantial part of the railway's rolling stock. Heavy demands on the transportation system are made by the movement of raw and semi-manufactured materials such as iron and steel, lumber, and cement used in Army construction. Relatively few freight cars have been available for the movement of grain. In the same way motor transport has been greatly restricted.

According to reports from observers in Turkey, it would be possible to reduce this cost by modernization of the Army. Radar and other modern military installations would make it possible to scale down the number of troops on active duty. Another twelve to eighteen months of the present burden and Turkey might conceivably reach an economic impasse.

By ruthless methods the Turks have kept down Communist infiltration. Foreign agents under suspicion of sabotage have suddenly disappeared. One heard many stories, during the war, of mysterious freight dropped into the Bosphorus on a pitch-black night. The techniques of suppression used under the Ottoman Empire have not been forgotten.

The chief reason, of course, why Communist infiltration is unsuccessful is the unanimity of Turkish opinion on foreign policy. The Turks have resolved to maintain Turkish control over the Dardanelles. Nothing has shaken that resolve, and one of the objectives of our advance to the Turks is to make sure they can hold firm.

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South Africa

A LAND of burning color problems, the Union of South Africa lies on the strategic route to the East which was the lifeline of Commonwealth and Empire when Rommel was but thirty miles from Alexandria. Its Opposition Party stands for a republic and a break with the Crown.

When the royal family's visit was announced a year ago, the joint leader of the Herenigde (Opposition, Nationalist) Party in the Transvaal, General J. C. G. Kemp, M.P., sent the following letter to the *Star*, one of Johannesburg's leading newspapers: "General Smuts invited the British King to South Africa without consulting the Opposition. His object with such a visit just before a general election is clear — to whip up British sentiment in the country, possibly for party political purposes; and to strengthen the political and economic bonds with the British Empire. . . .

"The position of the Afrikaner and republican is clear. Those of us . . . still endeavoring to bring about a republic in South Africa, and other pro-republicans, cannot take part in a festivity which will strengthen the monarchy in the Union."

There were many Nationalists who disagreed with General Kemp's stand, but there were others who agreed. A few extremists among British South Africans, fearing violence, thought it an unwarranted risk to bring the royal family to the Union.

Land of contrasts

What is this Union of South Africa which the Crown chose to visit before all other Dominions? It includes the Cape Province, off whose rocky shores the South Atlantic and the Indian Ocean meet, where mountains march from the coastal belt, with its fruit, wine, and all the good things of life, to the Karroo, a barren land of little rain, which lives on sheep and goat farming.

It includes the Orange Free State (the Iowa of the Union), where farm lands roll forever to the horizon and then merge into the desert-like but diamond-rich country around Kimberley. The Free State is the stronghold of the Nationalist Party, but today this Afrikaner core of the nation is threatened with industrialization and another Johannesburg as a result of the gold strike at Odendaalsrust last year. It includes the Transvaal, the gold province and industrial heart of the Union, where Johannesburg, the Union's New York, rises over a mile above the sea 900 miles away at Cape Town, and mines nearly 50 per cent of the world's gold almost under the skyscrapers of which the city is so proud.

It is also a province of farms and ranches, of chrome, coal, iron, and platinum mines, of brisk, healthy high veld and of cactus-covered or lush, tropical low veld, ridden with malaria. It is a land of contrasts. Rich in minerals, it is unable to feed itself although dotted with rich farm lands. A land of eroded pink hills, it is so poor in lumber that it scouts the continent and imports from Scandinavia and the United States to fill its needs.

It is a land peopled with 2,335,460 Europeans, 7,725,809 natives, and 282,539 Asiatics, most of the last in Natal. What this mixed population will do about racial problems will matter enormously to the natives in French and Belgian Africa, to every place in Africa where there is a dark skin, and even to us in the United States. The population figures explain why South Africa is, and always has been, committed to a cheap-labor policy for non-Europeans.

A leading South African economist, S. H. Frankel, has estimated that half the population derives its income from the gold mines, directly or indirectly, and that the government depends on them for more than half its funds.

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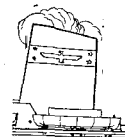
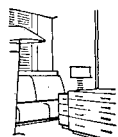
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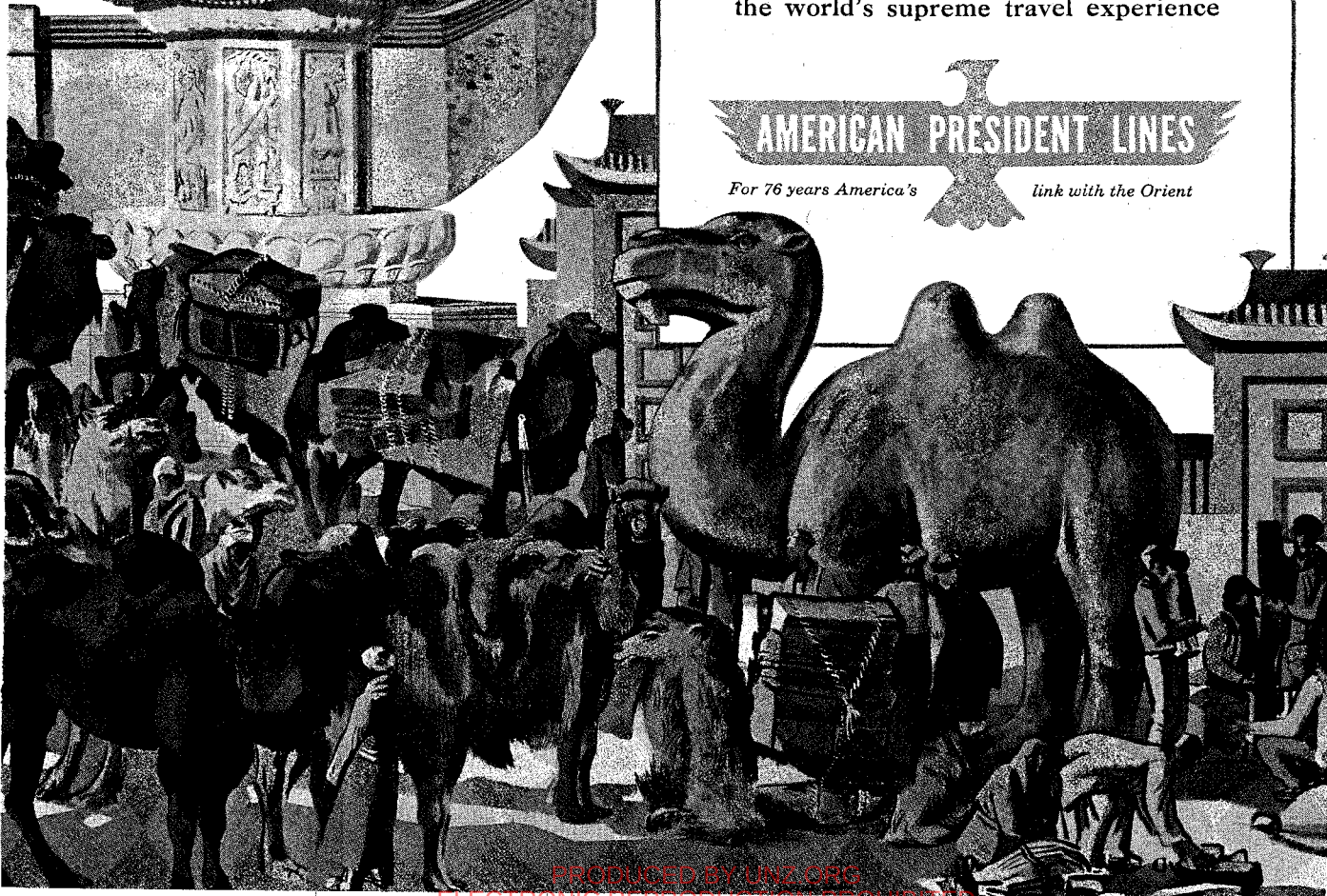
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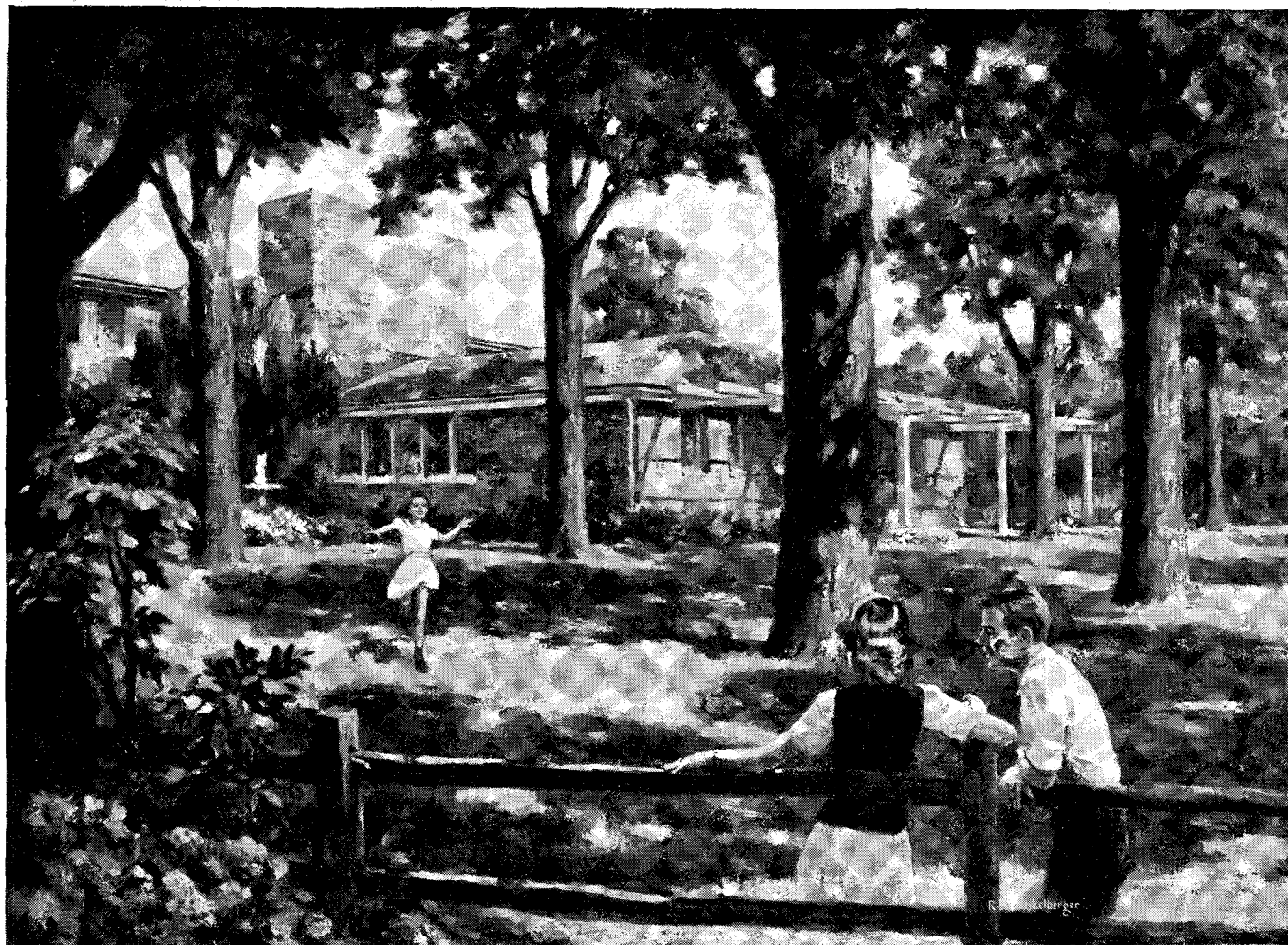
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Burdened with the support of half the country, the mines could practice only one economy — cheap labor. Machinery from overseas, freight rates — almost every item involved in the extraction of low-grade ore was high-priced, except native labor. And so it came about that the basic industry of the country reinforced the mental attitude of the South African toward the native as laborer and bolstered his conviction that economic superiority is and must continue to be the prerogative of the white man.

White supremacy

This cheap-labor policy came into conflict with the policy of white superiority. It would have been an economy to the mines to employ natives in semi-skilled and skilled jobs, but there they met white resistance. The white miner said no, and fought the strikes of 1914 and 1922 to carry his point. The color bar, made legal by the Mines and Works Act of 1911, limited cheap labor in the mines by prohibiting the use of non-Europeans in many operations; and the white miners, backed by the rest of the population, were determined to see that it was carried into effect.

So hand in hand with the cheap-labor policy goes the policy of maintaining the economic superiority of the white race. The labor force in the mines, therefore, has resolved itself into a comparatively few Europeans (46,090 in 1936) overseeing a vast army of natives (394,320 in 1936).

In terms of dollars the European earned in that year an average of about \$1425, the natives about \$155 — and that small sum included \$70 to cover food and housing, which left the native a cash wage of about \$85 a year. The white is well established as the superior being in the mines when his earnings average roughly ten times those of the natives.

Last summer 300,000 natives in the gold mines of the Rand struck for improved working conditions and higher pay. The police were called out with their tear gas and tommy guns, and by the end of a week the natives were back at work, having gained nothing. The newspapers stated that only eight were killed, although some who went into the hospitals and morgues on the Reef reported that many times that number were killed.

The press raised the bogey of "Communist agitator," but influential and responsible men and women disagreed with that explanation, in spite of the fact that it was also the official explanation for the strike. There was no direct statement by General Smuts, but the *Rand Daily Mail* and other papers reported that in speaking before the Transvaal Head Committee of his United Party in Pretoria, the General blamed agitators for the strike and added that the Government was taking steps to see that this position was "put right."

Further, he said that the wages and working conditions of native mine laborers had been fully investigated and that the Government had carried out practically in full the recommendations of the Lansdown Commission, which had been appointed to study and make recommendations concerning conditions affecting natives in the mines.

Margaret Ballinger, M.P., and white representative for natives in the General Assembly, and Jessie McPherson, mayor of Johannesburg, were among several who published the following answer to the Prime Minister: "We, the undersigned, wish to place on record our belief that the tragic incidents of the last few days could have been avoided had channels of negotiation between the African mineworkers and their employers been provided.

"We cannot accept the statements that the strike was the work of agitators. The existence of serious economic grievances was fully established by the Lansdown Commission, a considerable proportion of whose recommendations, designed to alleviate the position, were not implemented."

Some people interpret these remarks as a polite way of telling the Prime Minister that he was not stating the facts. Smuts certainly has his difficulties. Should he want to, it would be a long task to implement in his own land the idealism for which he stands to most of the world. And that he wants to has been questioned. After the strike of 1914 in the mines his enemies coined the word *platkat-politiek*, meaning the policy of ruthlessly shooting down all opposition, to describe his outlook.

Natal segregates the Indians

But the problem of the native is not the only racial nightmare with which South Africa has to deal. There is a second — that of the Indians. South Africa's Indian policy holds the spotlight because it is involved in imperial and world politics through Great Britain, India, and the United Nations.

The first Indian laborers were landed in Natal in 1860 in order to help establish Natal's sugar industry. Until 1913, thousands of Indians were imported, and eventually the sons and grandsons of the immigrants began to compete with the Europeans. Last June, Parliament passed legislation aimed at segregating the Indians. The Indian was barred from owning property in certain areas of Natal, and of Durban in particular.

In protest against the "insult" implied in segregation, the Indian Government withdrew its High Commissioner in the Union, boycotted trade with the country, and demanded the withdrawal from India of all but certain named South Africans. Open economic warfare was India's answer to South Africa. So bit-

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terly do the South African Indians feel, that they sent a delegation to the United Nations Assembly to present their case, and in South Africa they have organized a Passive Resistance Movement.

The Nationalists as a body opposed a clause in the bill giving Indian men the vote, and one member of the Labor Party actually crossed the floor and joined the Nationalists. Behind every concession granted to the Indian, South Africans see a possible future demand by natives. So here was "more British than the British" Natal, the stronghold of sentiment in favor of the tie with the Crown, allied with the pro-republican Nationalists on a color question. Under the shadow of the native problem, the rest of the country backs Natal's stand because of its fear of native encroachment on white preserves.

The Herrenvolk

White supremacy is the simplest, most direct political appeal to the prejudices and self-interest of South African voters; and the Herenigde Party, led by Dr. D. F. Malan, is the champion of white supremacy. In September, 1939, Smuts, then a member of the Hertzog cabinet, opposed the Prime Minister on the war issue and took the Union into the war by a mere thirteen votes. During the war the party strongly opposed its prosecution and agitated for its termination, and Dr. Malan even went so far as to negotiate with Hitler via Zeesen Radio for a republic, in case the Germans were victorious as he anticipated.

In spite of the fact that Nationalist wartime activities are now embarrassing to them, only last September Dr. Malan said: "We want to live out our own nationhood so that we do not need in any way to be under the English King, who is a total stranger in South Africa." The Nationalist Party, he said, does not wish to destroy the English-speaking section, but "there must be undivided loyalty to *volk* and to country."

It is not surprising that much in Nazi Germany appealed to many South Africans. They saw eye to eye with the Nazis on racial issues, not only in relation to the natives and Indians, but to the Jews as well. Anti-Semitism is strong — and growing — in the Union, probably because of the intense competition of the fairly large Jewish population in the big cities, notably in Johannesburg. Dr. Malan at one time went so far as to introduce into Parliament a bill which would have barred Jews of any nationality from living in the Union.

Nazi fellow travelers

There are other, even more reactionary organizations which may be counted on to support the Nationalists at election time. The Ossewa Brandwag (Sentinels of the Ox-Wagon) is a semi-military, secret organization, strongly sympathetic to Germany during the

war, which is estimated to number about 50,000, under the leadership of Dr. J. J. J. van Rensburg. The OB is anti-parliamentary and stands for the suppression of non-Europeans and Jews, the dominance of the Afrikaner, and a National Socialist Republic. It is reported to have captured the white trade-unions, largely on racial grounds.

The New Order, out and out totalitarian, is led by a brilliant lawyer, Oswald Pirow, grandson of a German missionary. The party is not large, but is moderately influential, and the New Orderites in Parliament vote with the Nationalists.

The Gray Shirts, now numbering about 12,000 or less, were originally a purely pro-Nazi organization, supported by German funds; and their leader, Louis Weichardt, was interned during the war. In May, 1946, "Welcome Back Weichardt from Internment" meetings were organized on the Rand. At the last minute they were banned by the Minister of Justice under the Riotous Assemblies Act. The Herenigde Party, however, has since forged a political link with the Gray Shirts, and Weichardt has pledged their support.

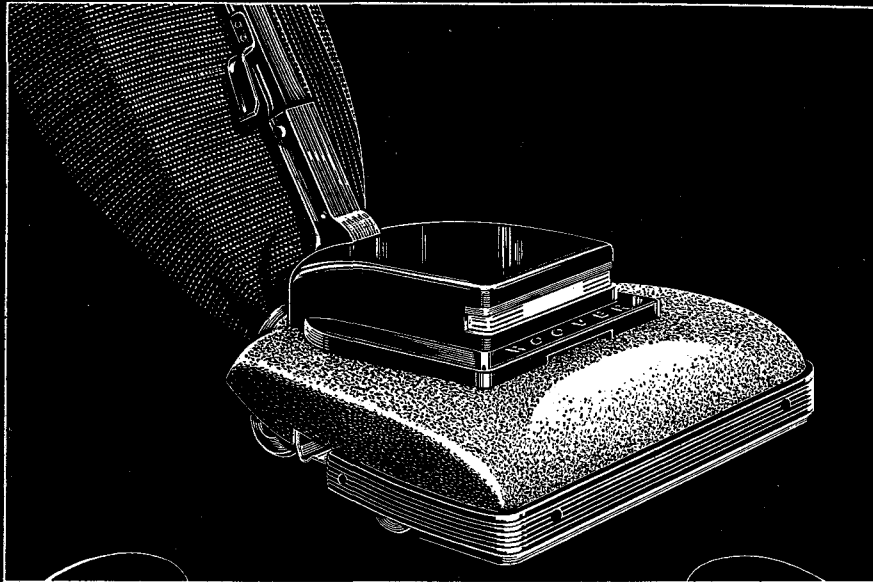
Boring from within

Behind all these reactionary organizations is another — Die Broederbond. It is more powerful, possibly more menacing, than the others, for it is practically "a state within a state." As long ago as 1935 the late Prime Minister Dr. Hertzog warned the country against its machinations. The membership is small but select, made up largely of men in the professions and, it is said, even of government servants in high places. It is a secret organization pledged to the planned state, to white supremacy, and to the dominance of the Afrikaner.

Through the cell system, its activities are directed by a top triumvirate; and through cross-membership in other organizations, such as the Nationalist Party, the Ossewa Brandwag, and various cultural and business groups, it can and does direct their policies and activities for its own ends.

There are fortunately such men as Deputy Prime Minister Jan Hofmeyr, who said: "The right course to take is, while facing facts, to refuse to abandon the firm ground of principle, to maintain the essential value of human personality as something independent of race or color, to provide facilities to native development and, since no one could say with certainty to what in the long run the policy of development would lead, to go forward in faith. That is the issue — faith against fear. A policy based on fear must lead to disaster." Men who think in those terms and who also figure largely in politics may save the country from its own worst enemies within its borders — the small men ridden by fear.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

FROM Korea to Austria, some 200 million people have been added to the American charge as the result of the war. The problem is to provide them with administration. At present the work is done mainly by the Army and the Navy. In addition to subjecting these wards to military rule, the situation has given rise to the fear in other countries that the United States is going militaristic.

The United States has assumed world power with only the briefest preparation for these tasks of administration. There is not yet the exportable surplus of trained young men which is supposed to be essential to greatness in a nation, nor is there the like of the colonial services of Great Britain from which to draw the operating personnel. And the State Department hesitates to ask for the kind of budget necessary to man a Department of Peace which has been left with this Atlas-like assignment.

But our chief drawback is our inability to attract professional talent into government positions. The President has difficulty in filling domestic appointments, let alone foreign posts. He once said he had to spend half his time in persuading Americans to serve their country.

Government service made unattractive

In these critical days a new concept of service is required of our individualistic society. A reciprocal responsibility devolves on the government, for a man who agrees to serve his country should be treated with consideration. Instead, he is often regarded as a candidate for bear-baiting.

Consider the case of General William H. Draper, Jr., who is in charge of trade for the military government in Germany. In private life he is one of the executives of a New York investment banking firm. He was a reserve officer when war broke out in Europe. One

day in 1940 he was asked to come to Washington for a short spell of duty in connection with Selective Service. He thought he would be away from home a matter of six weeks, but he has been on duty over six years. Nobody is more anxious to get back to home and career. Yet the Brewster (formerly Truman) Committee has allowed its special counsel to cast aspersions on his motives.

The situation has alarmed such reformers of government service as Secretary Forrestal and Civil Service Commissioner Arthur S. Flemming. The latter recently warned that "if we put second-rate men in the government's scientific laboratories, in important positions in the field of international relations, and in our key administrative posts, we are deliberately jeopardizing everything for which we fought."

Thought control?

Government employees, already reduced to a state bordering on demoralization by the brandishing of the economy axe, are faced with a general inquisition. They are to be put through a loyalty test. The Civil Liberties Union has declared that the order is so broad in its scope and substance, so lacking in sufficient safeguards necessary for the protection of individuals, so wanting in clarity as to procedure, that it constitutes a menace to civil liberties.

Everything depends upon its administration. There are multiple safeguards against unjust dismissal. Suspects are given every opportunity to appear personally before departmental loyalty boards, to be represented at such hearings by counsel, and to present evidence in refutation of charges against them.

Employees recommended for dismissal have a final right of appeal to the Civil Service Commission's loyalty review board. Chairman Harry B. Mitchell of the Commission insists that the order will not be



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NEW ENGLAND

VACATIONS

WASHINGTON (continued)

carried out so as to deprive government workers of their rights of free thought and free speech. Nevertheless — pity the poor government worker with a sword of Damocles hanging over his head!

This drastic order is due to a combination of circumstances. The Canadian experience is vivid in every official mind in Washington. Our own Federal service mushroomed in wartime, and little chance was afforded for appraisals of character and other non-technical qualifications. Finally, Congress insists on a house cleaning. It already has shown that it will do the job itself if the Executive won't.

One step already taken is the denial of appropriations for payment of salaries to Director Warren of the Conciliation Service and his staff. This assumption by Congress of the right to fire members of the Executive branch is a plain usurpation of power. Representative Cox even went so far as to suggest that Mr. Lilienthal might be kept out of office by a denial of funds by the House.

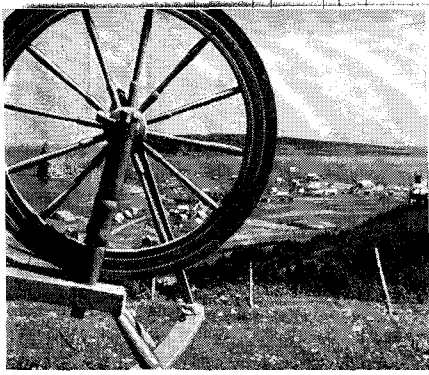
If this sort of thing is tolerated, Federal employment would attract only the docile and the conventional. Nobody else would enlist. They would refuse to subject themselves to a Congress acting at once as prosecutor and jury. At least the President's loyalty procedures, in addition to reaffirming his power to hire and fire, afford safeguards.

The Truman message

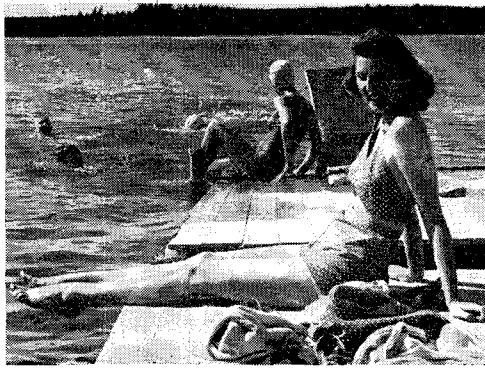
The Russophobia in America made for receptiveness of the Truman showdown with Russia in the Near East. Still, the people seem to have been caught flat-footed. There had been little preparation for the new responsibilities in the Near East left by Britain. In self-defense the State Department has argued that the first intimation of British withdrawal from Greece came on February 24. But it was certainly known long before that. Bevin mentioned the possibility to Byrnes last summer. From that time on, an argument raged between the British Treasury and the Foreign Office, and our State Department knew all about it.

It was a foregone conclusion that Britain's economy-minded Treasury would win. Indeed, Britain's representatives in Athens left Americans, from the Ambassador down, under no misapprehensions that before the March 31 end of the fiscal year the British would have to get out of Greece. But none of the possibilities inherent in this situation had been communicated to newspapermen.

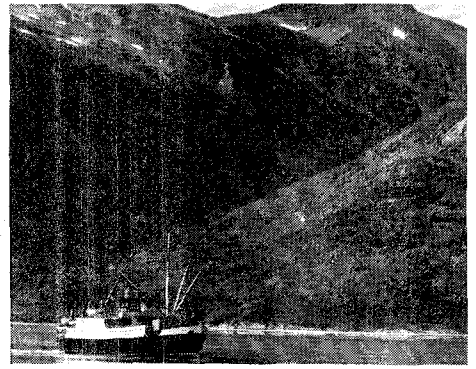
This reluctance to inform the American people is altogether contrary to old practice. The State Department ought to ponder the words of wisdom in the message to Congress which contained the Monroe Doctrine: "The people being with us exclusively the sovereign, it is indispensable that full information be laid before them on all important subjects, to enable them to exercise that high power with complete effect. If kept in the dark, they must be incompetent to it.



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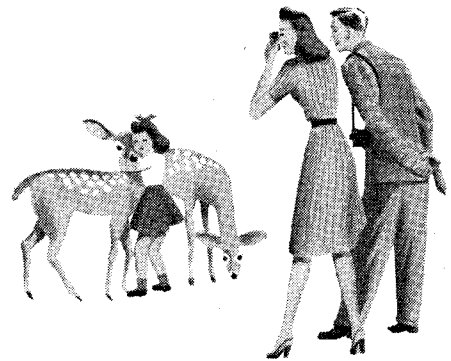
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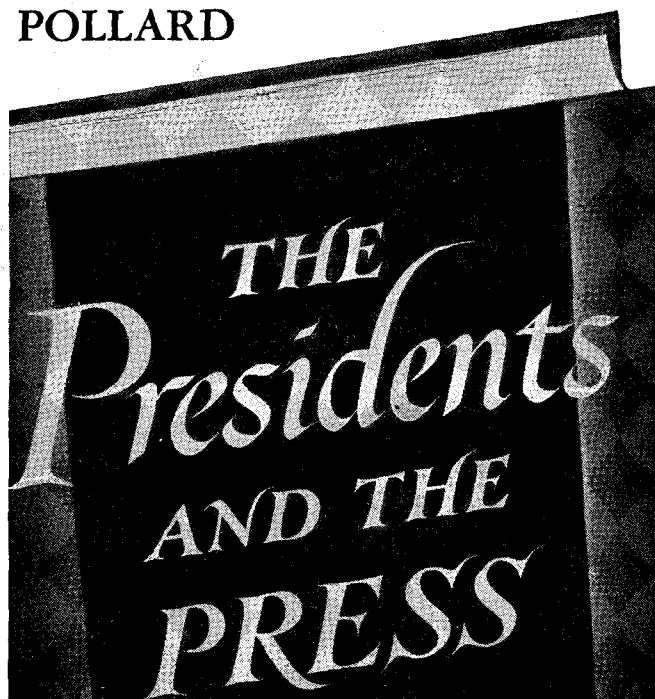
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MACMILLAN

By JAMES E.
POLLARD



WASHINGTON (continued)

... The more full their information, the better they can judge of the wisdom of the policy pursued and of the conduct of each in regard to it."

Today the assumption is that the people cannot bear the light and will not support the truth as responsible officialdom sees it. President Truman confided in the people, but he found a weak backstop in the State Department.

Which way the UN?

Bickering and Russia's too frequent use of the veto have reduced the Security Council to a state of semi-paralysis. Its military staff committee is still talking over the procedure of its own organization. For this reason, according to Mr. Truman, we are called upon to act in Greece and Turkey. Until his speech at the Jefferson Day dinner, Mr. Truman was somewhat perfunctory in his reference to the United Nations.

Moreover, it was remiss of him and the State Department not to report to the Security Council, which is in continuous session, at the same time that he reported to Congress. The excuse of State Department officials was that American action is not a reality until Congress approves. It was a thin excuse. At any rate this omission was remedied before Congress took action, by the report of our delegate, Warren R. Austin, to the Council on March 28.

Austin suggested the maintenance of a commission on the spot, with an international border patrol. The latter, interestingly enough, would not be new in Balkan history. From 1903 to 1912 the Macedonian frontier was policed by an international gendarmerie, including Dutch, Swiss, and Swedish nationals.

Another possibility is that the American mission should enlist United Nations personnel. There is, for instance, a technical staff available in the UN Food and Agriculture Organization. Aside from keeping faith with the undoubted American sentiment in support of the United Nations, there is merit in spreading the political risk.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The Capital is full of confusion over the dilemma posed by the Truman message. Most Congressmen are pledged to reduce taxes. Yet the global responsibilities put on Uncle Sam's doorstep will cost money. The job of reconciling the contradiction is causing a good deal of perspiration on Capitol Hill.

The polls indicate a falling off in Republican popularity. This has precipitated the stirrings of a revolt among the more forward-looking Republican Senators against their leadership. Saltonstall and Lodge are in this company. They want to see less negativism in policy, less reliance on old shibboleths and traditions. The only Republican leader who seems to have grown in stature since the election is Vandenberg.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

THE International Settlements and Foreign Concessions in China owed their progress and prosperity to foreign municipal control and foreign investments. Many Britons and Americans with knowledge of the situation felt grave doubts in 1943 regarding the expediency of renouncing extraterritorial rights and putting themselves and their countrymen at the mercy of Chinese courts and an inefficient police system. But a gesture to stimulate continued resistance by Chungking to the Japanese was considered necessary in London and in Washington.

Today the plight of Shanghai and Tientsin and Formosa is well known. Municipal obligations to employees who had earned pensions by long and faithful service, the rights of debenture holders, and the status of a number of trusts relating to hospitals, schools, and recreation grounds have been treated as nonexistent.

Before the war the International Settlement in Shanghai (known throughout the Far East as "The Model Settlement") was a congested modern city with tall buildings, up-to-date public utilities, and a population of considerably over a million. In the last five years its deterioration has been incredibly rapid, especially since it passed under Chinese control.

Streets are in bad repair and littered with rubbish. The majority of the thoroughfares are lined on each side by hawkers' stalls, which occupy a large portion of the pavements and encroach upon the roads. Chinese rest or sleep at the entrances to most of the buildings and on the pavements. Squatters have taken possession of vacant land, and in many instances have forced their way into residential and office buildings and taken over whole floors.

The police, admittedly underpaid, take bribes from all and sundry, and engage freely in blackmail and

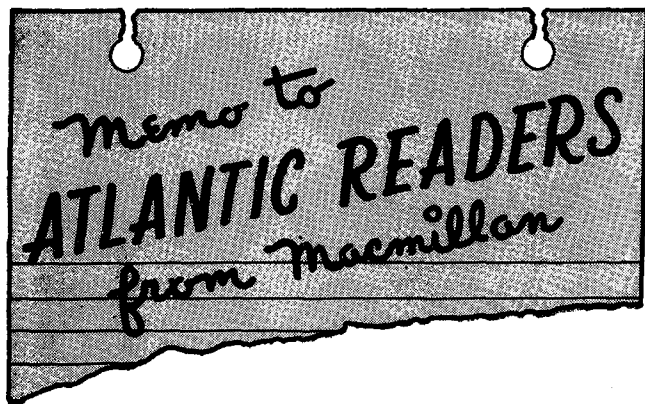
pilfering. It has been openly charged — and never refuted — that street hawkers pay police on their beats one or two thousand Chinese dollars apiece per day, in addition to allowing them to help themselves to any articles they fancy. Inexperienced coolie policemen are constantly invading offices and residences to demand the filling in of ridiculous forms, or to put impertinent questions about the work and incomes of the inmates.

There is little or no protection against robberies and burglaries. Telephoned complaints are ignored as a rule, the complainants being informed that they must present themselves at some police station in person before any action can be taken. Pickpockets ply their trade in every crowded thoroughfare, and the stealing of cargoes has attained incredible proportions. It is not unusual for an importer — say, of cosmetics — whose consignment has been stolen, to be offered his entire shipment by illicit receivers of his wares, before he has even had time to assess his loss.

Rackets, inflation, and starvation

Local labor unions have virtually a free rein to present extortionate demands and to intimidate employers, whom they often detain in their own offices for hours under threats of violence, including hanging. Many foreign-owned factories whose plants are more or less intact hesitate to resume operations, because of constant strikes and the preposterous compensation they are compelled to pay to workers who are discharged for inefficiency or insubordination. One British firm has had to pay out over three thousand pounds to rid itself of the incubus of inefficient and truculent workers.

The dominant Kuomintang evidently hesitates to attempt any disciplining of labor for fear that it will go over to the Communist camp. A number of old, established British and American firms are contem-



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about the author:

ROBERT M. MacIVER is Lieber Professor of Political Philosophy and Sociology at Columbia University, and the author of *Toward an Abiding Peace* and many other books.

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"The background perspective . . . is rich. Few if any American social scientists command more of the materials of sociology, social anthropology, and psychology than does our author . . . solid in content, straightforward in style, fecund of perspective."—T. V. Smith, *Saturday Review of Literature*

—Macmillan

THE FAR EAST (continued)

plating — and some have actually arranged for — the transfer of their head offices and plants to Hong Kong, to avoid the losses and uncertainties of operating under Chinese laws and so-called protection.

The labor trouble for the most part is not caused by unruly unions disrupting business and production in an irresponsible way. It is due rather to the fact that official corruption, inflation, and utter failure to control prices have reduced workers so close to the starvation level that they might as well starve while striking as starve while working.

Currency inflation has attained astronomical proportions, but the cost of living exceeds even the inflationary standard. It is estimated that it costs foreigners well over four times as much today to live in Shanghai as it does in New York. American citizens have been warned that they must allow at least \$12 (U.S.) a day for accommodation — when obtainable — and \$16 (U.S.) a day for food.

Tax schedules which bear no relation to reality are supposed to be in force. The income tax, for example, starts with a monthly income which would not be accepted as a single rickshaw fare.

Graft and corruption

Hardly a day passes that the local newspapers, Chinese and foreign, do not reveal and denounce some fresh local scandal. Whereas in pre-Pearl Harbor days the Chinese would have reacted angrily to any exposures of alleged fraud, however well authenticated, — especially in the foreign press, — they now appear to have become absolutely shameless, and to look upon exposure of graft as a matter of course.

Possibly they imagine that these exposures are offset abroad by publication of elaborate and ambitious schemes for large-scale municipal improvements, such as a bridge or tunnel across the Whangpoo, an elevated street-railway, or the cutting up of the Race Course and Recreation Ground (regardless of the fact that they are the property of a foreign trust). None of these schemes is likely ever to get beyond the paper stage unless it opens up new channels for graft or for lucrative returns from the confiscation of foreign property.

Foreigners have no rights

Abolition of extraterritoriality is exposing foreigners to extraordinary hazards, of which the following may be regarded as typical. In the early hours — 5.45 A.M. to be exact — of August 12 a party of some fifteen Chinese alleged to have been members of the Woosung-Shanghai Garrison Headquarters — but only two of them wore uniforms — forced their way into an apartment building in Great Western Road, shooting and severely wounding a British resident who resisted.

All the occupants of this building, including an elderly Parsee, were dragged out of bed, handcuffed, and taken down to the ground floor, while

the thugs pretended to make a search for forged United States currency. When the victims were released some six or seven hours later, they found that their apartments had been ransacked, and that money and jewelry valued at many millions of dollars had been stolen by the so-called military police. One of the residents telephoned to the nearest police station as soon as the raid started, but no action was taken. No redress has been offered to the victims.

About the same time four senior members of the staff of a charitable hospital were arrested and shut up in a filthy cell with a number of criminals because of the death of a woman in their institution. Someone had falsely informed the police that she had been operated upon against her consent, when the truth was that she died from a hemorrhage caused by her refusal to stay in bed. It was thirty-six hours before these members of the medical staff were released.

It is unsafe for foreign surgeons to operate upon Chinese under the archaic legal system now prevailing. It is equally unsafe for foreigners to drive their own cars. A Russian driver is serving a five-year sentence for allegedly causing the death of a woman who stuck her head out of a streetcar as he was passing, and was caught by the back of his truck.

In civil procedure the same "Alice in Wonderland" mentality prevails. On August 14, a certain Chen Chi-ling sued the Joint Savings Bank for the return four thousand fold of a long-term deposit made in 1940, with interest. His claim was based on the fact that the cost-of-living index had risen 4000 per cent since the deposit, and on a government regulation allowing the court to make adjustments of payment in legal transactions where an unforeseen change of conditions has rendered the original terms unjust.

Judgment was given for repayment of one thousand times the original deposit — namely, two million Chinese dollars — although the bank pointed out that it had patriotically invested most of its funds in Chinese government bonds, which were being redeemed dollar for dollar. If this decision becomes a precedent, many banks and other concerns which have issued debentures will be forced to go out of business.

Who is to blame?

Where does the responsibility for this chaotic state of affairs lie? Some of the examples given are inherent in the Chinese system — or lack of system — of administration. No well-informed Briton or American believed, during the war, that the much publicized "New China" was a reality, and that as a result of participation in a common struggle, the Chinese would develop greater efficiency in administrative matters or more honesty in municipal government.

The main blame for the deterioration of Shanghai must be placed squarely upon the shoulders of General Chiang Kai-shek. He is undoubtedly anti-foreign. He is also medieval in his outlook, and to this, perhaps, owes his continued leadership of China during the war period. For he is a past master of intrigue, of playing off one clique against another, while himself relying upon reactionary and anti-foreign advisers. Many of the men holding high positions in the Kuomintang hierarchy are notoriously corrupt.

Any progressive-minded Chinese leader would have realized that Shanghai under Chinese control was the supreme test of China's ability to administer a large modern city with efficiency and honesty. Shanghai should have been regarded as China's show window, and every effort should have been bent to make it so.

Against heavy odds

There are scores of able Chinese, educated in Britain and America, with stainless records, who, given the necessary support and authority, would have made the rehabilitation of Shanghai under a Chinese administration a success. One such, Wu Kuo-chen, graduate of Grinnell and Princeton, former Mayor of Hankow and Chungking, is now Mayor of Shanghai. But he was appointed too late, and has not been given the necessary authority.

He is struggling to restore order out of chaos, to eliminate corruption and incompetence, but with little hope of success. Hardly a day passes that he does not have to grapple with some new exposure of corruption under the regime of his predecessor, the Tokyo-educated, non-English speaking, anti-foreign General Chien Tah-chun.

The present Mayor appears to exercise no control over the police force, beyond almost daily repudiating its arbitrary actions and pretensions. He is, moreover, obstructed and handicapped by the graft that now pervades every government department. How can he control the rationing of essential commodities like rice, sugar, and coal when corrupt government monopolies handle importation and distribution?

The United States and Britain have given China lavish assistance during, and especially since, the Pacific War. We might reasonably have hoped that this aid would curb the innate xenophobia of the Chinese people. The abrogation of the so-called "unequal treaties," with the restoration of the International Settlements and the Foreign Concessions to full Chinese sovereignty and with the abolition of extraterritoriality, should have put the Chinese on their mettle. But Chinese officialdom has proved irresponsible and inadequate.

ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

● Close to two hundred letters have been written to the *Atlantic* in response to the two recent articles by Della D. Cyrus: "What's Wrong with the Family?" and "Why Mothers Fail." From this volume of vigorous and articulate opinion and from the full-length articles which have also been submitted, we shall put together a symposium of rebuttal for the June *Atlantic*. — THE EDITOR

Was Stieglitz a Dealer?

Sir:

It is unfortunate that MacKinley Helm's fine piece on John Marin in the February *Atlantic* should have contained several glaring misrepresentations concerning Alfred Stieglitz.

It is a well-known fact that Stieglitz was not in any sense a dealer in art, but dedicated himself to the well-being of other artists, without receiving any compensation in any form whatsoever for what he did.

Yet Mr. Helm (1) refers to Stieglitz's first gallery as the Photo-Secession *shop*, (2) calls Stieglitz a *dealer*, (3) suggests that he was *shrewd* — rather than generous — with respect to Marin. Each of these descriptions is inaccurate as to both fact and spirit.

Commenting upon Stieglitz's early relationship with Marin, Mr. Helm states that "Stieglitz stepped in and promised Marin enough money to live on (not without shrewdly noting that living was cheap in *Weehawken*) and, receiving his work in return, gave him his first one-man show at the Photo-Secession in little more than a year."

Everyone who has had anything to do with either Stieglitz or Marin knows that such a statement is simply not true. Their relationship was one of extraordinary trust from beginning to end — in fact one of the most remarkable in the art world of this era. What Mr. Helm says happened never occurred.

Mr. Helm further states that "Marin always

assented to Stieglitz's crotchets and whims *as a dealer*." Utterly false again, since Stieglitz was, obviously, *not* a dealer.

Alfred Stieglitz, America's most creative patron of the arts of our time, could have made a fortune had he wished to turn his sensitive perception about modern art to profit, since he recognized virtually every outstanding contemporary artist of our time years before these artists became "popular." He refused to do so because he refused to look upon art as a commodity. He used what little money he had for other artists. He utilized his entire energy to help procure the greatest possible financial support for the artists in whom he believed, in order that they might be free to do their best work, without seeking or accepting any monetary or other compensation for himself.

In fairness to your readers, these facts should be made known so that a repetition of inaccuracies already printed may be forestalled — at least to as great a degree as possible.

DOROTHY NORMAN
New York City

● I should not like it to be thought, by Mrs. Norman or others, that in calling Alfred Stieglitz a dealer I intended to offend the memory of that extraordinary genius. It is, as I should have supposed, no more and no less than the truth that Stieglitz exhibited works of art in rooms which stood open to the public; that he sold pictures; and that, for whatever purpose, he retained some part of sums collected from sales. Those functions of dealership were conducted, no doubt, on a very high plane; but they remain, do they not, business functions which the world at large associates with art dealers?

Marin himself has spoken of Stieglitz to me in the warmest and most affectionate terms. Yet my notebook contains this quaint fragment of discourse concerning the episode of

which Mrs. Norman says, rather too flatly, that it "never occurred":—

"When I got back to New York (from Paris),' Marin told me, 'Stieglitz asked me what was the least I could live on.'"

Since the Stieglitz investment in Marin paid off handsomely, as Stieglitz would not be the last to admit, I think my comment on the transaction, with the adverb that offends Mrs. Norman, cannot be said to be really unjust. For the Stieglitz estate contained, I believe, something which, amongst the remains of dealers like Vollard and Durand-Ruel, would have seemed "compensation" for no end of pains. I refer to a collection of Marin paintings which could easily be worth in the neighborhood of \$250,000. (And that, as I am not the first to remark, is quite a nice neighborhood.)

If the subject of my *Atlantic* "Portrait" had been Stieglitz and not Marin, I might have given a delightful example of the former's "crotchets and whims" on an occasion which charmingly touched me. It was ten years ago that I was negotiating with that picturesque patron of artists for a small Marin water color. The price, as announced after two or three days of devious treaty, seemed excessive, yet I offered to pay it. As I took leave after some hours more of memorable listening, Stieglitz said, "When you send me your check, you can knock off a couple of hundred. We have had such a nice talk." — MACKINLEY HELM

"The Right to Strike"

Sir:

I wish to tell you of my appreciation of Richard E. Danielson's article, "The Right to Strike," in the February *Atlantic*.

A lawyer has occasion to read copiously about *right, jus, Recht, droit*. They are all relative terms and their meanings depend on a subject and an object that are concrete and specific. Their correlatives are *duty, wrong, privilege, liability*, which in turn must have subjects and objects.

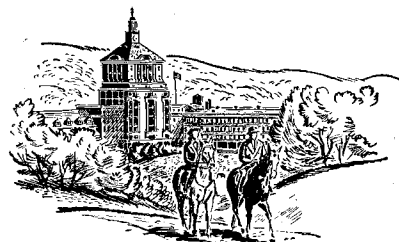
Holland, *Elements of Jurisprudence* (Tenth Edition), takes six pages for defining "right" in its abstract sense. In the course of it he says that for the purposes of jurisprudence a legal right may be defined as "a capacity residing in one man of controlling, with the assent and assistance of the State, the actions of others." Then he follows with three pages defining "law" for the purpose of explaining "legal right." His next 234 pages are given to explaining and applying these definitions. Hundreds of doctors with various degrees and learning have added hundreds of pages on the same subject. Most of them leave one in a fog of erudition (or of words). Some plain words resist definition.

I doubt that anyone has written more to the point than did Mr. Danielson by telling what "right" does not mean.

GEORGE F. LONGSDORF

Librarian, U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals
Ninth Judicial Circuit, San Francisco, Cal.

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Sir:

Richard E. Danielson sees in Jefferson's statements as contained in the Declaration of Independence only "eighteenth-century political metaphysics," but Abraham Lincoln in his 1859 letter to a Boston committee called these statements "the definitions and axioms of a free society." He also saw Jefferson as the man who . . . had "the coolness, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document, an abstract truth, applicable to all men and to all times, and so to embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

I hope that for the sake of our future welfare we, the American people, will stand by the principles of the Jeffersons and the Lincolns rather than the totalitarian pleas of those writers who are outraged by labor strikes but not by cessation of production elsewhere.

In a free country a man who is dissatisfied may quit his employment. If one can do so, two can do so, and so can two hundred. Otherwise, we shall be accepting the Hitler attitude and Hitler logic. The definitions and axioms of a free society are what we must now uphold, or else take the fork in the road that the Hitlers took.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir:

In his discussion of rights and privileges, Mr. Danielson fails to state that most so-called rights are but the application of what, at the time, is thought to be right or good, as opposed to what is thought to be wrong or evil, and he avoids a discussion of the principles of ethics, a subject that has worried all philosophers since Plato. As in most modern reasoning, he disregards any divine sanctions, and assumes that a thing is right because society, often through force, war, and bloodshed, has determined it to be so. This pragmatic attitude — "general relativity of rights," promotion of the "public good," and so on — is undoubtedly useful. But a "public good" at one time may become a public evil later, and to define the "public good" is the crux of the matter.

If one is to make any decisions, and not assume that "whatever is, is right," he must have some definition of right and wrong. The utilitarian theories of Bentham and Mill, as modified by Herbert Spencer, say that the promotion of happiness, in the widest sense, is the basis of ethics. A little booklet by the late Edward C. Hegeler presents the view that whatever promotes the evolution of the soul of mankind, and so advances the development of what is called civilization, is right. In any case, the question which Mr. Danielson discusses so ably is an ethical one.

Let us hope that with greater enlightenment it may ultimately be possible for civilization to advance without recourse to force. We need more papers like Mr. Danielson's to stimulate thinking.

RUFUS COLE
Mount Kisco, N.Y.

Sir:

Richard E. Danielson has made an excellent contribution to the solution of the strike problem. He has gone to the heart of the issue. I hope his discussion will receive the reading and consideration which it deserves. I hope also that it will be understood. There are some who will not wish to understand it. Because he points out that private interests are subordinate to the public good, and states that the rights of each must yield to the public good, some will try to interpret his statements as a championing of statism, in spite of the fact that he has emphasized the mutuality and relativity of rights.

The difficulty is that phrases become current, like "the right to strike," and then a majority of the people accept them as true. I have been reading *The Individual, the State, and World Government*, by A. C. Ewing, and it confirms Mr. Danielson's thesis. MacIver, in *The Web of Government*, also confirms his statement that private interests must yield to the public good. He thinks the concept of the community, as opposed both to government and the individual, is essential to the maintenance of democracy. The rights of the state (government) and the rights of the individual are both subordinate to the interests of the community.

JUDGE ROBERT N. WILKIN
U.S. District Court
Cleveland, Ohio

From Readers Overseas

Sir:

My many thanks for the past months of most interesting reading. I was an English student at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for four years during the war, and I find it most inspiring to continue my many affections and my interest in your land by such sane and intellectually stimulating articles as you publish.

MRS. DEREK HOLROYDE
Abington, Berkshire, England

Sir:

I am not in the habit of writing letters to magazines, but I felt I must tell you how the *Atlantic* helps to keep one on his toes in this remote section of the world. I don't think there is any magazine, British or American, that can be compared with it for all-round value. It represents the very best in American magazine literature.

REV. HARRY F. NEWMAN
Canadian Mission, Palampur
Kangra Valley, Punjab, India

Sir:

This is to convey to you my deep appreciation of the continually rising standard in the *Atlantic* articles. It is the best magazine in the world, and all my friends to whom I lend any copies endorse this opinion.

HERBERT BROOKES
Victoria, Australia

Sir:

By extreme good luck I received a copy of your monthly, and I must say it opened my eyes. From the British newspapers, we get the impression that American publications are very biased and insular in their outlook, and that they never do justice to British achievement and effort in particular. Your magazine is the fairest and best-written publication of its kind that I have read.

As a more or less bedridden patient for the past two years in this hospital, my sole amusement consists in reading. It is practically impossible to get American magazines here unless one can afford to pay the very high prices charged for them in Dublin — which I can't. Magazines of any kind from America would be most acceptable here, and would give very great pleasure to me and fellow patients. The library consists of only a few volumes, which we have read and reread.

JAMES J. LALLY
*Pigeon House Hospital
Ringsend, Dublin, Eire*

I Personally —

Sir:

It seems to me that you are doing a very great service in publishing the *Atlantic Reports*. If the United States is ever to play an important non-isolationist part in the world, I think we must have a more intelligent public opinion. We should not leave everything to the civil service underlings in the State Department, or to the political appointees in the higher brackets, who are often catapulted into their high office with little or no suitable training.

I sincerely hope you continue the *Atlantic Reports* for a long time. They have been excellent since the beginning.

BENJAMIN T. BROOKS
New York City

Sir:

I have just read with a great deal of profit Bill Mauldin's article, "Poppa Knows Best," in the April *Atlantic*. I am sure that many regular *Atlantic* readers and subscribers share my admiration of your stand in publishing articles, on occasion, that take an unpopular point of view.

Bill Mauldin makes a very important point in his article that ought to be seriously considered by every thinking American. Unless we show genuine interest in the veteran's problems, he is going to fall under the spell of the professional brass hats of the American Legion and other such organizations, and we, the common people, are going to foot the bill, as usual.

REV. FREDERIC GROETSEMA
Newton Highlands, Mass.

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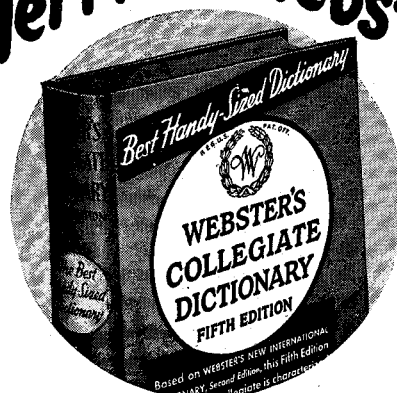


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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 179  NUMBER 5

MAY, 1947

90th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

WE'RE ON OUR OWN

by CHARLES G. BOLTÉ

The National Chairman of the American Veterans Committee here describes the new paths which are being followed by the new veterans. CHARLES G. BOLTÉ makes no attempt to minimize the apathy and distrust of 80 per cent of the men coming home from service. He speaks with candor of the internal problems of the AVC, and then proceeds to chart a hopeful course for his organization in the future — an organization which, numbering 100,000 members today, may in time rival the American Legion. — THE EDITOR

BILL MAULDIN suggested several reasons in the April *Atlantic* why so many new veterans feel that poppa doesn't know best. Feeling as they do, they are reluctant to go into poppa's veterans' organizations. This is not simply frowardness on the part of the young; we feel with Mauldin that the national leadership of the older groups has proved incapable of coping with the new problems which beset a new generation in a new world.

By and large, these leaders hold out much promise, but little performance, to the millions of new veterans. They say, Come on in and take over, boys. But the Veterans of Foreign Wars at its convention in Boston last fall denied top office to the new veterans. It passed resolutions indicating that the leaders are headed back once more on the insane road towards isolationism, at the same time that the national commander of the American Legion was declaring, "We ought to aim an atomic rocket at Moscow." The leaders of the VFW and the American Legion defaulted on their basic responsibilities after the First World War, and many of us feel that they are defaulting now. They have shown a certain cunning in pressuring out of the Congress short-lived and inappropriate benefits for

veterans; they have demonstrated little conception of the real needs of the recent war's veterans — the needs of peace in one world, of jobs in a prosperous nation, of continuing freedom and opportunity in our America. They are among the last of the ostriches, who support the narrow concept of "national sovereignty," that recipe for suicide in an atomic age. They have failed to press vigorously for veterans' housing. They have done nothing to prevent that disastrous inflation which is now well on its way to diminishing radically the value of every veterans' benefit.

A study of the history of the Legion and the VFW led a group of American servicemen to recognize the need for a new veterans' organization as early as January, 1943. My generation fought a different war, for one thing. None of us went as to a crusade. We had been taught that no war is worth fighting, because in war no one wins. It took the toughest kind of personal experience to teach us one small fact which had been left out of that earlier teaching: that if there is war, you'd better win it, because the only thing worse than fighting a war is losing one. We had been taught that the winning of a war brings you none of the things you've been told you were

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fighting for. We had to learn the additional fact that at least the winner of the war has the power to help shape the institutions of the future. This educational process had the tendency to turn cynicism into tough-mindedness, disillusionment into practicality, so that for many of us bitterness against a world we'd never made was translated into the conviction that we must make a better one for ourselves.

2

THIS conviction demonstrated itself in that early correspondence around the world among a small group of servicemen, led by Gilbert Harrison (now AVC's national vice-chairman), which resulted in the founding of the American Veterans Committee. It was apparent in the first line of the budding organization's first Statement of Intentions: "We know that military victory will not automatically guarantee peace, jobs and freedom." It was apparent in AVC's motto: "Citizens First, Veterans Second."

Both the Statement of Intentions and the motto of AVC have been called idealistic. (John R. Gates, for instance, Director of Veterans Affairs for the Communist Party, has written: "The dilemma of the AVC stems from its main slogan, 'Citizens First, Veterans Second.' . . . The slogan is catchy but essentially misleading.") In the minds of AVC's 100,000 members, the statement and the slogan are simple realism. The statement is only a facing up to the fact that the task of winning peace, jobs, and freedom is a task for every generation; and to the further fact that by winning the war we have only gained for ourselves the opportunity to embark upon this greater task. The slogan is only a way of saying that the interests of the 14,000,000 new veterans are in the final analysis inseparable from the interests of the 140,000,000 Americans; that Treasury raids are inadequate to fulfill the real needs of the veterans; and that neither beer nor bonuses will provide a substitute for fruitful civilian opportunities.

What if the opportunities do not come up to expectations? Then, I think, we shall be in for real trouble. Our native fascists are basing their plans on that rising tide of discontent among veterans which will certainly follow in the wake of inflation, mass unemployment, farm foreclosures, and business failures. Out of this situation they see emerging a strong man who will change chaos into order — the fascist way, with a vanguard of veteran storm-troopers.

The price of failing to provide adequate oppor-

tunities, then, may well be the destruction of democracy itself. AVC is devoted to the provision of such opportunities, and therefore to the preservation of democracy.

These are large concepts. I tried to indicate the hard road before us at AVC's first national convention, held in Des Moines last June: —

It is peculiar to the dream of AVC that it will never be realized completely. What is this dream to which we have devoted ourselves? It is simply this: that out of the horror and the boredom of the greatest war there should come a new comradeship, transcending all the barriers that separate us from one another, working for the speedy transformation of all veterans into productive members of society, and striving to achieve a more democratic and prosperous America and a more stable world. Obviously there can be no standing still in AVC as we go toward the realization of this dream. Over every ridge will be another ridge, and another beyond. This will be the dynamic future of our brotherhood, as it has been its dynamic past.

The building of this new comradeship so that it might help effect practical ends has been the overriding concern of a good many young Americans for the past three years. One of AVC's virtues — which has carried with it more than the usual number of defects — has been its amateurishness. Few organizations have included on their rosters so many members who have never belonged actively to anything else in their lives. Enthusiasm and hard work have had to provide the counterbalance for lack of experience, at every level from the chapter subcommittee to — God knows — the national chairman's office.

Yet this very inexperience, I suppose, has been the blessing in disguise which has made possible the whole growth and development of AVC from a small private dream into a not inconsiderable public reality. Certainly, knowing what I now know, if anyone came to me with the notion of starting a new veterans' organization I should hoot at him and say, "Impossible! Have you considered the practical difficulties?" We were too ignorant to consider the practical difficulties; so we surmounted them. A prominent publicist to whom I had turned for advice in the first days, when the organization consisted of 125 members of a correspondence circle operating without a name and with a borrowed mimeograph machine, indicated this feeling recently by saying, "It was so pitifully hopeless that I didn't even have the heart to tell you not to try it."

The fact is that AVC has been built by men with little or no organizational experience, on a shoestring as far as funds and personnel have been concerned, and with little more than an idea on which to base

any appeal to the tough-minded veterans of a very unsentimental war. There have been three stages in this building. First, the idea was hammered out, in correspondence and in little meetings all over the world, wherever interested men gathered together, from Berlin to Tokyo. Second, the organizational skeleton was fashioned, through the establishment of chapters in all forty-eight states, U.S. overseas territories, and occupation zones abroad. Third, the flesh is now being put on the skeleton, with chapters being built up to the point where the organization as a whole will have the weight to put its proposals into effect. It is this third and current stage which is at once the least exciting and the most critical in AVC's history.

3

VETERANS' problems today are very real. Housing is only one of them, though it is the most acute, with some 4,000,000 veterans actively seeking homes or apartments of their own. The public is inclined to think that "the veteran problem" has been solved. The readjustment of most veterans to productive civilian life has in fact progressed more quickly and painlessly than many Americans expected. But this does not lessen the acute needs of those veterans who still require assistance if they are to become full-fledged citizens once more. "Citizens First, Veterans Second" has never meant "Citizens First, Veterans Never"; and AVC's chief job at this time is to make it possible for veterans to be citizens again.

This has meant the widest range of activities, carried forward in the communities, the states, and the nation by AVC's 900 chapters, many state councils, and national headquarters. AVC today is strongest in the communities where chapters have concentrated on veterans' aid, community projects, and social activities. It is weak in the communities where chapters have simply passed resolutions denouncing Bilbo and the real-estate lobby, without following through on a positive program to eliminate racial discrimination in housing projects which they have helped start.

Happily, the accent is more and more on the positive. The accent was underscored when the Veterans Administration accredited AVC last fall as a nationally recognized veterans' organization, thus giving it authorization to put full-time veterans' service officers into VA facilities for the purpose of assisting veterans in filing claims for pensions and rehabilitation assistance. Many chapters have established volunteer legal aid committees to guide members and potential members through the intri-

cacies of our veterans' laws. A chapter in upstate New York has made a double-barreled survey of the town's housing needs and its available housing, put the two lists together, and moved many veterans into temporary quarters. A Baltimore chapter got together and built a playground for kids in a poor neighborhood, doing the work themselves Saturdays, Sundays, and evenings.

The Musicians Chapter in New York organized a symphony orchestra which gave a concert at Hunter College a few weeks ago. Walter Hendl conducted, and Ruggiero Ricci was the violin soloist. This concert was a benefit to provide musical instruments for disabled veterans. It was also a considerable artistic success — so much so that the chapter is thinking of keeping the orchestra together and taking it on a tour.

Another New York group, the Textile Chapter, has organized the Vetcraft Foundation, which trains disabled veterans in the industry and allows them to earn a living while they're at it. A Chicago chapter is constructing a veterans' cooperative apartment building. In Redwood City, California, the chapter organized community resources to rebuild a Negro veteran's house after it had been burned by the local variety of Columbians. In Paris at Christmas time, the chapter gave a giant party for French children, thereby contributing something to international good will by distributing toys and candy as well as more desperately needed gifts.

This shift in emphasis is a response to a challenge. The challenge is the whole setting and mood of a post-war America which is tired of rising to meet great demands made upon it by the war and anxious to return to private life. As I have said so often, enlisting in the army of democracy does not automatically make a man a lifelong fighter for the democratic cause. The present rat-race of reconversion and the frantic national effort to regain a forever-lost normalcy are making it no easier for veterans to identify their own self-interest with the larger interests of the nation as a whole. The efforts of most veterans are absorbed in the daily struggle to get a place to live, a decent job, a white shirt for Sundays. The *esprit* of the forces has disintegrated under the impact of the ruthlessly self-seeking civilian world.

Veterans who withstood with equanimity the disintegrating stresses of combat are becoming psychoneurotic in our fractionalized civilian world. Cynicism, disillusionment, and bitterness arise from this situation and result in apathy. There is a pervasive sentiment that no good can come from group action, and a consequent sentiment of every man for himself. Thus the frame of mind of the bulk of vet-

erans is directly opposed to AVC's basic contention: that what's good for the veterans is what's good for the country and a majority of its citizens. The question most frequently put to AVC recruiters is, "What's in it for me?"

For those who still care about the future of our society, there are two ways to meet this challenge. The traditional way is to deplore the lack of vision of "the people," withdraw into foxholes until the glaciers of the new ice-age retreat, and issue occasional resounding manifestoes to a word-weary world. The more positive way is to recognize the national mood for what it is, go on into the market place and set to work developing immediate projects which are possible of achievement.

I am convinced that AVC is now demonstrating its survival value through the many chapters which are building for the future by working in the present — making of themselves social centers, providing veterans the services they need, taking part in the lives of their communities. From this can grow the strong, independent organization which will command attention when it speaks up for constructive national and international measures which alone will assure the future we fought for.

The course is admittedly a hard one. The great majority of new veterans are not joining any organization: despite the claimed increment of 2,000,000, Legion leaders cannot be too self-congratulatory over their expansion, in the light of 15,000 posts as recruiting stations, the expenditure of a third of a million dollars in publicity alone during 1946, and a virtual corner on prestige, all of which have netted them a return of only 15 per cent of the eligibles. The mood of inaction, the desire to forget the war, the preoccupation with civilian pursuits, the dislike of the old groups, and the distrust of the new ones all conspire to keep 80 per cent of our veterans out of veterans' organizations.

It must be said that AVC, though it has weapons to meet this resistance, does not have the best possible weapons, because of the very nature of its present membership. That membership comprises a leadership group which in its political, economic, and social views is to the left of the dominant leadership in the nation today. It is a well-educated group, a serious group, an energetic group, and above all a young group. But the chief characteristic of the leadership group in America is its flexibility: its capacity to adapt itself to new situations and propose new courses to meet with popular support.

The weaknesses in past AVC policy — overconcentration on seemingly remote issues, excessive doses of parliamentarianism, inadequate social exchange — are widely understood and are being cor-

rected vigorously. In our concern with the identity of interest between veterans and non-veterans, we have tended to overlook the fact that many veterans do need specific help. AVC can be peculiarly useful, as a fellowship of men facing common problems, in giving this help. Concentration on these problems will broaden the base of our membership, drawing in the hundreds of thousands who share AVC's general objectives but who are not already converted to a more or less defined body of political, social, and economic beliefs.

The conviction upon which AVC has been built is precisely this: that the majority of new veterans would follow progressive leadership as readily as their fathers followed reactionary leadership. Thus far we have failed to prove that the conviction is sound. I am sure the fault has been ours — a fault of execution, not of conception. The people who voted for Roosevelt or stumped for Willkie in 1940 are still around. There is involved here — not just for AVC, either — a failure of communication, a failure of imagination, a failure to project in positive and grand outline the kind of scheme for the future which will set men once more to planning and working in some larger context.

This failure will not be overcome, I think, by mouthing the liberal slogans of another era. The program of 1937 will hardly prove adequate to the necessities of 1947, whether restated in Republican or in Democratic terms. Nor will a program prove adequate that is cast on the lofty, intangible plateaus of a fuzzy idealism. The men who won the war, the leaders among the young veterans, have here their greatest opportunity: to state a new program, in terms of practical proposals for guaranteeing peace, jobs, and freedom to each of us by guaranteeing them to all of us.

And here is the rub. How, in a democracy, can the people be brought to understand their own best interests? How can their wishes be translated into local actions? Those without a plan will perish; but those who advance plans in 1947 will be called Communists.

4

LIKE all organizations whose programs run somewhat to the left of Herbert Hoover, AVC has been variously described in the past year as Communist, Communist-controlled, Communist-infiltrated, Red, Red Fascist, Pink, or Pinko. The barrage was opened officially last winter with a salvo from Westbrook Pegler, the title of whose column has recently been changed, in the interests of editorial accuracy, from "Fair Enough" to "As Pegler

Sees It." Each of several successive attacks brought an appreciable increase in AVC membership. The rest of the wolf pack gladly took up the cry, with some of the national officers of the old veterans' organizations well in the lead.

With any organization interested in reform, there are two problems involved in this Communist business. One is the external problem: the Communist Party as label. The other is the internal problem: the CP as reality. The external problem is relatively the simpler. Responsible publications, like responsible citizens, have become inured to the Pegler-Dies technique of calling anything you don't like Communist. Although responsible agencies may not concur in all your views, they will make distinctions between a forward-looking concern for the institutions of our society, and an active conspiracy to overturn those institutions.

Anyone who has taken the trouble to look into the AVC program will know that it is specifically American and vigorously independent of anybody's party line. The CP line over the past year, for instance, has included opposition to selective service, to the Baruch plan for international control of atomic energy, to the British loan, and to any development of the United Nations in the direction of world government; it has included support of the Perón regime in Argentina and of a Federal bonus for veterans. On every one of these items, as on many more, the CP is in violent conflict with AVC's views, as voted by 90 to 95 per cent pluralities in the platform session at the national convention.

The external problem of the Communist label, then, can be solved at least in part by the dissemination of accurate information; although this can only be a partial solution in times like these, when Senator Taft is called a "Socialist" for his sponsorship of the General Housing Act, and the prevailing tendency is to label "Red" anyone who speaks up in behalf of a practicing and productive democracy. Nevertheless, one says what one believes and waits for a revival of public sanity; and meanwhile the internal problem of the Communist reality must be met.

Some history is needed here.

It is the official policy of the Communist Party of the U.S.A., as it is of the CP everywhere outside the Soviet Union, to work its members into positions of responsibility in government, in trade-unions, and in all organizations which take a hand in shaping public policy (the instructions of the Third International specifically mention "associations of ex-servicemen"). The objective is to mobilize these mass groups behind the Communist leadership when the day of revolution comes, so that the proletariat can

seize the state power. Since the CPUSA has no popular support to speak of, this tactic is the only way in which it can exercise substantial influence.

The CP claims that about 8000 of its members served in the armed forces of the United States during the recent war. Until last winter, the orders given these members were to join the established, mass veterans' organizations: the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. AVC was actively attacked as a "splinter group," both in the columns of the *Daily Worker* and around the world (CP servicemen tried to break up AVC organizing meetings in the Pacific in 1945). At the beginning of 1946, AVC began to accelerate its rate of membership increase. In the ensuing months, the CP line shifted abruptly to meet this new situation. AVC was added to the list of targets for infiltration for one reason only: it had shown its effectiveness on the American scene.

By June, when AVC convened at Des Moines, the CP members had picked up strength by allying themselves with fellow travelers (non-party members who habitually follow the CP line), non-doctrinaire radicals who felt that AVC's national leadership was too conservative, and — largest group of all — average members who were impatient over administrative growing pains. The administration won a clear-cut victory; but the press did not help AVC's internal situation by hailing it as a victory over the Communists. It was that, in part; but it was also a "victory" over many honest non-Communists who were justifiably chagrined at being lumped together with the CP.

The CP, of course, has capitalized on this feeling since the Des Moines Convention, and has attempted to reduce the whole struggle over principle — whether AVC shall assert its independence of the Communist Party or whether it shall not — to a petty factional dispute: whether A or B shall be elected to office. The success of this splitting tactic may be gauged in a state like California, second only to New York in the size of its AVC population, where a large majority of non-CP members have been critical of the national administration for a variety of good and bad reasons, as a result of which they find themselves willy-nilly in the same boat with the party-liners, who are opposed not to the national administration as such, but to the explicit non-Communist policy adhered to by the national leaders.

5

THIS non-Communist policy received formal expression in a resolution adopted in November by the

National Planning Committee, AVC's board of directors between conventions. The resolution reviews the history of organizations which have tolerated Communists:—

The Party members usually come in crying "Unity." Although they mean unity on their own terms, their plea invariably gets a sympathetic hearing from many progressives who are properly indignant at the endless illiberal mouthings of the leaders of American reaction and whose indignation spurs them into acceptance of unity on any terms. The Communist Party has demonstrated its real attitude toward "unity" time and again, within the framework of progressive groups, by diverting the energies of these groups to matters of peculiar interest to the Party, and by vilification of sincere liberals who reject the Communist philosophy. By ceaselessly instigating confusion and chaos, they ultimately render the groups impotent as effective champions of democracy.

(Most of us in AVC got our first taste of politics in the United Front and Popular Front eras, when the threat of fascism was the overriding consideration and one took one's allies wherever one could find them. The actual experience of attempting to live with the Communists during those days has demonstrated to more and more progressives the foolhardiness of coöperating with those whose ultimate objectives are diametrically opposed to their own.)

In this post-war era [the resolution continues], the Communist Party has repeatedly called attention to the fact that its present line is, on many issues, consonant with that of many progressive groups. The Party has used this momentary coincidence as an excuse for demanding that progressives coöperate with it in working for the attainment of specific objectives. We regard such proposed coöperation as fatal. The attempts of honest progressives to attain their objectives by intelligent, constructive action have repeatedly been hamstrung or completely nullified by the irrational, ill-considered tactics of the few Communist Party members who have clung leech-like to them and whose sole purpose is to agitate and confuse, not to achieve reforms where reforms are needed.

(Take a city with a housing shortage, and an AVC chapter under Communist influence. Instead of sending a delegation with a positive housing plan to discuss with the mayor, the chapter will most likely picket the city hall alongside a CP delegation and known Communist-front outfits. Picketing has its uses, but not before other avenues of approach are blocked.)

In taking this position [the resolution concludes], we are unhappily aware that we shall be accused from some quarters of having joined forces with those distasteful spokesmen of the right who have loosely and maliciously applied the label "Communist" to many commendable organizations. We wish emphatically

to disassociate ourselves from [these] Red-baiting tactics. . . . Those whom we ask to join AVC, as the greatest hope for America, have a right to know the principles underlying this organization and its leadership. We oppose the entrance into our ranks of members of the Communist Party and we shall strive to prevent them, when and if, by subterfuge or deceit, they gain such entrance, from attempting to use AVC as a sounding-board for their own perverse philosophy.

(The fear of saying the word "Communist" in liberal circles is obsessive. Party-liners will denounce you as a Red-baiter if you hint that Joe Stalin is a Communist. AVC members who have opposed party-liners in chapter elections have been called Red-baiters even though they have never called their opponents anything worse than inefficient. I told Mr. Pegler last summer that he was the best friend the Communists ever had, because he called so many decent people Communists that he made it impossible to identify real Communists.)

The results of the passage of this resolution have been salutary. Responsible citizens outside AVC have taken it as a clear declaration that AVC was independent of outside control, and intended to remain that way. To many members inside AVC, it was the first official notice that the organization did have an internal problem. The chapters, to whom the resolution was referred, are passing it by a large majority.

Those who have turned it down have been moved by a variety of reasons: some because the party-liners and sympathizers are in control, some because their experience with the problem has not yet convinced them of the dangers of failing to take a clear position, some because they fear a witch hunt will result, some because they are in areas where there actually is no Communist problem and they are fearful of seeming to protest too much before a public which has never accused them of sin. Education is proceeding, however. There has been no witch hunt—a witch hunt is no solution, since Party members usually do not identify themselves. As the executive committee of the University of Wisconsin chapter said:—

Any attempt to ferret them [the Communists] out, any tendency to point accusing fingers, would be fatal, foolish and malignant. . . . No one with faith in the unshakable democracy, progressivism and idealism of AVC will believe this baseless slander.

The fear that our energies would be diverted from a positive program into the negative channels of internal factionalism is being dispelled by such common-sense statements as the following, again from Wisconsin:—

Some critics will still reply that Communism is no problem in America. They are absolutely right. Communism is no problem at all in the country as a whole; reactionaries have created an artificial Red menace in order to discredit all liberal action. But a careful distinction must be made. The Communist issue is a very real, internal one for any liberal organization. By refusing to face it, by burying their heads in the sand, one liberal organization after another has come to ruin. Because it ignored this question too long, the CIO now finds itself rent by a terrible war between pro-Communists and anti-Communists. The American Student Union made the same mistake. Once the shining hope of young American liberalism, the ASU was taken over by Communists and then cynically liquidated when its new masters had no further use for it.

6

If progressives will recognize the distinction between themselves and the Communists, and if conservatives will recognize it when progressives make it, there is hope for democracy. If progressives accept the Communist credo that they must choose between alliance with Communists and alliance with reaction, and if conservatives lump all liberals and progressives together in the Communist camp, there is no hope for democracy and we will eventually resolve the tensions in our society by stumbling into totalitarianism either of the left or of the right.

We must be quite clear in our opposition to the present tendencies which lead in either direction. This is no philosophical abstraction which confronts us. We are making choices between alternatives, today and every day, which will take us down one road or the other. There is real power involved here: the power to shape the institutions of our society. AVC is the world in microcosm; the power struggle within it is deadly serious, and of great import for all Americans. The boys are not playing for marbles when the CP-influenced group in a chapter election produces posters deliberately distorting an editorial by the national chairman to make it appear that he has endorsed their slate. Nor is it ideological hair-splitting when a non-Communist writes a letter to the AVC Bulletin attacking the leadership in his area, and his name is then forged to a letter denying that he had written the original.

These are realities which must be faced, not only in AVC but in the nation and in the world.

I am confident that AVC will stay on its demo-

cratic course; more and more members are becoming aware of the fundamental issue that is involved. They are coming to understand why the party-liners reserve their choicest vituperation for the progressives rather than for the reactionaries. In the words of Max Lerner: —

It is not because we are "Tories," "Red-baiters," "witch-hunters". . . . The fact is that the *Daily Worker* fears us exactly because we are *not* Tories and *not* Red-baiters, exactly because we do *not* believe in diverting our energies into the sterile and unsavory channels of obsessive anti-Communism. They fear us even more than they fear the Tories and the Red-baiters. For they know that what we are working to create is a free and liberal non-Communist movement, close to the mainstream of the American progressive tradition, with a philosophy that can attract the overwhelming number of decent ordinary Americans. And such a movement would most decidedly leave the Communists out in the cold, with only their few immediate partisans for company, and only their epithets for warmth.

The very nature of the AVC program is such as to invite epithets from the doctrinaires of both the extreme left and the extreme right. For AVC proposes that democracy become a daily practice. It does not simply complain about discrimination against Negroes: its chapters go into town libraries and convince their supervisors that Negroes should be allowed to borrow books like other citizens. It does not simply urge passage of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill: its chapters establish veterans' housing coöperatives. It does not simply go on record for the establishment of one world: it corresponds with veterans of the other United Nations with a view towards founding a United Nations Veterans League which will actively support and urge the strengthening of the UN. It does not simply cry out for United States aid to bankrupt foreign governments in order to halt the spread of Communism: it insists upon the necessity of providing a workable alternative to Communism through economic rehabilitation designed to give the people of the world the opportunity to find both security and freedom. It believes firmly that the democratic faith will prosper only through its devoted practice, and will wither if nurtured solely by speeches.

Am I naïve in thinking that this policy and this practice, tested and found true within a new veterans' organization, suggest a policy and practice for America and for the world?

A third article in this series on the American veteran will appear in the June Atlantic. It is by Hanford MacNider, a veteran of both wars and a former National Commander of the American Legion.

Spoils?

The Boss of the Bronx, friend and confidant of F.D.R., EDWARD J. FLYNN has made politics his profession for the past quarter of a century. In this article he shows how a city machine works in his great district; he defines what he means by "the spoils system"; he demonstrates in detail why the boss system is "a direct result of the election laws not only in the State of New York but in every state of the Union." While bosses are inevitable, he concludes, bad bosses are not, and the boss can survive only by giving the voters what they want.

BOSSSES AND MACHINES

by EDWARD J. FLYNN

I

THE meeting will come to order. The Chair recognizes Mr. Brown."

MR. BROWN: "I offer the following resolution and move its adoption."

THE CHAIRMAN: "The Secretary will read."

THE SECRETARY: "Resolved, That the Executive Committee of the Democratic County Committee of Bronx County offer to the enrolled Democrats of Bronx County at the primary election to be held on July 31, 1945, the following named persons for the respective offices to be filled at the said primary: —

"For Mayor of the City of New York: William O'Dwyer.

For Comptroller of the City of New York: Lazarus Joseph.

For President of the Council: Vincent R. Impellitteri.

For President of the Borough of the Bronx: James J. Lyons.

For District Attorney, County of Bronx: Samuel J. Foley.

For Justices of the Municipal Court, 1st Municipal Court District, County of Bronx: William Lyman, Christopher C. McGrath, Charles A. Loreto.

For Justices of the Municipal Court, 2nd Municipal Court District, County of Bronx: Michael N. Delagi, Agnes M. Craig."

THE CHAIRMAN: "All those in favor of the resolution will kindly so signify by saying 'Aye.' The motion is carried and the resolution is adopted. The Chair recognizes Mr. Buckley."

MR. BUCKLEY: "I move that the meeting adjourn."

THE CHAIRMAN: "All those in favor of the motion to adjourn kindly so signify by saying 'Aye.' The meeting is adjourned."

These are the minutes of a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Democratic Party of Bronx

County, New York. The meeting was called to present formally the Democratic organization's slate to the enrolled Democrats of that county.

The Executive Committee of the Democratic Party in Bronx County consists of thirty-three men and women, who are Executive Members of the County Committee. They are the heart of the Democratic organization in the county. They are presided over by the Chairman, who happens to be myself. There you have, very simply, what is known as a "machine."

It took only ten minutes to hold the meeting. There were no objections, for everything had been arranged in advance. The very smoothness of the proceedings exemplifies practical politics in action. For within the periphery of that meeting may be found, one by one, the axioms on which practical politics are based — beginning with the voter root and extending to the highest political office: the Presidency of the United States.

In discussing mechanism, and in trying to arrive at just what makes a political machine tick, I am calling on my own twenty-four years of political experience and the specific example of Bronx County. For more than a quarter of a century, Bronx County has elected only Democratic county officials. It has become, on percentage, the greatest Democratic county north of the Mason and Dixon Line.

Thus, by augmenting or reducing the model of Bronx County, and with due allowance for variations in state laws, one can get a picture of party workings in almost any part of the United States, for political divisions are substantially the same in fundamentals all over the country.

Before the meeting described at the beginning of this article, the nominations for the city-wide offices had already been agreed upon by the five County

Leaders of the City of New York. Nominations for Bronx County offices were agreed to after a series of conferences between the Executive Members and the Chairman of the Executive Committee.

How, then, were these nominations actually arrived at? As Chairman of the Executive Committee, I am the controlling force, and any action I take must be one which I believe will benefit the people of the Bronx first and enhance the prestige of the organization second. I mention the people first because it is one of our political legends that bosses never pay any attention to the public. Of course the legend will not stand analysis, for obviously a political boss can survive only so long as he wins elections — and the only way to win elections year after year is to know what the voters want and give it to them.

The slate I gave at the beginning is an example. James J. Lyons was renominated for President of the Borough of the Bronx. He had been elected three times and was looking toward his fourth term. From the standpoint of the people generally, he had done a good job. There had been no scandals connected with his office, and the people believed him to be an honest official. For that reason, it was expedient for the organization to renominate him. If, however, he had been a failure, or if there had been any scandals in his administration, the organization and I, without any qualms, would have turned him down for renomination. For always the primary purpose is to win an election.

In the same resolution, Samuel J. Foley was offered as a candidate for re-election as Bronx County District Attorney. His office had a splendid reputation. Foley himself had been praised highly in many New York newspapers for the conduct of his office. In fact, rackets had been stopped in Bronx County long before the term "racket-buster" was invented. The criminal element knew that they could not exert political influence in the Bronx, and so they fought shy of the county. One instance will illustrate my point. Terrenova, one of the most notorious racketeers of his time, lived in Westchester County. Now one cannot reach Manhattan from Westchester without crossing the Bronx or crossing either the Hudson River twice or Long Island Sound and the East River. Yet Terrenova chose to cross the Hudson twice — over to New Jersey and back again — rather than risk being picked up in the Bronx. So it was to the advantage of the organization to offer Foley to the people again.

Four of the five Municipal Court Judges were also seeking re-election. The records of Lyman, McGrath, Delagi, and Craig were good, and they were

renominated. The fifth, Charles A. Loreto, was being presented as a candidate for the first time. His nomination was agreed upon at a series of conferences between myself and some of the members of the Executive Committee.

2

WHAT factors were taken into consideration in this nomination?

The Bronx is a cosmopolitan place. The Jewish and Italian populations are large. There are also many Roman Catholics. These three groups make up the largest portions of the county. Therefore, when the organization is forming a ticket to present to the people, it is important that the candidates represent and come from these three large groups. It is curious how some "reformers" labor this point, arguing that it is "pandering to racial and religious blocs." Our whole system of government is based on proportional representation. But of course the "reformers" in question are not always consistent, for just now they see nothing wrong with special appeals to organized labor, to take one example. (Neither do I — but the distinction is that I am consistent in my belief that special-interest groups have a perfect right to be represented in the bodies that govern us all.)

Today, there are more Jewish than Irish Catholic voters in the Bronx. Yet there is no such thing as a "Jewish bloc" — as Governor Dewey discovered in the last New York mayoral election. Dewey thought that by nominating Judge Jonah Goldstein, a one-time Tammany Democrat, for Mayor on the Republican ticket, he could ensure the Jewish vote of the city in his own gubernatorial race a year later. Goldstein had everything a Jewish candidate should have — except that not all Jews thought him the better-qualified candidate. The Jew is a discriminating individualist.

In the vacancy which Loreto was a candidate to fill, it was important to name a man of Italian extraction. This was so because Lazarus Joseph, candidate for Comptroller, was Jewish and came from the Bronx. Beyond this, it was important that every geographical section of the Bronx be represented. Neighborhood feeling carries great weight with a political organization. Men and women who are prominent in their own localities are recognized by being placed in public office.

Before the meeting I have described, I consulted with members of the Executive Committee who were from that particular part of the county and asked them to suggest names. Various leaders sug-

gested different persons. The abilities and political strengths of each were looked into. Finally I myself decided that Loreto was the man.

Hence our ticket shaped up as a well-rounded one: Lyons and Foley were Catholics, Joseph and Lyman were Jewish, Delagi and Loreto were of Italian descent.

"Cynical!" the "reformers" will say. "Shocking!" "Calculating!" "So this is how a machine functions!"

Yes, this is the way a machine functions. How else could it function in the interests of all the people? It should be remembered that we were offering these names to the enrolled Democrats of Bronx County in a Democratic primary. It did not mean that there could be no opposition to them. Any person who wished to dispute our judgment had that right in the primary polling booth, where none could see him.

True, scattered individuals cannot successfully challenge the decisions of a machine. But if the machine is a bad one — if it deserves to be beaten because of its offensive political activities or because of the caliber of the men it nominates — opposition can be organized to fight out the issues in the primaries. I'll admit it is not easy. It takes time, patience, money, and a lot of hard work to beat a machine in this way. Nor am I attempting to say that this is the best method. It just happens to be the only one provided under the election laws of the State of New York.

3

I HAVE been Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Bronx County for a quarter century. In order to remain in that position, I must always have the Committee votes to support me. My control is entirely dependent upon this support. If a majority of the Committee decided they no longer wanted me, they could call a meeting tomorrow and supplant me. But during my entire service as Chairman, there has never been any serious threat to my leadership. There has been occasional scattered opposition, but never any real danger.

How do I maintain the majority support of the Executive Committee? To begin with, I always see to it that the key party workers have exempt positions, if they want them. Some of the salaries are small (particularly those given to women). They run from \$2500 to \$5000, with only one at \$10,000. Still, to use the political parlance, all the District Leaders have been "taken care of" during my entire term as County Leader. In New York County, by contrast, there have been many changes

among the District Leaders during the same period — because they were not put into exempt positions. The biggest turnover came about when the Democrats lost the county and borough offices in the Fusion heyday. Bronx County is the only county within the city that has never been defeated either for county or for borough offices.

The families also — sons, daughters, husbands, wives — of the District Leaders are taken care of in some way or other. Sometimes they are given exempt positions, and sometimes they get help from us in the line of civil service promotion. It is rather difficult to say if this is the real reason why I have had their support down through the years, but I cannot deny that it has been extremely important to my remaining as leader.

There is one other important factor in retaining the support of the Executive Committee, and although it has never been put to test, I am confident that it could be with perfect safety. I have the final word about who should be appointed to positions which control exempt jobs. The County Committeemen who elect the Executive Members know this. Also, it is inevitable that during the years of my leadership I have come to know these Committeemen well, and they in turn to know me. I feel sure that should I express to them a desire to have a District Leader removed, a new Leader would be selected immediately. Thus not only my long association with the party, but my absolute control of exempt positions, is a powerful influence in my control.

The importance of this business of patronage in the success of a party and a leader may be seen by studying the strengthening of the Democratic Party during Roosevelt's terms as Governor of New York and his first terms in the White House. Because he paid attention to his leaders and made the party appointments they recommended (always after previously investigating the candidate's abilities) Roosevelt built up the greatest vote-getting machine, both state and Federal, that has ever been known. When he began to accept the recommendation of the New Dealers of "non-political" appointments, there was a falling away of his vote-getting ability. However, by that time Roosevelt's name had such magic that he was able, notwithstanding, to maintain his leadership.

After so many years, the machine has become a more or less personal one. For several years past I have seriously considered resigning. The detail work in a county organization no longer has any appeal to me. Financially, the job has been expensive, for I myself contribute to the support of the

party. But there is another item which can hardly be classed as a party contribution, but which goes hand in hand with the party job I hold. Whenever a member of the organization is in financial difficulty and comes to me for assistance, I usually lend him money. Some of these loans have even been paid back.

Because of my long association, however, I naturally feel responsible to men who have loyally supported me down through the years. If I resigned, these men would be left out in the cold. I do not say it in any spirit of vanity, but it is perfectly logical to suppose that an organization which has been kept so compact through all these years would disintegrate if the moving spirit died or resigned. This did happen in the case of Tammany Hall after the death of Charles F. Murphy. Tammany has never since been able to occupy the place it did under his leadership. There have been constant change and constant squabbling for power among the leaders. Undoubtedly the same situation would develop in the Bronx if I resigned.

4

I HAVE said that I never had any serious opposition. There is always some opposition. There is a group at the present time in Bronx County that has, for years, been seeking to unseat me as County Chairman. They have tried to do so in primaries, in the election of County Committeemen and Leaders, and in the election of candidates other than those named by the organization. But because of the closeness with which the organization is held together, they have not yet been able to score a single triumph.

Victory is easier for the organization than for the insurgent. The organization at all times has its own personnel in each small unit. An insurgent who questions the decisions of the machine must first place a man and woman Captain in every Election District. This is not an easy task. It is difficult to build up in two or three months what it has taken the organization years to achieve. Furthermore, under a good administration, it is not easy to find enough people who will disagree with the machine.

At various times, candidates for the Legislature have challenged the nominees of the organization. There have been primary fights. But in every instance, the organization has won, because all its forces could be centered in the troublesome district. The result has been that the insurgent not only was defeated, but overwhelmingly so.

Once a person who has been a member of the organization turns against it in a primary election,

he is forever barred from any political preferment. Since most people who feel like fighting the organization have hopes for political advancement, their assignment to organization Coventry makes their political futures dubious, to say the least. This discipline inevitably turns up some malcontents who will stoop to anything to bring disrepute to the organization. There have been leveled against the organization in Bronx County — and perhaps always will be — charges of illegal registration and illegal voting. Some thirty years ago, such charges undoubtedly had some basis in fact. In those days, there was considerable laxity. Elections were not watched or checked as they are today, when each political party has its own poll watchers as well as its members on the Board of Elections.

Since we are speaking of the Bronx, let us consider the possibility that such a thing might take place. What would be the result? The total number of votes cast in the Bronx averages from 450,000 to 500,000. Should the Democratic organization attempt to conduct a campaign for illegal registration, it would have to be done within each Election District. In every Election District, there are one Republican man and one Republican woman Captain, and also a Republican man and a Republican woman member on the Board of Elections. Assuming the cleverest organization one could imagine, there could not be more than about five illegal registrations in each Election District without attracting attention. Certainly the Republican Captains and Inspectors of Elections would know of even that small number.

Suppose, however, they didn't. There are 850 Election Districts in Bronx County. Multiplying the number of Election Districts by 5, you get a total of 4250 votes. At no time in my experience would even 10,000 votes have been enough to change the outcome of an election in Bronx County. Most certainly there would be no advantage to the organization in this type of campaign. It would not change the result.

There have also been charges that in many instances persons have been brought to places outside the districts in which they reside to take the literacy test required of first voters in New York State. First of all, most of the people who apply for literacy tests have recently become naturalized and admitted by the courts as citizens of the United States. It is very true that the organization will take these new voters to places where the test is not so severe as it might be in other places. Every other organization throughout the country does precisely the same thing. Indeed, an excellent argument can be advanced against requiring a literacy test. To

begin with, the New York law presumes that anyone who cannot write English is illiterate, even if he holds a dozen degrees and is quite proficient in any number of other languages. Moreover, illiteracy is no excuse from paying taxes, and if there is anything to the business of "taxation without representation" being an evil, it can be argued that anyone who pays taxes is entitled to vote.

In any event, the record of the Bronx County Democratic organization is open for all to see. That the members of the party support it overwhelmingly is shown by its success, year after year, at the polls. That they take pride in its achievements, not only individually but as a whole, is beyond doubt.

A political leader or "boss," however, must not only be able to pick his men, but he must be able to "guess right." During my leadership, I have been lucky enough to do this in many political situations. The first big decision I had to make "on my own" was on the question of displacing Hylan as Mayor of New York City. I was lucky enough to be one of the two leaders who supported Walker. Had Walker lost, my reward would have been political oblivion. I supported Roosevelt when he was nominated and became Governor of New York, and when I was his Secretary of State (New York). In Chicago, I supported him again when he was nominated, and when he became President. In Albany, I supported Lehman, and he was nominated and elected. In each case, I risked the penalty for guessing wrong.

All these things together have helped to build up my strength as a leader. My District Leaders realize that I have usually guessed right. It has put the Bronx organization in the forefront in various campaigns, and my Leaders have taken pride in the fact that because of my friendship with Roosevelt I have become a national figure in the Democratic Party.

5

THE impression of secrecy which seems to veil the position of political boss exists for no other reason than that the idea has been handed down by one political generation to another. Most of the appearance of secrecy arises from the fact that the leader himself cannot make up his mind as to what course to pursue — or more often, because it is not propitious to announce his decision at the precise moment the newspapers clamor for it.

Political skill is mostly built on proper timing. The correct time to announce a candidacy or the support of a particular candidate is as important

as the announcement itself. If it is badly timed, the whole effect can be lost. In this connection, Roosevelt often resorted to the "trial balloon" — that is, letting someone other than himself make a statement to see how it would be received by the public. If the time was not right, the statement would be criticized severely. If it was well received, Roosevelt would step in and "carry the ball." I myself have never been completely convinced that this is a good thing to do, but I am considerably in the minority in that opinion.

Should a man announce his candidacy too far in advance of a convention or primary, he can easily kill himself off through the opposition which will tend to develop and crystallize. Therefore, in practical politics an announcement is delayed as long as practicable, to prevent such a situation. It is usually thoroughly understood between a candidate and a leader just what the leader intends to do, and the leader very seldom lets the cat out of the bag until it is absolutely necessary to do so.

In the case of Presidential candidates, this is particularly important. Albert Ritchie of Maryland became known as a "perennial" candidate. He was always campaigning for the nomination, and although his background was good and his record as Governor of Maryland was excellent, he was never nominated because he came to be "old stuff."

In the Republican Party, General Wood and Governor Lowden of Illinois were two candidates who destroyed each other by their too early timing of announcements and their long campaigns before the 1920 convention. This permitted a situation to develop which prevented the convention from naming either one. The resultant nomination was of Harding. The same thing happened to Smith and McAdoo in the 1924 Democratic convention, when John W. Davis finally emerged as the nominee.

Even in state politics, there is a concrete example of what bad timing does to a candidate. When John Lyons was Secretary of State of New York, he campaigned actively for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. By the time the convention rolled around, he had worn himself out and nullified any chance he might have had. The time is short between a primary or convention and the general election. But it is time enough to destroy a candidate. If he adds to that period a pre-primary or pre-convention campaign, his risk increases. The candidate gets shopworn.

Roosevelt was a master at timing, and in every case he made the most of this gift. Even though, to the average person, his timing of announcements for both his third and fourth terms may have seemed

late (and admittedly this was partly due to the fact that he had not made up his mind), they were perfect under the conditions then prevailing.

Conversely, Governor Smith's announcement in 1932 was too late in view of conditions. When Roosevelt first announced his candidacy, Smith persisted in his position that he would not be a candidate under any circumstances. Thus many delegates were pledged to Roosevelt who might otherwise have gone to Smith, had he been an avowed candidate at the time. This was particularly true in Bronx County and other counties in New York that were pledged to Roosevelt in the primaries.

Smith told me later that in his opinion it made no difference how the delegates were pledged in the primary — they should have changed their minds when his candidacy was announced. I did not agree. I told Smith that so far as the Bronx delegates were concerned, they were pledged to Roosevelt and they would "stay hitched." The people of the Bronx know that once I pledge myself and the organization to a candidate, that pledge holds. I have maintained this attitude throughout my leadership. And it is because the majority of the Executive Committee agree with these principles that they continue to back my leadership.

6

AS LONG as we have a two-party system of government, we shall have machines. Whether they will be good or bad depends upon the interest of citizens in their party government, and upon whether that interest is just as strong and unflagging as their interest in their local, state, and Federal governments.

The reason more people do not accept the inevitability of machine politics is that whenever they think of machines and bosses, they seem to think only of the successful ones. In every county in New York City there is and always has been a Republican machine. To be sure, they call themselves "organizations," but they are as truly machines as their Democratic counterparts in every respect save that of success at the polls. The nominations for the various offices in the Republican Party are dictated by the Republican County Leaders, who are, of course, the Republican county bosses.

The present Governor of New York, Thomas E. Dewey, accepts advice and even dictation from the Republican bosses in the various counties throughout the state. The newspapers favorable to Dewey (or to the Republican Party generally) describe this as "receiving suggestions from the leaders of the party." It is only the "leader" you don't like who

is a "boss," and the "organization" you don't like that is a "machine."

This is equally true throughout the United States. In practically every city and every state, there are a Republican machine and a Democratic machine, and there is always one man who is the boss of the machine. The final responsibility for nominations is wholly in his hands. Thus, when you condemn the "boss system" you condemn both major parties and indeed all political parties, because all operate in exactly the same way.

This system is a direct result of the election laws not only in the State of New York but in every state of the Union. The election laws provide the method under which parties are organized. The same laws that apply to the Democratic Party apply to the Republican Party.

If this is true, then what can be done and what should be done? One must work with the tools at hand. If a machine is bad, it can be reformed only by the members of the party concerned. Many people criticize government — and then announce that they are not affiliated with either of the major parties. This is ridiculous. They can never hope, through unorganized mass, to accomplish anything. If they wish to cure a situation, they must do it through the machinery that is set up by the election laws.

I do not want to minimize how difficult a job this is. It is difficult because in a successful machine the leaders have so well fortified themselves that it takes time to upset them. It cannot be done in a year. In some cases, it cannot be done for many years. But if the start is made, eventually the vicious element in an organization can be removed. Those who have the courage and persistence to survive early discouragements win out in the end.

An instance of this that probably is fresh in the minds of most is the so-called "Pendergast machine" in Kansas City, Missouri. This organization got so bad that Pendergast and others connected with it went to prison. This did not mean the end of Democratic organizations in Kansas City. There is still a machine there. It is a better machine because of the exposures that purged it, but it is still a machine. Its legal structure is exactly the same as before. But because the decent Democrats of Kansas City finally became sufficiently aroused to take part in the primaries and in the selection of County Committeemen and District Leaders, the Pendergast machine, as such, was destroyed.

There is no use periodically electing "Fusion" or "Good Government" candidates. They will either stay in power a short time, or they will set up their own machines, or — what is far more likely —

they will merge back into one or the other of the two major parties. The Republican and Democratic parties have survived a good many "reform" movements in the form of third parties, the one over a period of ninety years, the other over a period of nearly a century and a half. Third-party movements have never succeeded nationally. They have succeeded about once in fifty times in the states. They have succeeded, all too briefly, about once in twenty times in the cities. These figures speak for themselves.

If we are to have uniformly good government, local, state, and national, I am afraid a lot of men and women will have to get down off their high horses and grub around in practical politics as active members of a party. I wish we had in our school systems required courses of training in citizenship which would send forth graduates by the hundreds of thousands who would assume such responsibilities as readily and as naturally as they assume the responsibility of earning a living. So far as I can see, the emphasis in whatever practical politics is taught is placed upon elections, rather than primaries. The so-called "independent" voter is all but deified, when he ought to be condemned as a shirker.

Waiting until after the candidates are nominated is waiting until you have missed the boat. Whatever is to be done must be done before the nominations are made. There is no machine — I do not care how powerful and well-intrenched it appears to be — that would dare to nominate a candidate for office it knew its own people did not want. Many poor candidates are named because of the fact that the so-called boss of the organization knew that the great majority of the members of his party would take no interest in the primary election anyway. Bosses get away with a good deal by default — your default.

7

TODAY, much criticism is being leveled at the Political Action Committee, because of the fact that it is taking an active part in the primaries of the Republican and Democratic parties, seeking to have named on both sides candidates who are friendly to PAC — which is to say, to organized labor. PAC has become a very potent factor in national politics. In states like New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Illinois, Massachusetts, and some border states, its intensive work undoubtedly helped in the election of President Roosevelt in 1940 and 1944.

It is significant, I think, for the student of politics that PAC did not set out to form a third party and thus far has resisted the temptation to do so on a

national scale. The tactics are fundamentally the same as those of people who choose to work within one of the older parties, in that the aim is to influence the selection of candidates before the choice has narrowed to two. That the results are sometimes more meager than those obtained by Republican and Democratic "regulars," at least in New York City, has been indicated in several recent elections there.

In the last municipal election in New York City, for example, the Bronx Democratic organization did not accept the endorsement of the American Labor Party, which is a part of the PAC organization, although the other four counties did. In the Bronx, therefore, there were four tickets in the field: Democratic, Republican, American Labor, and Liberal. Each had its own slate of candidates. The Democratic Party made a better showing than ever before. Thus it will be seen that, to be successful at the polls, PAC usually has to make common cause with one or the other of the old-line parties and vote for its candidates.

A great deal has been made of this "balance of power" theory, and it is a fact that in many instances the endorsement of PAC has brought about the election of Democratic candidates who might not otherwise have won. But as far as New York is concerned, the American Labor Party's claim to a "balance of power" role is at least open to question. For example, if Mayor O'Dwyer had run on the Democratic ticket alone in the last mayoral election, he still would have been overwhelmingly elected.

If the citizens whose interests are different from or broader than those championed by PAC would take as much pains to protect those interests as labor is taking to protect its interests, the story might be an entirely different one. Certainly there is no point in condemning PAC-endorsed candidates because of their obligation to organized labor. Unfortunately, however, the citizen with broad interests is rarely a party worker, or even an active citizen. Why, therefore, should he be surprised that more "independent" candidates are not elected to office? It would be a fine thing if all officeholders felt under obligation to all types of citizens, and hence based their judgments on the rule of the greatest long-term good for the greatest number. But we shall never reach that Utopia unless or until all the citizens resolve to work 365 days a year at being citizens.

There, then, is the machine and its boss. While bosses are inevitable under our system of government, bad bosses are not. For, in the last analysis, the real boss is you.

EXIT THE CAD

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

1

TO READ the novels and plays of a period is one method of discovering the moral atmosphere of the time. The view of course is limited to the world from which the author selects his characters. It may be confined to a small world, but this very selectiveness gives illustration as to what manner of person a writer finds significant in his generation. A simple yardstick for the reader is to look at the hero and then with greater care to measure the villain.

During the war the qualities of the hero were unmistakable. He followed an ancient tradition and exemplified the greatest of ideals — courage. The villain was the enemy — usually, the Nazi or Jap — who opposed him. The villain was a perfect symbol of what we despised. In the terrible terms of war there was no problem in differentiating black from white.

But with the end of the war men and women are again trying to find a code for the society of our times. In what respect does the modern code differ from the code of a couple of generations ago? What is the moral point of view that the earlier books and plays illustrate?

The society of this antecedent period was not made up of one small group but of hundreds of different groups, to which membership was allotted according to profession, or family, or income, or a dozen other divisions. These societies were for the most part stable; the sound of a changing world had not yet reached any threatening proportions, and the members, feeling secure, could make their rules for their different societies and see they were lived up to.

In the fiction of this older time the villain was the man who possessed those particular qualities which his society would not forgive. He broke the rules which had tacitly been agreed upon; and whether

he moved in the most fashionable of worlds or in the simplest, the rules had a certain similarity. Basically they involved hospitality, money, friendship, women, and a thing called "one's honor" which included money and women and something beyond.

The laws of hospitality demanded generosity from the host and protection to the guest under his roof. If the guest lost money while gambling, it was the host's responsibility to see that he paid, or make good the debt himself. A guest could get drunk but the law of hospitality protected him. He must not, however, repeat what he had heard under his host's roof. He had been accepted on trust as a friend and must break no confidences.

The problem of course arose as to where one could "demand satisfaction" and rebuke a man for what was deemed bad behavior if he had the protection of his host. One might strike him lightly across the face with a glove as the preliminary challenge to a duel or ask him to "step outside" for the fight itself. The brawl must not take place indoors, and particularly not in the presence of ladies.

In high society if a gentleman cheated at cards all doors were closed to him. In the society of the mining camp the same code carried but he was shot, and if the shot missed he left town in a hurry. Both gentleman and gold mine prospector could run up debts to the limit of their credit and could take an incredibly long time to repay them, but gambling debts must be paid within twenty-four hours. Gentleman or prospector could borrow money from a bank or a friend but never from a woman.

Friendship, like family relations, incurred certain obligations and responsibilities. Though it might involve grave personal danger, a friend helped a friend in his troubles. A man took on the enmities of his best friend as he would take on the enmities of his family in its feuds. If a man made love to his best friend's wife he had behaved without honor. He had broken the code.

GRETCHEN FINLETTER is the author of a delightful and successful new book, *From the Top of the Stairs*, and an observer of American manners, as witty as she is penetrating.

If a man had a mistress, under no circumstances must she ever meet his wife. A gentleman must never discuss a lady in his club.

The rules about women were not so categorical, and varied slightly with the decades and the economic group, but basically there were certain principles — blessed principles from the point of view of the writers — which guided behavior.

A woman's honor, which meant her virtue, was the responsibility of her father or brother if she was unmarried. He who threatened her virtue must be prepared for the revenge of the father with the approval of all society. If the lady was married, her virtue was the responsibility of her husband. But here worldly society drew a distinction. It recognized emotions that could arise which would not be calmed, so it demanded discretion, the appearance of a solid marriage, and no scandal. Only if the affair became noticeable did society step in. One of the culprits must pay, and the husband could have the satisfaction of a duel or one of a number of choices in ruining his rival.

But the writers were faced with the dilemma of instinctively wanting to weight the scales in favor of the lover. French dramatists early discovered the comic possibilities of the deceived husband. Who was the hero and who the villain in this piece? The novelists studied the code and illustrated the following principle: "To love like a lover is no crime; but if you play fast and loose with your love, if you are not serious when you are asking her to risk her reputation, if you discard her, if it is for you only the satisfaction of the moment, then, my good fellow, you are — a Cad!"

And there was revealed and defined the character who cheated at cards and with women, who put love above honor, who broke the rules of his world, the villain of his day, the delight of novelists — The Cad.

There comes down to us the saying, "He was the sort of fellow no decent man would speak to." The picture is drawn of the fellow walking jauntily down the avenue and meeting his friends. Instantly their eyes are turned the other way. He is cut. The walk becomes less jauntily and he knows. All doors will be closed to him.

There is the tale of the lady in Boston. She refused the attentions of a distinguished gentleman, so he took his revenge. He ordered his carriage and pair to stand outside the door of her house all night. In the morning the sober citizens, as they went to their offices, saw coachman and horses still waiting there. The lady lost her reputation. But that evening when the gentleman entered his club, he was cut. He had been a cad.

2

WAS Soames a scoundrel in his treatment of his wife Irene in Galsworthy's novel *The Man of Property*? Young Forsyte, who was many years later to comfort Irene, pondered over this: —

An unhappy marriage! . . . that indefinable malaise, that terrible blight which killed all sweetness under Heaven; and so from day to day, from week to week, from year to year, till death should end it.

. . . Whenceshould a man like his cousin, saturated with all the prejudices and beliefs of his class, draw the insight and inspiration necessary to break up this life? . . . Most people would consider such a marriage as that of Soames and Irene quite fairly successful; he had money, she had beauty; it was a case for compromise. There was no reason why they should not jog along, even if they hated each other. . . . Half the marriages of the upper classes were conducted along these lines: Do not offend the susceptibilities of Society; do not offend the susceptibilities of the Church. To avoid offending these is worth the sacrifice of any private feelings. The advantages of the stable home are visible, tangible, so many pieces of property; there is no risk in the *status quo*. To break up the home is at the best a dangerous experiment, and selfish into the bargain.

Soames regards Irene as his possession. Twice Irene is reminded, "It's not as if you had anything of your own." The Forsyte family, though they do not label Soames a cad, for he has broken no tangible code, are yet uncomfortable and uneasy.

How inextricably in the worldly world were goods bound with morality, and morality with the conventions. Lily Bart, the heroine of Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth*, cannot "live like a pig" and so cannot function without extravagant luxury. Lily holds only one possession, her beauty, "the raw material of conquest," and this she intends to trade high for the other possessions that she must have.

The story is of Lily's downfall brought about by the scandal of her transactions with Gus Trenor. Trenor behaves caddishly but it is on Sim Rosedale, the stock broker, that Edith Wharton unleashes her greatest irony. And why? Because he wants to get into society and society laughs at him. At the end he is one of the few who behave decently to Lily and she ponders over his proposal: —

In fending off the offer he was so plainly ready to renew, had she not sacrificed to one of those abstract notions of honor that might be called the conventionalities of the moral life? What debt did she owe to a social order which had condemned and banished her without trial?

But in the end Lily bows to the social order and kills herself.

One wonders what it is that Edith Wharton ques-

tions in the order beyond its materialism. She is plainly the enemy of vulgarity and display, but that there must be an order, a society of the favored, she does not doubt. Her hero, Lawrence Selden, is modestly circumstanced but well-born and belongs to that profession which for some reason endears itself to novelists, as the best to illustrate the heroic qualities. Selden is "a rising young lawyer." (Some day I hope to find the hero a falling old stock broker.) Selden is also a prig and behaves with little spirit. But he is placed in the novel as the symbol of the good life which too late Lily realizes she has scorned.

3

How consistently did the playwrights illustrate the double standard. And how sharply was the line drawn between the good woman and the bad woman. Mrs. Tanqueray in Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and Mrs. Erlynne in Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* are "bad" women, alike in their dependence on social recognition symbolized by that precious bit of white paper — the calling card. Until the "good" ladies have called and acknowledged them, they remain ostracized.

Paula Tanqueray is not admitted to the society of the countryside and furiously she protests to her husband, Aubrey Tanqueray, over this snub: —

"Mrs. Cortelyon! The woman who might have set the example of calling on me when we first threw out roots in the deadly-lively soil! Deuce take Mrs. Cortelyon! . . . Oh I know she's an old acquaintance of yours — and of the first Mrs. Tanqueray. And she joins the rest of 'em in slapping the second Mrs. Tanqueray in the face. However, I have my revenge — she's six-and-forty, and I wish nothing worse to happen to any woman."

Lord Windermere demands that his wife send Mrs. Erlynne a card to her ball.

LORD W. — . . . If she comes here once she will have a chance for a happier, a surer life, than she has had. . . . Won't you help a woman who is trying to get back?

LADY W. — No! If a woman really repents, she never wishes to return to the Society that has made or seen her ruin.

LORD W. — . . . I won't argue with you, but I insist upon your asking Mrs. Erlynne to-night.

LADY W. — I shall do nothing of the kind.

LORD W. — You refuse?

LADY W. — Absolutely!

LORD W. — Ah, Margaret, do this for my sake — it is her last chance.

LADY W. — What has that to do with me?

LORD W. — How hard good women are!

LADY W. — How weak bad men are!

LORD W. — . . . Sit down and write the card.

LADY W. — Nothing in the world would induce me.

LORD W. — Then I will. . . .

LADY W. — Arthur; if that woman comes here, I shall insult her.

LORD W. — Child, if you did such a thing, there's not a woman in London who wouldn't pity you.

LADY W. — There's not a good woman in London who would not applaud me. We have been too lax. We must set an example. I propose to begin to-night. Yes, you gave me this fan today; it was your birthday present. If that woman crosses my threshold, I shall strike her across the face with it.

The rules for the Mrs. Tanquerays and Mrs. Erlynnes were definitive and severe. They could have their houses in Curzon Street, be hostess on Peter Jarman's yacht in the Mediterranean; but let them attempt to cross the threshold of the home of the good lady who was wife, and a solid door was closed against them.

The gentlemen sometimes sentimentalized or philosophized about the bad women, but on the whole they liked the system. What they would not back was the lady who bolted. She was heavily penalized and the man who urged her to take this conclusive step was generally considered a cad.

Mrs. Erlynne gives Lady Windermere a dreadful warning when she attempts to dissuade her from running off with Lord Darlington: —

" . . . You don't know what it is to fall into the pit, to be despised, mocked, abandoned, sneered at — to be an outcast! to find the door shut against one, to have to creep in by hideous byways, afraid every moment lest the mask should be stripped from one's face, and all the while to hear the laughter, the horrible laughter of the world. . . . One pays for one's sin, and then one pays again, and all one's life one pays. . . . You haven't got the kind of brains that enables a woman to get back. You have neither the wit nor the courage. You couldn't stand dishonor. . . ."

In *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* a group of men are gossiping after dinner in Aubrey Tanqueray's chambers, in a "tastefully decorated room, elegantly and luxuriously furnished." The talk turns on the case of Lord Orreyed, who has dared to marry Mabel Hervey, a dressmaker. "Paint her portrait, it would symbolize a creature perfectly patrician; lance a vein of her superbly-modelled arm, you would get the poorest *vin ordinaire*!"

DRUMMLE (referring to Lord Orreyed): The fool! The blackguard!

MISQUITH: Poor Orreyed! Well, he's gone under for a time.

DRUMMLE: For a time! My dear Frank, I tell you he has absolutely ceased to be. For all practical purposes you may regard him as the late George Orreyed.

JAYNE: But, surely, in the course of years, he and his wife will outlive —

DRUMMLE: No, no, Doctor. . . . You may dive into many waters, but there is *one* social Dead Sea!

How fortunate a time for novelists and dramatists. The limits carefully defined, and within the frame the great game of love, betrayal, fidelity, honor or villainy ordered and played by exact rules. And what about the performers who are so romantically and at times realistically described? Were they happier or more frustrated because they lived by a code?

4

Is there anything a man can do today for which he will be ostracized?

Yes, a man today may not cheat at cards. And he has to pay his gambling debts. What about that thing called "The Law of Hospitality"? We hear that the son of a President printed some revealing details about a guest of his father's who happened to be a Prime Minister. Was he cut for it? The researcher can't make out that he was.

Where does a woman's reputation stand today? Perhaps it can be ruined, but not by a man parking his car outside her apartment house door all night. What he gets for his pains is a ticket. Only the police department has censured him.

And does a woman's reputation mean something different from a man's reputation? One can almost conclude that the double standard has vanished. Is it then a single standard for both sexes and do the writers illustrate this, or merely show no particular standard for anyone?

What does the modern man have to do to invite the equivalent of a duel or the cut direct? What actions of a modern woman will cause the door to be slammed in her face? Let us consider the oldest situation in the world — the husband, the wife, and the lover; the wife, the husband, and the mistress. Novelists and playwrights can't get along without that triangle. One should be able to find out who is considered to have behaved badly in these circumstances.

Here one discovers something surprising. In the novels and in the plays the "big" scenes are between the two ladies. Not only is the convention wiped out that wife and mistress must never meet, but there is a compulsion that they must meet, and for long conversations. This scene seems to have a special appeal for writers. It is something they must feel they can get their teeth into. But here is the curious contradiction. In the theater the cards are

stacked in favor of the wife, while the novel is apt to favor the claims of the mistress.

What can one conclude is the code that governs the woman's actions? Has the lady in her rise to power in the world also made a place for herself as a scoundrel? And has the author any moral judgments of his own that he is illustrating?

In the novel, the wife is frequently described as "a faded blonde." If her hair was streaked with gray I suppose she might appear a little pathetic, but a "faded" blonde evokes a picture which already begins to lose her the sympathy of the reader.

The rival is apt to be a young woman with a career who has worked with the husband as he is ambitiously driving onward and upward. When the faded blonde first sees her at a dinner party in her own home, where the husband has invited her — convention out of the window — she is struck by the imitation jeweled clip that this girl is wearing; so palpably false, so almost defiant in its pathetic glitter. How is it possible that her husband, who has such faultless taste in diamonds, has permitted — but then her eyes go beyond the clip to the face of this young woman, and she is startled at what she finds. It is the innate decency of that face.

From then on, God help the faded blonde. If she puts up any kind of fight she is told to be adult or civilized. When she has that intimate talk with her rival — she is after all curious to see what this girl has besides her decency — she gets what must be a disheartening picture of her husband. The girl shares with the husband his almost childish love of circuses, and she believes, well, it's a funny thing to say to you, Mrs. Cartright, who know him so well, that his water colors show genius.

What chance now for the wife? She never even knew Mr. Cartright had a set of paints. She has two alternatives. To leave the novel quickly and never appear in it again, or to say, a little tremulously, My dear, I hope you will be very happy. You deserve to be.

In *Daisy Kenyon*, by Elizabeth Janeway, Dan, a businessman roaring ahead in his career, considers his wife, Lucile: —

He stopped putting papers into the briefcase, where he sat at his desk, and looked up at her with sudden pity. . . . He didn't neglect her out of hatred or contempt or any particular positive emotion. He neglected her because he couldn't help it. She was born to be a neglected wife, and she bore up under it very well, he thought. She had half a dozen women friends whose names and faces he could never put together; she had bridge and shopping and getting her hair done, and the church; which was about on the same level of emotional excitement as the shopping, and above all she had the children. She was a good and devoted mother.

Lucile never really has a prayer, for her rival is Daisy, an illustrator, "tall with a lot of dark, red hair pulled up on the top of her head" and a "full red mouth."

Margaret Ayer Barnes has more sympathy for Edna in her novel *Edna His Wife*, though her situation is not dissimilar to Lucile's. Edna also has nothing to do but live in her luxurious apartment and wonder at the absences of her husband Paul, who begins as the rising young lawyer and then goes ruthlessly ahead to financial power.

Edna is described as "a round little woman in the middle fifties, very carefully dressed in very obviously expensive clothes. . . . Her face softened by creams, tightened by astringents, faintly tinged with rouge . . . would have presented an appearance as devoid of expression as the faces on the motion picture 'stills' except for the small, pursed mouth that hinted of years of inarticulate suppression, and the round blue eyes that held, at fifty-five, a look of almost girlish bewilderment, very incongruous and slightly ridiculous in that middle-aged face, but which somehow touched the heart."

Edna loses Paul to Katharine Boyne, a sculptress "with brown strong hands and slender wrists . . . and with a wavy shock of short black hair which grew low on her forehead and rippled back from the ears with the lift of a bird's wing."

Both Lucile and Edna react deeply to their positions of deceived women — Lucile with bitter rage and Edna with compassion, but a breaking heart. They are the wives of their husbands' youth, and, unable to keep up, become the victims of their husbands' ambitions. Dan pays a certain lip service to the appearances, but no social order has really disciplined either man in his conduct for the exterior life, or even in preserving the amenities. The husbands sign the checks and ask only to be let alone.

5

IN *B.F.'s Daughter*, by John Marquand, Polly, the wife, meets Winifred James, her husband's mistress. Polly is not faded; she is young, alive, and curious with a human curiosity to know what manner of woman it is with whom Tom has fallen in love. The victory can be Polly's, for the mediocrity of Winifred confirms the mediocrity of Tom, and Polly knows that if she wants her husband back, because of this sample of his second-rate taste, she, possessing the more forceful qualities, can win him again.

Neither Tom nor Polly lives by conscious beliefs in principles. Polly is confused and unhappy and at

the conclusion of the book encounters again Bob Tasmin, the rising young lawyer who was her first love. Tasmin possesses a natural nobility and behaves with chivalry toward Polly and to his own wife. But this sense of personal honor appears individual to himself and seems to derive more from an inherited instinct than from the belief of a living code.

In the theater the wife rides to victorious triumph. Gone are the faded hair, the double chin. Dressed in the most becoming of costumes, she meets her rival in Act II, and what a scene of tinkling laughter that is.

"Mind, my dear?" says the wife. "I am grateful to you. I only wish you joy and ha-ha-ha much patience."

"Patience!" cries the home-breaker.

"Patience with, shall we call it — his moods? I'm used to the midnight hilarity, the morning grouch. But his jokes — well, who was it said, 'Antiquity hath a certain beauty all its own' — ha-ha-ha."

Here the audience is ha-ha-ing too. It relaxes and waits confidently for the third act, a year later, when a battered husband crawls back to that tolerant and understanding smile.

No Time for Comedy,¹ by S. N. Behrman, is a series of scenes between Linda the wife and Amanda, who is attempting to steal Linda's husband, Gay, the playwright. They have a catty meeting in Act II in Amanda's apartment, where Gay is writing his play under the new inspiration of Amanda, and they take it up again the next day in Act III in Linda's home. Amanda is trying to find Gay, who has disappeared.

LINDA: It seems to me a great gap of time since last night. Does it to you?

AMANDA: Not really. I'm afraid I was awfully rude. . . .

LINDA: If I remember correctly, I was insufferable. . . .

AMANDA: Linda — I have something to tell you.

LINDA: Have you?

AMANDA: Yes — it's an awful thing — I — I don't know how to put it — I really don't — I — *you* make it impossible for me!

LINDA: Nothing is impossible for *you*, Mandy! . . .

AMANDA: I wish, Linda, I didn't like you so very, very much. . . .

LINDA: You will end, I am sure, by not letting your affection for me stand in your way. What is it?

AMANDA: Well — Gay and I —

LINDA: Yes?

AMANDA: Gay and I —

LINDA: I suspected it.

AMANDA: Oh, no. It's not that! It's worse . . . from your point of view. Oh, believe me, Linda! I

¹ Copyright 1938, 1939, 1941 by S. N. Behrman.

struggled against this! Only last night — I told him I thought we might never see each other again . . . his play was well on the way — my usefulness over. I entreated him to return to you — and then suddenly, out of a clear sky, he asked me to marry him.

LINDA: Infallible technique!

AMANDA (*loftily*): That's unworthy of you, Linda.

LINDA: Sorry.

AMANDA: . . . I'm really frightfully worried about Gay.

LINDA: You must get used to these little disappearances. If you find him elusive as a lover, as a husband he's practically nonexistent.

There is never any real doubt as to the outcome. Linda will get Gay back and vanquish Amanda. The audience only waits for the *coup de grâce*.

Liz Essendine is the wife of Garry Essendine, an actor, in Noel Coward's *Present Laughter*. Though separated from her husband at the beginning of the play, she is in every scene smiling at the other ladies who appear from the bedroom or swoon in Garry's arms. She is ready with a quip or a subterfuge to cover up her husband's infidelities, and in the end, surprise, Garry returns to her. Garry's behavior, and the behavior of Liz, and the behavior of all the other lovers and mistresses is so utterly, utterly civilized that it becomes well-nigh decadent to the simpler eye.

In *State of the Union*,¹ by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the wife, Mary Matthews, is faced with a problem which is not given to many women. If her husband, Grant, is elected President of the United States, her rival, Kay Thorndyke, owner of a chain of newspapers, will be eliminated, as Presidents are not supposed to have mistresses. Mary has differed with her husband on the virtues of the Republican machine.

Conover, the politician, is troubled over Mary's political theories and their influence over Grant, his candidate, and he talks to Mary after a dinner which Grant is giving and to which Grant has also invited his mistress, Kay.

CONOVER (*speaking about Kay, who is in the dining room with Grant*): . . . She's in there now doing her damndest to get Grant into the White House. And the White House is the one place where she can't be with him. She can't follow him there, Mary. Have you ever thought of that?

MARY: No, I hadn't.

CONOVER: Well, isn't it a little unintelligent of you to do anything to stop Grant from getting there. If he doesn't become President, I'm not so sure

what's going to happen between you and him. But if he is elected — then you'll be the First Lady — in more ways than one.

In the end the situation of Grant and Mary is solved through a belief in the American people; the marriage triumphs and the White House is lost.

It is difficult to find meetings between the husband and the lover. How to write this scene apparently baffles the author. In what manner to make the lover a strong character, yet adult, the husband masculine, but tolerant, eludes the writer. He presumably believes in the manly virtues, but if he illustrates them one of his men may be in danger of raising his voice, of going primitive, of even accusing another character of being a scoundrel. And that would be uncivilized.

What then is the principle that the modern writers believe guides behavior? It is not the compulsion of society, for society appears to take no stand. It is not the virtue of a tradition, for too many of the conventions have been relinquished.

It is, I have concluded, the principle of Love. Love is the justification, it is the vindication. Only those who would thwart love are the villains. The heroes are those who attain love — whether by honest declaration or by theft, it does not matter.

And what is love? Here is the paradox. Love is a casual thing, not very enduring, easily achieved and as easily discarded. Love cannot stand up to the knocks, it cannot even age. So all the shouting and the murmurs is a great fuss about nothing. Love just hasn't got what it takes.

One notes references to the hypocrisy of older times — the appearance of love when there was not love. Why then it was a living lie. "True, true," murmurs the researcher; "undoubtedly much of it was a cynical performance." And yet one becomes a little wistful. There was a certain virility in the earlier characters with their anger and even their talk of honor.

One wonders idly if the writers of today do give the true picture. In these situations made by love, are there no bitter feelings engendered which must find outlet? Surely someone somewhere along the line raises a protest for the victim — yes, defies the novelists and playwrights — and passes a moral judgment.

And deeply, deeply is one regretful for the disappearance of the Cad. But he is lost, gone — sunk without a trace.

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WORK IN THE CITY, SLEEP IN THE COUNTRY

A Commuter Saga

by ERNEST KROLL

BUOYED on the morning tide of people
Up, and lifted higher —
Fractions closer the sun —
The suburbs dweller, signing in,
Toils at a point in the air.
He drinks much water from the tap,
Inspects the sky for rain.
While morning climbs to zenith,
He buckles to affairs,
Talking to other toilers
At other points in the air.
Shortly before the noon is full
On the streets, he falters
And takes his hat, and
Rides to the ground to lunch.
The bells above may ring for him,
But now, in a private hour,
He idles, sorting thought from thought,
Piecing out the morning's meaning
Summing up to nought.
He rises from the scraps of nooning,
He walks out in the light.
He leaves the singing pavements
And the cinema cashier,
The precincts of the nickel shrined
Within the lighted turnstile
And in the beggar's mind,
While high in heaven drones,
Invisible, the herald, writing,
Proclaiming the Apocalypse,
The advent of the better yet,
The purer still, the cheaper far pop soda

In letters of white cloud.
Now, in the shadowed sweep of two,
He looks a little sadly on those things
Which still will lead him forth from sleep
A thousand mornings on a suburbs bed
To labor in the air.
While sunlight slides along the world,
He stares upon his fingernails
At scenes unbroken by the balance sheet,
The telephone, the correspondence
Long drawn out and failing.
Night and the quitting hour,
And still so little done,
And all that thought's solemnity.
Briefly, so, he sorrows
But takes his hat, although, and goes
Intrepidly down the air,
Leaving his burden hung aloft,
Craving alone the mind swept clean,
The spirit clean released.
Happy at a bar, he fondles
One clear draft of peace,
And, warming, toes the golden rail.
He doubts his visage in the mirror,
Thinking it may be another,
Turns a softened eye about.
So, he drinks.
Then he goes, untrammelled, on,
Somewhat lighter in the head,
Somewhat freer in the tread,
Buoyed on the evening tide of people out,
The old way home.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

MIAMI-NEW YORK, 1944

by MARTHA GELLHORN

THERE were five Air Force sergeants and they got in the plane and found seats and began to call to each other across the aisle or over the chair backs, saying, How about it Joe, I guess this is the way to travel, or saying, where do they keep the parachutes, or saying, boy, I've got a pillow, what do you know! They were loud and good-natured for a moment, very young, and young in their new importance of being bomber crews, and they wanted the other people, the civilians, to know that they belonged in a different, fiercer world.

There were a half dozen of the men who seemed always to be going to or coming from Washington, the men with gray suits, hats, hair, skin, and with brown calf brief cases. These have no definite age and curiously similar faces, and are all equally tired and quiet. They always put their hats in the rack above the seat and sit down with their brief cases on their laps. Later they open their brief cases and look at sheets of typed or mimeographed paper, or they go to sleep.

The stewardess was young, with blonde hair hanging to her shoulders. She had a neat body of the right height and weight, and a professionally friendly voice. Fasten your seat belts please, she said. Would you like some chewing gum? Fasten your seat belt, please, sir. Chewing gum?

American novelist and war correspondent, MARTHA GELLHORN wrote her first novel in Paris at the age of twenty-six. She covered the Civil War in Spain, the Munich pact, Czechoslovakia, and the war in Finland. After the liberation of Europe she again went back for the source materials of her articles and short stories.

A woman who had traveled a great deal in planes, and never trusted them because she understood nothing about them, sat in the double front seat behind the magazine rack. This was the best seat, as she knew, because there was enough room to stretch your legs. Also you could see well from here, if you wanted to see. Now, for a moment she looked out the window and saw that the few palm trees at the far edge of the field were blowing out in heavy plumes against the sky. There was something so wrong about Miami that even a beautiful night, sharp with stars, only seemed a real-estate advertisement. The woman pulled off her earrings and put them carelessly in her coat pocket. She ran her hands through her very short dark upcurling hair, deliberately making herself untidy for the night ahead. She hunched her shoulders to ease the tired stiffness in her neck and slouched down in the chair. She had just leaned her head against the chair back and was thinking of nothing when the man's voice said, is this place taken? No, she said without looking at him. She moved nearer to the window. Anyhow, she said to herself, only eight or ten hours or whatever it is to New York; even if he snores, he can't snore all the time.

The plane taxied into position, turned, the propellers whirled until in the arc lights of the field they were great silver disks, the motor roared, and the plane started that run down the field that always, no matter how many times you had sat it out, no matter in how many countries, and no matter on how many fields, bad fields, dangerous

fields, in whatever weather, always stopped your heart for one moment as you waited to see if this time it would work again; if this time, as all the other times, the enormous machine would rise smoothly into the air where no one really belonged except the birds.

"Made it," the man said softly to himself.

She looked at him then. He had said it as she would have said it, with wonder, with a perpetual amazement that the trick worked.

He turned to her and she could see he wanted to talk. She would only have to say yes, and smile, or say nice take-off, or say, what a lovely night; anything would do. But she was not going to say anything and he was not going to talk to her if she could help it. I have ten hours, she said in her mind to the man, and she said it threateningly, and they are mine and I don't have to talk to anyone and don't try. The man, finding her face closed against him, turned away, pulled a package of cigarettes from his pocket, and made a great distance between them, smoking and looking straight ahead.

She could not ignore him though he did nothing to force her attention. She had seen him without really looking; he was a Navy lieutenant and the braid on his cap, which he still held, was grayish black; his stripes and the active-duty star were tarnished; his uniform looked unpressed, and he had a dark weather-dried sunburn. His hair was a colorless blond, so short that it seemed he must have shaved his head and now the hair was just growing in, a month's growth probably.

With resentment, because she did not want to notice him, she studied him now, not caring if he turned his head and caught her. She looked at him with unfriendly professional eyes, the beady eye of the painter, her husband called it. The man's face, in repose, looked brooding and angry; the whole face was square. His eyebrows lay flat and black above his eyes, his mouth did not curve at all, and his chin seemed to make another straight line. There were three horizontal lines marked one after the other across his face, and blocked in by the hard bones of his jaw. But when he had turned to her, wanting to talk, he had been smiling and his face had been oval then, with all the lines flared gayly upwards. Perhaps the gayety came from his eyes, which were china blue, or was it his mouth, she thought, trying to remember. It was a very interesting face; it belonged to two different men. She wondered where he had picked up this dark, thinking, angry man, who showed on his face now.

Damn, she said to herself, what do I care?

Let him have six faces. But it was a fine problem. How could you paint one face and make it at the same time square and oval, gay and longingly friendly, but also shut-in, angry and indifferent.

2

I WONDER what she's sore about, the man thought mildly behind his complicated face. She doesn't look as if she was the type of woman who's sore all the time. Pretty women weren't usually sore all the time. He could place her, in a vague general way, as people of the same nationality can place each other. She had money and she had taste; her clothes were not only expensive and fashionable, which was frequent, they were the right clothes and she wore them without concern. He had not heard her voice but he imagined what it would be; Eastern, he thought, rather English. She would say things like, it's heaven, or he's madly energetic, or what a ghastly bore, saying it all without emphasis. She would be spoiled, as they all were, and at a loose end as they all were too. But her face was better than most. He did not think of women as stupid or not stupid. He simply thought her face was not like everyone's; it was small and pointed and even though she was sore, she could not make her face look dead. It was a lively face and her eyebrows grew in a feather line upwards over very bright, very dark eyes. Her hands were beautiful too, and he noticed, looking at them slantwise and secretly, that the nail varnish was cracking and she had broken or chewed off the nail of her right pointer finger. It was childish and careless to have such nails, and he liked that best about her. Sore as a goat, he thought mildly to himself. Then he forgot her.

He relaxed, behind the angry square of this second face that he had never seen and did not know about. He relaxed and enjoyed himself, thinking of nothing, but simply enjoying being alive and being home or almost home. He had been gone eighteen months, and without ever saying it to himself, because he made no poses, not even practical, realistic poses, he had often doubted that he would get back. Whenever he began almost to think about not ever getting back (and this was different from thinking about dying, there was something like self-pity about not getting back, whereas dying was just a thing that could happen) he would say to himself, grim and mocking, life on a destroyer is a big educational experience; you ought to be grateful.

He had worked briefly in his father's mills before he became an officer on a destroyer, but he did not want to be a businessman again. Or rather he could not remember what it was like, being a man in an office, so he had no interest in it. He did not want anything now except to be happy. He was happy. He rested behind his face and told himself how fine and comfortable the seat was and what a fine time he'd had last night in Miami with Bob Jamison and those two beauties and what a fine time he would have tomorrow and all the other days. Oh boy, he said to himself, and stretched all through his body without moving, and felt the fine time bathing him like soft water and sunlight.

No doubt he has a splendid little wife waiting for him, the woman thought. He is evidently going home and from the looks of him, his face and his clothes, he has been somewhere. He has ribbons sewn to his blue serge chest. Ribbons could mean something or nothing; every man in uniform that she knew had ribbons. They rode nobly and with growing boredom from their homes on the subway down to Church Street and presently they had ribbons. They lived in expensive overcrowdedness in Washington and wandered around the Pentagon building and went to cocktail parties in Georgetown and had ribbons. There were, for instance, those two faintly aging glamour boys, with silver eagles on their shoulders and enough ribbons to trim hats, who had just returned from London. She had always known these two and she was prepared to believe that they knew as much about war as she did, and she was certain that they had never ventured much farther afield than, say, Piccadilly Circus, in case they worked in Grosvenor Square. So what real ribbons were or what they meant, she did not know. However, looking at this man, she thought that his ribbons would mean something. His wife would know about the ribbons at once, if she did not know already, and she would be very proud. Why shouldn't she be, the woman asked herself irritably, what have you got against wives?

Am I not in fact a service wife myself? she thought. Could I not wear a pin with one star on it, a little oblong pin made of enamel if you haven't much money, but you can get it in sapphires, diamonds, and rubies if you feel that way? Have I not just returned from seeing my husband off in Miami? Thomas, she said to herself, is so used to getting what he wants that he believes the emotions will also perform as he wishes. A man is leaving for service overseas; he has forty-eight hours leave; his wife flies to him to say good-

bye; they have forty-eight lovely last hours together and the lovely last hours were like being buried alive, though still quite alive so you knew all about it, with a stranger whom you ought to love but there it is, he is a stranger. Fine wife, she told herself, everyone handles this perfectly; all women manage to run their hearts smoothly; patriotism, pride, tenderness, farewell, homesickness. I'm not such a bitch as all that, she thought, defending herself; Thomas is only going to Brazil. I wouldn't mind going to Brazil myself. I should think he'd be enchanted to go to Brazil. As long as you aren't doing your own work, it's far better to be in Brazil than in Miami or Pensacola or the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Only, if I were a real wife, a good wife, a service wife, I'd have made more of a thing of his going. Why does he want to be fooled, she thought angrily, why does he want to fool himself? Why does he go on about loving me when I am everything he dislikes and distrusts? She could hear Thomas now, and her heart moved with pity despite the anger. I love you more than anything, Kate, you know that; I only want you to be happy. Thomas believed it while he said it, and she felt herself to be cold and hard and ungrateful and somehow hideous, because she did not believe it at all.

She groaned and moved her body as if it were in pain. The man beside her turned, and stared, but he could not see her face. All he saw was the stiff line of her right shoulder, hunched up away from him. The woman was saying to herself, desperately, forget it, forget it. There is nothing to do. It cannot be understood; leave it alone. You cannot know so much about yourself; you cannot know why you thought you loved a man, nor why you think you no longer love him. It is not necessary to know. It's an enormous world, she told herself, with millions of people in it; if you're not even interested in yourself why can't you stop thinking about your own dreary little life? Thomas will be gone months, a year, two years. *Stop thinking about it.*

Suddenly, and without any sort of plan or direction from her brain, she pulled the great square diamond engagement ring and the baguette diamond wedding ring from her left hand, pulling them off brutally as if they would not come unless she forced them, and she thrust the two rings into her coat pocket with her earrings. Then she rubbed her left hand, crushing the bones of the hand together and pulling at the fingers. The man beside her, who had seen all this, said to himself, well for God's sake what goes on here? She's not

sore, he thought, she's nuts. Then he amended that thought; nuts, or in some trouble of her own. He wanted no part of trouble; he did not understand it really. Living had become so simple for him that he understood nothing now except being or staying alive.

3

THE stewardess turned off the overhead lights in the plane and one by one the small reading lights on the walls were turned off and presently the plane was dark. The bright grayish night gleamed in through the windows. Two of the men from Washington snored weakly and one of the Air Force sergeants snored very loudly as if he enjoyed snoring and was going to do as much of it as he wanted. Then the snoring became a part of the plane sounds, and everything was quiet. The woman with the short, upcurling hair slept in a twisted sideways heap. The lieutenant leaned his head quietly against the chair back and stretched out his legs and settled himself without haste to sleep until morning.

In sleep his face was even more square and brooding. He seemed to be dreaming something that made him cold with anger or despair. He was not dreaming; it could not be a dream because it was always the same when he slept. It was as if he went to a certain place to sleep. This place was an enormous darkness; it moved a little but it was not a darkness made up of air or water: it was a solid darkness like being blind. Only the dark something around him had weight and he was under it; he was all alone, lying or floating, at ease, in no pain, pursued by nothing, but simply lying in absolute aloneness in the weight of the dark. He could not see himself, he could only feel himself there. It was terrible because there seemed no way to get out, and yet he did not struggle. He lay there every night and every night he was trapped in it forever, and every morning when he woke he was grateful and astonished though he did not remember why, as he did not remember the place where he had been sleeping.

This sleeping in a complete empty heavy darkness had come on him, gradually, on the ship. He knew nothing about himself and considered himself an ordinary man, quite lucky, doing all right, with nothing on his mind. Nothing had happened to him that had not happened to hundreds of other men. Even talking, in the wardroom, with others of his kind he recognized himself and knew there was nothing special about him. They talked very badly, without thought

and without even knowing how to manage their language. It was almost like sign language the way they talked. But surely he felt what they all did.

When the first destroyer was sunk by a bomb, and he jumped overboard (but not nearly so far as he always imagined it would be—it didn't seem any farther than jumping from the high dive at the country club) and swam around and found a raft, he had first been mindless with fury. He did not know what the fury came from: was it because they were hunted and hurled in the sea, was it rage against their own helplessness, was he furious to lose the ship for which he felt now a strong unexpected love, was it fury for himself alone, fury at this outrageous tampering with his life? He was so angry that he could not see or think; he did not remember swimming and he did not know how he had gone to the raft. Then the fear came as he watched the Japanese planes, so close above the water, searching them out where they splashed like driven terrified water beetles or hung together like leeches on a log. The fear was as cold as the water and made him weak and nauseated; then it too went. They were picked up very quickly; nothing had happened to him.

There was another time when he stood behind the forward gun crew and seemed to have nothing to do himself. He watched the sailor firing the Oerlikon and saw his body bucking against the crutch-like supports of the gun, and he saw the faint bright stream of the bullets, but the man behind the Oerlikon seemed terribly slow, everything seemed slow, he himself had never had so much time and so little to do. This must have lasted a few seconds, but it was a large quiet piece of time and his mind said clearly: this is crazy, what are we all doing? Then his mind said it much louder: this is crazy. Finally he was not sure he had not shouted it out, because the thought was bursting in his mind. *This is crazy.*

Even that was not very remarkable; most of the other men thought everything was pretty screwy. You had to kill the Japs after they started it all, naturally you couldn't let them get away with it. You had to do it since that was how things were, but it was crazy all the same. If you began to think about it, about yourself and all the men you knew out here in this big god-awful ocean, to hell and gone from anywhere you ever wanted to be, and what you were doing and what everybody was doing everywhere, it was too crazy to think about. Then if you tried to think how it all started and what it was about and what

difference it would make afterwards, you went crazy yourself. He had not actually talked this over with anyone but he knew the others felt as he did, Bob Jamison and Truby Bartlett and Joe Parks and the other men he knew well.

They all agreed in a simple easy way: they were the age that was in this war, if they'd been older or younger they wouldn't be, but this was what had happened and this was what they had to do. You made a lot of jokes and longed loudly for tangible things, liquor and a fine room at the Waldorf or the St. Francis, depending on taste, with a handy beauty. You played bridge or poker when you had a chance, for higher stakes than before. Time passed; you were the same man you always were. All you had to do was stay alive if you could.

Yet every night he went to this empty solid darkness and was forever buried in it, without hope or escape or anyone to call to.

4

THE man, who had been asleep, woke suddenly and found his face ten inches from the woman's face. She had turned towards him in her sleep. Her eyes were closed and she looked very pale, tired, and a little ill. Her mouth was wonderfully soft. The man was not quite awake and he looked with surprise at this face he had not expected to see, and thought, she's lonely. He was thinking better than he would have done, had he been awake and protected by a long habit of not noticing and not thinking. She's sick lonely, he thought to himself. Without intending to, he leaned toward those soft lips. There was the face, waiting and needing to be kissed. Then he woke enough to remember where he was, and stopped himself, shocked, and thought, God, if I'd done it, she'd probably have called out and there'd have been a hell of a goings-on. He sighed and turned away from her and let his body relax, and slept again.

The plane skidded a little in the wind; it seemed to be forcing itself powerfully through air as heavy as water. The people in the plane slept or held themselves quietly. The plane began to smell close, smelling of bodies and night and old cigarette smoke.

Suddenly the woman felt a hand on her hair. The hand was not gentle; it pressed down the rumpled curly dark hair and stroked once from her forehead back to the nape of her neck. She woke completely but did not move, being too

startled and confused to understand what had happened. The hand now left her hair and with harsh assurance rested on her breast; she could feel it through the thin tweed of her coat. She wondered whether she was dreaming this; it was so unlikely, that she must be dreaming it, and in the dark plane she could not see the hand. She looked over at the man and saw his face, dimly. He was asleep, with that troubled brooding look on his face. The hand was quiet, heavy and certain. The hand held and demanded her. What is he doing, she thought. My God, what is happening here? They certainly come back odd, she thought, with a kind of shaky laugh in her mind.

The hand insisted, and suddenly, to her amazement and to her shame, she knew that she wanted to lie against him, she wanted him to put his arms around her and hold her, with this silent unquestioning ownership. She wanted him to wake and hold her and kiss her. It did not matter who she was or who he was, and the other people in the plane did not matter. They were here together in the night and this incredible thing had happened and she did not want to stop it. She turned to him.

When she moved, the man sighed, still sleeping, and his hand fell from her, rested a moment in her lap, and then slowly dragged back, as if of its own will and apart from the man, and lay flat along his side. She waited, watching him, and presently her eyes woke him. He saw the woman's troubled, sad, somehow questioning face and the soft lips that asked to be kissed. He moved his right arm and pulled her as close to him as he could, but there was something between them though he was too sleepy to notice what it was, and he kissed her. He kissed her as if they had already made love, taking all that went before for granted. Having waked up in other places, and not known exactly what had happened, only knowing there was someone to kiss, he did not feel surprised now. Lovely lips, he thought happily. Then he noticed with real surprise that this thing digging into his side was the arm of the chair and then he knew where he was. The woman had pulled away from him and from his owning arm and his assured possessive mouth.

"I'm Kate Merlin," she whispered idiotically. She sounded panic-stricken.

The man laughed softly. He did not see what anyone's name had to do with it. "I'm John Hanley," he said.

"How do you do?" she said and felt both ridiculous and mad, and suddenly laughed too.

"Let's get rid of this obstruction," he said.

The woman was frightened. He took everything so calmly; did he imagine that she always kissed the man sitting next to her on the night plane from Miami? The lieutenant worked at the arm of the chair until he discovered how to get it loose. He laid it on the floor in front of his feet. She was leaning forward and away from him, not knowing what to say in order to explain to him that she really wasn't a woman who could be kissed on planes, in case that happened to be a well-known category of woman.

He said nothing; that was evidently his speciality, she thought. He got everywhere without opening his mouth. His body spoke for him. He collected her, as if she belonged to him and could not have any other idea herself. He brought her close, raised her head so that it was comfortable for him, and kissed her. The harsh and certain hand held her as before.

This is fine, the man thought. It was part of the fine time in Miami and part of the fine time that would follow. He seemed to have a lot of luck — but why not, sometimes you did have luck, and he had felt all along that this leave was going to be wonderful. He had waited for it with such confidence that it could not fail him. Now he would kiss this lovely strange soft woman, and then they would go to sleep. There was nothing else they could do on a plane, which was a pity, but it was foolish to worry about something you couldn't have. Just be very damn grateful, he thought, that it's as fine as it is. You might have been sitting next to the Air Force, he thought with amusement, and what would you have then? She smelled of gardenias and her hair was delicious and like feathers against his cheek. He leaned forward to kiss her again, feeling warm and melted and unhurried and happy.

"How did you know?" the woman said. She seemed to have trouble speaking.

"Know what?"

"That you could kiss me?"

Oh God, he thought, we're going to have to talk about it. Why in hell did she want to talk?

"I didn't know anything," he said. "I didn't plan anything."

"Who are you?" She didn't mean that; she meant, how did it happen?

"Nobody," he said with conviction. "Absolutely nobody. Who are you?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Don't let it worry you," he said. He was beginning to feel impatient of this aimless talk. "Aren't we having a fine time?"

She took in her breath, rigid with distaste.

So that was what it was. Just like that; it might have happened with anyone. Come on, baby, give us a kiss, isn't this fun. Oh *Lord*, she thought, what have I got into now. She wanted to say to him, I have never done anything like this in my life, you must not think. She wanted him to appreciate that this was rare and therefore important; it could not have happened any night with any man. It had to be alone of its kind, or she could not accept it.

The man again used silence, which he handled far better than words, and again he simply allowed his body to make what explanations seemed necessary. She felt herself helpless and glad to be helpless. But she could not let him think her only a willing woman; how would she face him in the morning if that was all he understood.

"You see," she began.

He kissed her so that she would not talk and he said, with his lips moving very lightly against hers, "It's all right."

She took that as she needed it, making it mean everything she wanted him to think. She was still amazed but she was full of delight. She felt there had been nothing in her life but talk and reasons, and the talk had been wrong and the reasons proved pointless: here was something that had happened at once, by itself, without a beginning, and it was right because it was like magic.

The man pressed her head against his shoulder, pulled her gently sideways to make her comfortable, leaned his head against the chair back, and prepared to sleep. He felt contented, but if he went on kissing her much longer, since there was nothing further he could do about her now, it might get to be tiresome and thwarted and wearing. It had been good and now it was time to sleep; he was very tired. He kissed the top of her head, remembering her, and said, "Sleep well."

5

LONG ragged gray clouds disordered the sky. The moon was like an illuminated target in a shooting gallery, moving steadily ahead of them. The plane was colder now and one of the Air Force sergeants coughed himself awake, swore, blew his nose, sighed, shifted his position, and went back to sleep. The stewardess wondered whether she ought to make an inspection tour of her passengers and decided they were all right. She was reading a novel about society people in a country house in England, which fascinated her.

The woman lay easily against the lieutenant's

shoulder and let her mind float in a smooth warm dream of pleasure. After the months of gnawing unlove, this man sat beside her in a plane in the night, and she no longer needed to dread herself as a creature who loved nothing. She did not love this man but she loved how she felt, she loved this warmth and aliveness and this hope. Now she made plans that were like those faultless daydreams in which one is always beautiful and the heroine and every day is more replete with miracles than the next. He would stay in New York, at her house even, since she was alone. Or would it be better if they went to a hotel so that there would be nothing to remind her of her ordinary life? They would treat New York as if it were a foreign city, Vienna in the spring, she thought. They would find new odd little places to eat, and funny places along Broadway to dance, they would walk in the Park and go to the Aquarium and the Bronx Zoo; they would sight-see and laugh and meet no one they knew and be alone in a strange, wonderful city. Someday he would have to go back where he came from, and she would go back to her work, but they would have this now and it was more than she had ever hoped for or imagined. And she would paint his strange face that was two faces, and he would be fresh and exciting every day and every night, with his silence and his fantastic assurance and his angry and happy look.

The plane circled the field at Washington and seemed to plunge onto the runway. The thump of the wheels striking the cement runway woke the man. He sat up and stared about him.

"Put the chair arm back," the woman whispered. "Good morning." She did not want the stewardess to look at her with a smile or a question. His hair must be very soft; she would like to touch it, but not now. She looked at him with loving intimate eyes and the man looked at her, quite stupidly, as if he had never seen her before.

"The chair arm," she said again.

The man grinned suddenly and picked up the chair arm and fitted it back into its place. Then he turned to the woman and his face was merry, almost jovial.

"Sleep well?" he said.

"I didn't sleep." She had not imagined his face so gay, as if he were laughing at them both.

"Too bad. Well," he said, "I think I'll go and stretch my legs. Coming?"

"No, thank you," she said, terrified now.

The Air Force sergeants jostled each other getting out of the plane. One of them called to the stewardess, "Don't leave without us, honey."

They all laughed and crossed the cement runway, to the airport building, tugging at their clothes, tightening their belts, as if they had just come out of a wrestling match.

The men with brief cases took their hats and coats from the stewardess and thanked her in gray voices for a pleasant journey, and walked away quickly as if they were afraid of being late to their offices.

In the front seat, Kate Merlin sat alone and listened to the stewardess talking with some of the ground crew; their voices were very bright and awake for this hour of the morning. Kate Merlin felt cold and a little sick and dismal, but she would not let herself think about it.

Then he was back beside her and the stewardess was moving down the aisle, like a trained nurse taking temperatures in a hospital ward, to see that they were all properly strapped in for the take-off.

6

THEY fastened their seat belts again and then the plane was high in the mauve-gray early morning sky.

"Do I remember you said your name was Kate Merlin?"

"Yes."

"Think of that."

How did he say it? she wondered. How? Complacently?

He was evidently not going to say anything more right now. She looked out the window and her hands were cold. The man was thinking, well, that's funny. Funny how things happen. He had remembered the night, clearly, while he was walking up and down the cement pavement by the airport building in Washington. It had seemed strange to him, in the morning, but now it seemed less strange. Being an artist, he told himself, they're all a little queer. He had never met an artist before but he was ready to believe that they were not like other people. And being so rich too, he thought, that would make her even queerer. The extremely rich were known to be unlike other people. Her husband, but his name wasn't Merlin, was terrifically rich. He'd read about them: their names, like many other names, seemed to be a sort of tangible asset — like bonds, jewels, or real estate — of the New York columnists. Her husband had inherited millions and owned a famous stable and plane factories or some kind of factories. Thomas Sterling Hamilton, that was his name. It seemed peculiar, her

being a successful painter, when her husband was so rich and she didn't need to.

"I've read about you," he remarked.

I have read nothing about you, she thought. What am I supposed to say: you have the advantage of me, sir?

"I even remember one," he said in a pleased voice. "It said something about how your clients, or whatever you call them, were glad to pay thousands for your portraits because you always made them look dangerous. It said that was probably even more flattering than looking beautiful. The women, that is. I wonder where I read it."

It was too awful; it was sickening. It must have been some revolting paragraph in a gossip column. She would surely have been called a society portrait painter and there would be a bit about Thomas and his money.

"What does a painter do during the war?" he asked.

"Paints," she said. Then it seemed too selfish to her and though she was ashamed to be justifying herself to this man, she said quickly, "I don't know how to do anything but paint. I give the money to the Russian Relief or the Chinese Relief or the Red Cross, things like that. It seems the most useful thing I can do, since I'm only trained as a painter." She stopped, horrified at what she had done. What had made her go into a whining explanation, currying favor with this man so he would see what a splendid citizen she really was.

"That's fine." The civilians were all busy as bird dogs for the war, as he knew, and it was very fine of them and all that but it embarrassed him to hear about it. He felt they expected him to be personally grateful and he was not grateful, he did not care what anybody did; he wasn't running this war. Then he thought, this isn't at all like last night. He looked at the woman and saw that she looked even better in the morning. It was amazing how a woman could sit up all night in a plane and look so clean and attractive. He felt his beard rough on his face and his eyes were sticky. She looked delicious and then he remembered how soft she had been in his arms and he wondered what to do about it now.

"I imagined Kate Merlin would be older," he said, thinking aloud.

It was only then that she realized how young he was, twenty-four or perhaps even less. His silence and his assurance and his closed dark second face had made him seem older, or else she had not thought about it at all. She was appalled. What am I becoming, she wondered, am

I going to be one of those women without husbands who hunt young men?

"I'm old enough," she said curtly.

7

HE turned and smiled at her. His eyes said, I know about you, don't tell me; I know how you are. It was the man of last night again, the certain one, the one whose body spoke for him. This talent he had when he was silent worked on her like a spell.

He seemed to understand this and very easily he reached his hand over and rested it on the back of her neck, where her hair grew up in soft duck feathers. Her body relaxed under this owning hand. "Yes, I am," she said dreamily, as if he had contradicted her, "I'm thirty-five."

"Are you?" he said. She could feel his hand change. It was quite different. It was a hand that had made a mistake and did not know where it was. It was a hand that would soon move away and become polite.

The man was thinking, thirty-five, well, that is old enough. That makes it something else again. And being an artist, he said to himself uneasily. It seemed to him that there was a trick somewhere; he had gotten into something he did not understand. She probably knew more than he did. She had perhaps been playing him along. Perhaps she was thinking he was pretty simple and inexperienced and was amused at how he came up for the bait.

The woman felt that something very bad, very painful, was happening but she could not name it and she held on to her plans of last night because they were happy and they were what she wanted. She said, in a tight voice, and mistrusting the words as she spoke them, "Will you be staying in New York?"

"I don't think so," he said. Speaking gave him a chance to take his hand away and light a cigarette. It might be fun in New York, he thought, meeting all those famous people she would know. He could go with her to El Morocco and the Colony and those places and see her kind of people. She would be something he hadn't had before, thirty-five and a celebrity and all. It might be fun. But he felt uneasy about it; this was not his familiar country. This was not how he saw a fine time, exactly. It was complicated, not safe, you would not know what you were doing. And how about her husband?

"Don't you know?" she said. He did not like

that. That sounded like giving orders. That sounded as if she meant to take him over. He was suspicious of her at once.

"No," he said. His face wore the shut-in, indifferent look.

"What might you be doing?" she insisted. Oh stop it, she told herself, for God's sake stop it. What are you doing now; do you want to prove it to yourself?

"I'll be going home first," he said. Give it to her, he thought. He didn't like that bossy, demanding way she suddenly had. "Springfield," he added. She would be thinking now that he was a small-town boy from Massachusetts and that was all right with him.

Then he thought with sudden pleasure of Springfield; he would have a fine time there for a while, a fine time that he understood. He might go on to Boston, where he knew his way around, and have a different but still excellent sort of time. Later, at the end, he would go to New York for a few days but by himself, on his own terms. He did not want to get mixed up. He did not want anything that he could not manage. He just wanted to have a good easy time with nothing to worry about. She wasn't in his league; he didn't know about married rich, famous women of thirty-five.

The woman felt so cold that she had to hold herself carefully so that she would not shiver. A middle-aged woman, she told herself with horror, hounding a young man. That was what he thought. She had offered herself to him and he had rejected her. He did not want her. She was too old. If only the plane would move faster; if only they would get there so she could hide from him. If only she did not have to sit beside him, sick with the knowledge of what he thought, and sick with shame for herself. She did not know how to protect herself from the shock of this rejection.

The plane flew north along the East River and in the fresh greenish-blue light the city appeared below them. It looked like a great ancient ruin. The towers were vast pillars, planted in the mist, with sharp splintered tops. The squarish skyscrapers were old white temples or giant forts, and there was no life in the jagged quarry of buildings. It was beautiful enough to rock the heart, and suddenly the woman imagined it would look like this, thousands of years from now, enormous and dead.

The man leaned forward to look out the window. "Pretty, isn't it?" he said.

He had really said that and he meant it. That was all he saw. But then it was all right. Whatever he thought of her did not matter; he was too stupid to care about. But she knew this was a lie; nothing had changed. There was the fact and there was no way to escape it; he could have had her and he simply did not want her.

They were the last people off the plane. The other passengers had seemed to block their way on purpose. The woman sent a porter to find a taxi. She would escape from his presence at least, as quickly as she could. When the man saw the taxi stopping before them he said, "Not taking the airline car?"

"No." She did not offer to give him a lift in town. Oh hurry, she thought. The man started to move her bags to the taxi. "Don't bother," she said, "the porter will manage."

He seemed a little puzzled by this flight. "Good luck," he said, shutting the door behind her, "hope I'll see you again some place." It was a thing to say, that was all.

"Good luck to you," she said, and hoped her voice was light and friendly. She did not actually look at him.

"Where to, Miss?" the taxi driver asked. She gave her address and pretended not to see the man saluting good-bye from the curb.

It might have been fun, the man thought, as he watched the taxi turn and head towards the highway. Oh no, hell, he told himself, complications. It was better this way. He began to feel relieved and then he put the whole business out of his mind; he did not want to clutter up his mind with questions or problems and perhaps spoil some of his leave. He thought about Springfield and his face was oval now, smiling. He was in a hurry to get in town and get started. He would not let himself consider the good time ahead in numbered days; he was thinking, now, now, now. He had erased the woman entirely; she was finished and gone.

After the cab passed the gates of the airport, the woman leaned back and took a deep breath to steady herself and to ease the pain in her throat. She covered her eyes with her hand. It's just that I'm so tired, she told herself. This was what she would have to believe. It's nothing to feel desperate about. It's just that I'm so tired, she thought, forcing herself to believe it. It's only because I've been sitting up all night in a plane.

MAN IN TRANSIT

by PHILIPPE LE CORBEILLER

I

SCIENTISTS, on one point at least, are remarkably modest. They all seem impressed with the boundless scope of their science and conscious of how small a part of it they know. Ask a physicist if he knows physics, and he will tell you that this science is immense and that he is a specialist of just one chapter of it — X-rays perhaps, or thermodynamics, or quantum theory.

"I see," you may say. "It is all the specialists in the world, taken together, who know the whole of physics."

"Far from it," your physicist will reply. "There are today a number of questions in physics to which nobody knows the answer."

If you insist, and say you hope that research physicists at least will soon find out all about physics, it is pretty certain that you will be told: "No, there will never be an end to research. The more we know, the more we realize how much more there is to know. Our knowledge is like an island surrounded by the dark ocean of the unknown. Scientific research progressively expands the island, but the larger it grows, the more points of contact it has with the unknown along its shoreline, and the more questions we are led to ask, to which we don't know the answers."

Such is the opinion of experts in every domain of science, from physics to sociology. And this idea that the field of research is infinite is pleasing to scientists and non-scientists alike. The scientist is proud of the conquests of science in the past and present, and sees in the future ever expanding success. The religious man, on the other hand, likes to remind us that what the scientist has found out about nature is nothing

compared to the immensity of what he does not know, even in his own field; whereas religion reveals to us the truth about God and man, a much larger domain than the restricted one of natural philosophy.

There is, however, a dark side to this pleasant unanimity. The evils of the modern world are obvious to all, and many people believe that they are a consequence of the rapid advance of science. In the wake of, or at times parallel to, science's progress, industrial techniques advance at a constantly increasing rate, and it is clearly impossible for the whole of mankind to keep readjusting their lives and their points of view to a constantly changing environment.

If, then, the progress of science is the cause of the world's present unbalance, and if, on the other hand, we believe that science will continue to advance without end in its boundless field of endeavor, does it not necessarily follow that our difficulties will also continue to increase without limit, and that mankind is running headlong towards the chasm of ultimate disaster?

This conclusion has occurred to a number of people, and the only solution that has been offered (besides the ostrich-like attitude that things will surely settle down somehow) is that of temporarily putting a stop to scientific research. This has been until now, and is bound to remain, a pious wish, since it is well established that scientific research pays certain and considerable dividends, both intellectual and financial; so that only a few people who are interested in neither will ever agree to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs.

I propose to submit here a completely different solution. It is based on the denial of the universal belief in the boundlessness of science. Contrary to general opinion, I submit here that *the field of science is not infinite: but that it is finite*. Consequently, after a while, man will have learned

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about nature all there is to know. Thereafter, society will no longer have to adjust to ever shifting scientific views and advancing techniques.

This view of science not only seems plausible; it implies an outlook on the future which dovetails with what archaeologists tell us of humanity's past. It gives a constructive interpretation of our age, of its difficulties and its hopes, whereas the present appears as a riddle in the work of even its best commentators.

2

IT HAS been known for a few decades that there exist only a finite number of chemical elements, ranging from the simplest one (hydrogen) to structures so complicated that they become unstable (that is, radioactive). Their list constitutes the periodic table of elements inaugurated by Mendeleeff, completed by its modern companion, the table of isotopes.

In the periodic table, ninety-four chemical elements are ranged in rows and columns in apple-pie order, their atomic numbers increasing by unity at each step: Hydrogen 1, Helium 2, Lithium 3, and so forth, up to Uranium 92, Neptunium 93, Plutonium 94. In the table of isotopes, more than two hundred varieties of the same elements are arranged in a line, their mass numbers increasing by unity at each step (with a few empty places): Hydrogen (two varieties) 1 and 2, Helium 4, and so forth, up to the fissionable Plutonium 239, of atomic bomb fame.

The possibility remains of the existence of very unstable elements at the far end of each table. But all the evidence so far is against the possibility of fractional atomic or mass numbers: it appears that they have to be integers. The confidence of chemists in the adequateness of these tables is such that they have not hesitated to announce, as Mendeleeff did as far back as 1871, that the places unoccupied at a given date would eventually be filled up by some as yet undiscovered elements, the properties of which could even in some degree be predicted. The prediction has actually been fulfilled, the last missing elements in the periodic table having been found in the course of atomic research during the war. These successful predictions parallel the announcement and discovery of the planet Neptune, which finally vindicated Newton's law of gravitation.

Chemists feel very certain, therefore, that they know all the possible types of chemical elements except the very unstable ones, and that every

chemical atom consists of a central nucleus around which a specific number of electrons circulate. The composition and internal laws of the nucleus are the next unknown. The branch of science which investigates this problem is called nuclear physics, so tight is the present merger of physics and chemistry.

Now, whatever the outcome of the nuclear physicists' research, we may in any case say this: Either the particles in the nucleus will be found to contain smaller particles, these in turn smaller particles, and so on ad infinitum, — a view to which few present-day physicists would subscribe, — or else there must exist some final constituents of matter, which will be discovered some day.

In my opinion this day is not very far off. There are two reasons for thinking that the final constituents of matter belong to the level of the newly found elementary particles and not further down the scale. One is that these particles are defined by a very small number of properties (their mass, electric charge, and one or two others), so that they are very near ultimate simplicity.

The other is that we are beginning to suspect that concepts of space and distance, which we use in ordinary physics for describing objects on our scale, and which still work for objects the size of molecules, probably lose their meaning for dimensions much below one trillionth of an inch, such as would be needed to describe the inside of a nucleus. Therefore the ancient argument against atoms, that space is indefinitely divisible, would be invalid at the level of these particles, which is precisely what must happen if final particles actually exist.

For these two reasons I think that rock-bottom simplicity, which has been found to be represented in chemistry by the hydrogen atom, is not far from being discovered in physics also.

Let us now turn to the large end of the scale. Is there a limit to the combinations that can be built from the simpler elements? It is already known that electron cannot be piled upon electron without limit, to form new atoms: at a certain stage instability sets in. Can atom be piled upon atom to form larger and larger molecules? This is one of the most exciting questions on which physicists and chemists are working at present. New synthesized types of sugar, rubber, silk, have already resulted from this research which promises to provide mankind, within the next decades, with numerous variations of every one of the materials it has borrowed for millenaries from plants and animals. The eventual synthesis of protein will be of particular significance for biology.

But, little as we know today of larger molecules, it is extremely likely that a limit to the largest stable combinations will be found here also, as it was found in the case of the larger atoms. And when the significance of the spatial connections of atoms and molecules, already clear in the simpler cases, will be understood in the case of the larger edifices, a complete knowledge of the physical and chemical properties of *all possible substances*, from hydrogen to the most unstable organic molecules, will have been finally obtained.

Considerable simplification and unification have taken place more than once in the realm of physics. The Newtonian theory of gravitation, the wave theory of light and electricity, are examples of this. Professor Einstein has been working during the last thirty years on the unification of electric and gravitational fields, and Professor Erwin Schrödinger announced last January that he believed he had solved the problem. The unification of atomic physics and chemistry resulting from the discovery of electrons is still another example of how neighboring sciences, when sufficiently developed, merge to their common benefit.

I think that it is not at all sanguine to expect the whole field of inanimate matter—that is, *the whole of physics and chemistry*—to be essentially mapped out in the near future—let us say about the year 2000, to give an idea of what I mean. Some will remind me that physicists at the end of the nineteenth century believed that they knew the whole of physics, and had their faith rudely shaken by the discoveries of the years 1890–1910. But what I am saying here is something quite different. Present-day physicists are certain that there must be some very essential things which they still do not know—for instance, in the very small, in the very large, in the very cold. My own position is that the field to be explored is finite, and moreover, that the end of the exploration is relatively near.

One may object that it would always be possible at any time for an entirely unsuspected physical phenomenon to enter the picture suddenly, as the electron did in the nineties. But it is only so long as the field of physics is not correctly integrated that this possibility will remain open. At the time of Columbus, one might have expected the discovery of any number of continents. Since the end of the eighteenth century, although some corners of the earth are still imperfectly known, the knowledge we have of our globe completely precludes the discovery of a new continent. Similarly, no large discovery can now possibly be made in the field of human anatomy

proper, once as exciting as the exploration of the Pacific.

It is a similarly rounded-out picture that physics and chemistry will present in a hundred years or so. Then they will offer a firm basis for the biological sciences.

3

A BIOLOGICAL phenomenon—for example, digestion—has a number of physical and chemical aspects. But it takes place inside an organism; and while any one of the specific chemical reactions involved could be duplicated in a heated test tube in the laboratory, actual digestion cannot be separated from the functioning of the circulatory and nervous systems of the animal. Thus, while one cannot expect biology to understand living organisms until the physics and chemistry of their tissues are known, there is more to biology than just physics and chemistry; and exploring the biological field will be the task of humanity after it understands physics and chemistry.

Similarly, psychological phenomena contain a great deal that is biological, plus a great deal more that is not. And sociology, the science of the behavior of man in groups and in societies, is the most comprehensive of all sciences, the only one which does not arbitrarily ignore some aspects of its own subject. Consequently, it will be the last science to develop, after biology and then psychology have reached the stage which I believe to be relatively near at hand in the case of physics and chemistry.

To envisage the completion of the science of sociology in a finite amount of time seems an incredibly large order. But then the progress of science since 1600 is no less incredible. Looking back at each one of the specific sciences, one wonders how so much progress as actually occurred during any period of fifty years could ever have been achieved. To give just one example, Galileo in 1638 published the first correct analysis of the fall of free bodies—the simplest problem of physics, and one incorrectly solved at the same time by as great a mind as Descartes's—and in 1687 Newton published in his *Principia* the law of gravitation and derived from it the motion of the planets. The same explosive progress has taken place in other scientific fields.

Considering that physics and chemistry have advanced so far in 350 years, and that biology on several points is already reaching the status of a deductive science, it does not seem unrea-

sonable to expect that in 500 to 1000 years from now biology, then psychology, and last sociology, will have reached the quantitative scientific stage and mapped out their respective fields.

This may be a period of continual unrest, like the present, or even worse. Worse because we may expect biological advances to be much more upsetting than physical or chemical discoveries. Think what a jolt Darwin's theory has given to the traditional concept of the status of man. See what ardent antagonisms are raised by modern methods of birth control, now several decades old. Artificial insemination is just beginning to be applied to cattle; but for humans, after startling beginnings, notably in California, it is now prohibited by the laws of several states. Of course it is only for a limited time that the adoption of a new technical possibility can be delayed. Other imminent biological advances, already realized in the laboratories, will be more and more upsetting.

One may hope, it is true, that the progress of psychoanalysis will help mankind as a whole to face scientific discoveries in the field of life, otherwise loaded with huge emotional significance. Here again the advance in fifty years has been astounding. Anyone now writing for a popular magazine may take for granted the fundamental discoveries and the vocabulary of psychoanalysis, although he should preferably not mention Freud by name. In medical circles, the once outlawed discipline has gained official recognition, and has even been given entry into the field of general medicine—witness the amount of attention now given to psychosomatic cases, as well as some recently opened courses on Psychotherapy in General Practice.

It is probably impossible to imagine how much more rational people will have become after another fifty years of technical advance in that field and of infiltration into the minds of physicians, judges, ministers, educators, and just plain parents. Quite possibly the social difficulties which in perspective perturb some of our leading biologists will not be so serious after all. The younger ones among us will have the opportunity to check this optimistic suggestion.

However that may be, once sociology, last of the sciences, becomes truly scientific, a long period of stability will follow.

The reason for this is that once knowledge becomes scientific, discussion dies out. Workers do not discuss in a factory what is the best procedure for making sulfuric acid or for winding a dynamo. When sociology has become scientific, it will prescribe the correct procedures with the same au-

thority which physics and chemistry wield at present.

There are now several theories of the ideal society, in conflict with one another, which in all probability are just as far from the future scientific approach as the theories of the Ionian philosophers are from present-day physics. We should reject the tempting idea that scientific sociology will be the vindication of our particular pet system. One thing only is sure about the society of the future: it will be something of which we do not have the faintest idea. It is enough to note that in the present stage of biology, it is possible by glandular treatment to turn a rooster into a hen, and the hen back again into a rooster. It is quite likely that in the near future, appropriate pills will change a lazy man into a demon for work, or a prize fighter into an artist. How can we then form any picture of the sociological conditions as they will be after several centuries of further biological progress? In the meantime, those most sensitive to social injustice will of course continue striving to improve the economic and political conditions of their day; but their work will remain, for quite a long time, more in the nature of a hit-and-miss procedure than of scientific research.

4

IT thus conclude that at the end of a period of unrest, a stable society will be ushered in. This does seem a fantastic notion, and yet it has already happened twice, according to what the archaeologists tell us of the past of mankind.

Man in the Stone Age had learned how to make stone knives and axes by chipping off a flint rock until it had the desired shape. More remarkable still, he knew how to make fire, as the earliest known human relics show. In spite of such extraordinarily clever beginnings, no technical skill was added to stone-carving and fire-making during one (perhaps even several) hundred thousand years. The further progress of mankind has occurred in three sudden outbursts, separated by long periods of stagnation; and *the third outburst of progress is the one in which we are living today.*

First, some time about 12,000 B.C., the essentials of an agricultural life were invented: edible cereals were planted, rush and straw woven into baskets and mats, clay was made into pottery, dogs and perhaps other animals domesticated. Then man's inventive power again died out. Notice, however, what tremendous steps ahead had been made. We can imagine ourselves living, how-

ever roughly, under these simple conditions; to live the life of the caveman in the Stone Age is almost unthinkable.

The second outburst of human progress is much more surprising than the first, because of the enormous extent of its conquests. Between 6000 and 3000 B.C. — in a shorter time, even, in a given country — so many intricate techniques were invented as to make possible a complicated semi-agricultural, semi-urban civilization. Here are just a few of them: use of animals in plowing and driving; metallurgy of copper and bronze; the chariot wheel and the potter's wheel; the construction of sailboats; a lunisolar calendar; specialization of workers; trade and money.

So rich were the other, lesser discoveries, that life under an Assyrian king or a Pharaoh was already essentially the same as in Europe on the eve of the Industrial Revolution. People ate the meat of fatted animals, with all the refinements of cooking; they wore garments made of woven cotton, wool, linen, or silk; they followed a specialized trade — farmer, smith, soldier, priest — buying the products of the other trades; ships sailed for distant countries, bringing back spices and jewels; the king had an army and a complicated bureaucracy served by a postal system. The practical inventions made from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century of our era, important as they are, are nothing in comparison with the treasure of techniques already at the disposal of men in the civilized countries about 3000 B.C., all of which had been discovered in a space of two or three thousand years.

Following this incredible outburst of invention, man's creative spirit again reverted to idleness. The rise and fall of empires, about which classical history tells us so much, raised and lowered the standards of living in one country or another, but the collective treasure of humanity remained about the same for four to five thousand years.

Suddenly, in 1600, something extraordinary happened in Europe. Galileo discovered that the physics handed down from Aristotle was both untrue and ineffective, substituted for it the correct elementary principles, and gave physical science its real start. The growth of science was so rapid as to resemble an explosion; mankind suddenly awakened from a pleasant lounging of four or five thousand years and in eighty years reaped such fruits from scientific research that the attraction of further conquests was from then on irresistible.

It is hard to understand why the era of scientific research started in 1600, rather than two thousand years earlier with the Greeks. Those

extraordinary Greeks, as gifted actually for mathematics as for philosophy and art, had, in a small explosion of their own, developed geometry from humble beginnings to quite an advanced stage in about 300 years. They then began to take an interest in physics, and Aristotle wrote several books on mechanical and astronomical questions. All credit to him for having first raised certain problems and given them a solution, however wrong. But how did it happen that during the following two thousand years, within three civilizations acclaimed by different groups as particularly brilliant — the Alexandrian, the Islamic, the Christian — no one had the intelligence to do the critical and constructive thinking which Galileo did? This phenomenon of mankind's creative power being turned on and off for no apparent cause is one of the strangest in history, and one cannot help thinking in this connection of the random appearance of biological mutations.

Another comparison which may perhaps be relevant is with the way an individual acquires a skill demanding much coördination, like tennis, golf, or ballet dancing, learns to play the piano or to sing, or attains proficiency in certain intellectual subjects, such as mathematics or philosophy. It is well known that the conscientious student in these fields, whatever his standing, has to work for long periods of time at tedious and picayune exercises without apparent progress in over-all performance. Then quite suddenly a number of unconnected details form themselves into a pattern; they henceforth will appear as a group, when needed, without an individual roll call. In a short while the student seems to master several such groups, and at the next tournament, recital, or term examination he will qualify in a superior class. Psychologists are familiar with these long barren stretches, which they call plateaus, connected by short periods of sudden progress. It is rather remarkable that, whether for superficial reasons or for deeper causes, mankind should follow in its advance the same process of jumps and rests as does the individual.

Be this as it may, a conclusion is plain. We are now in the middle of just another great period of invention. If one believes that the field of science is finite, as I have tried to show, then he can foresee that this present period of invention will some time come to an end.

The Scientific Age, which will come in 500 or 1000 years, will be another long stable period, which does not mean a final Utopian stage. Probably, after several thousand years, another revolution will shake it up, springing from a reason

as unintelligible to us as scientific research would have been to the Neanderthal man.

5

WE ARE thus living in an age of transition. This has been said many times, but not, I think, in the sense which I have just presented.

Matthew Arnold is often quoted as saying that we are wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. Nothing could be truer than the first part of this sentence, or so untrue as the second part. We are indeed standing between two worlds, but these worlds are both alive, they live side by side in every country and in every one of us, and their conflict is precisely what makes life, national and personal, so difficult.

On the material side, the progress of science and industry has given rise to the miraculous inventions which we all know — the automobile, the airplane, the radio, and so forth. There is almost no place which has not been transformed by these inventions to some extent; but in the whole world, as well as inside any one particular country, not all regions have been affected by these technical changes in the same way. It is one of the major difficulties of international as well as of national politics, to balance the interests of nations or regions which are at a given moment at different stages of development.

There is the same contrast between the psychological attitude of people with regard to the future and the past. To some the attractiveness of the new is exhilarating. For certain commuters, the view of Manhattan from the Hoboken ferry is an ever renewed thrill. They will never tire of holding in their field of vision a density of technical achievements such as mankind never attained elsewhere or before. To others the comfort of the familiar, the old, and even the obsolete is equally satisfying. Those are the collectors of buggies or snuffboxes, the would-be revivers of vanished crafts. Americans go to France to enjoy the mellowness of the Old World; conservative Frenchmen go to Morocco to live for a month in the feudal age. (We don't know where conservative Moroccans go for their holidays.)

The difference in point of view is radical and unbridgeable, even in a progressive country. Many people still think in Aristotelian ways. Copernicus and Darwin have not lived for them.

Others are the contemporaries of Einstein and Freud. In the Atom City of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where uranium products are manufactured on an industrial scale, the laws of the state forbid the schools to teach biological evolution. The town of Oak Ridge is the symbol and epitome of our times.

It is idle to deplore this state of things. It is the necessary consequence of living in an age of transition, with Matthew Arnold's two worlds existing belligerently side by side. Dictatorships have chosen a ruthless way of suppressing these difficulties, by suppressing the lives of many and the liberties of those remaining. A democratic state, on the contrary, is one in which citizens are determined to live at peace with other citizens whose beliefs are an absurdity or an abomination to them. The view which has been presented here, that mankind is engaged in a sort of mutation between two eras of totally different character, makes it possible for us to understand the difficulties of those emotionally attached to the past. It is all too true that every technical advance has for them an overwhelmingly painful consequence. To the traditional arguments for political toleration, the recognition of the transitional character of our age is bringing reinforcement of a decidedly novel type.

To those who realize the irresistible force with which advancing science is changing the world around them, it is an exciting challenge to try to keep up with the emerging new conditions. The scientist and the technician know all too well how difficult it is to keep abreast of recent theories and of the latest techniques; but the ordinary citizen does not as a rule realize that he is confronted with exactly the same task. To ensure that his business, his city, and his country shall ride the crest of the advancing wave requires the same continual adjustment, the same flexibility, which are a matter of course in a laboratory or in an ordnance factory.

Such flexibility is a modern characteristic. Millions of men and women are driving cars and trucks every day and effecting sudden changes of direction which the owners of the first automobiles, with their untrained reflexes, would have rightly been afraid of. Such is the responsibility but also the thrill of driving. Such are also the thrill and the responsibility of living in the present dynamic and significant period, one of those in which mankind, in an outburst of creative effort, passes from one stage to another in its biological progress.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE MAY WALK

by GEORGE H. FREITAG

WE WERE all at school that morning with our faces washed clean and our hair combed and we wore our best clothes, because Miss Haverman's Third Grade pupils were going to take a May walk out of the city and into the woods. Miss Haverman herself wore a Sunday skirt and a Sunday blouse with ruffles and lace, and on the left side of her breast she wore a gold watch that was fastened with a clasp like a fluttering wing of a bird, and her hair was dark black and fixed on the top of her head. She smelled like a flower growing by the side of a road, and her voice was merry and clear and her eyes sharp and happy.

"This is the day for us," she said.

All of us had brought baskets with food in them, packed carefully and smelling like a market house on Saturday morning, and we put our baskets in the cloak room beside our hats and coats, and each basket was named, so that when it came time to go we wouldn't get confused and be carrying someone else's lunch. The room smelled of clean chalk. The room rocked with our laughter. The windows were open and the fresh smell of spring came in and moved around among us, and the birds sang in the trees and an ice wagon went by, the first ice wagon of the season.

On the blackboard Miss Haverman drew a map with chalk. "Now, children," she said, "now watch me carefully." Her voice was like the sound

The *Atlantic* printed George H. Freitag's first story in August, 1939, when he was a sign painter by profession. During the war years he worked on the swing shift in a Canton, Ohio, steel mill. Now he lives in the country at Lake-O-Springs, Ohio, where he has written his first book, *The Lost Land*, recently published by Coward-McCann.

of running bubbling water in a brook released by thaw, and when she raised her arm to the board her blouse crackled with starch. "Now here is our route for the walk." She began to draw a line on the board. "Impress the map firmly in your minds, children," she said, "so that if one of you gets lost you will remember the map."

We all sat in our seats with our excited hands folded upon our desks; we watched the growth of the map. We watched the straight chalk line branching out. The line went as quickly as possible to the end of the city; it passed through a wide park and across a stream of water where a wooden bridge had been built, and through a field and another road to the clean woods. On the board we watched ourselves going like a flock of little chickens following Miss Haverman. The map was like a series of scratches on the board, but we all looked because this was the way to remember not to get lost. I shivered in my seat and tried hard to hold fast to the memory of the map. I closed my eyes and saw it under the darkness of the lids. It was stamped beautifully and like a sharp picture upon the landscape of my mind.

We all soaked in the drawing on the board.

Mr. Davidson, our principal, stuck his head in the door, and his red face gleamed. He looked kindly upon Miss Haverman and then at her pupils and then at Miss Haverman, and then he took a big inhale and smiled, saying, "I am very hungry. How about eating the lunches now!"

And all of us kids screamed with delight because we knew that Mr. Davidson was kidding with us, and then he went away and we heard his feet upon

the floor of the main hall. We feigned relief, and Miss Haverman laughed at us.

We watched the clock; the hands sometimes stood still, as if they ached. They seemed to be tired hands, and old.

We stood beside our seats and sang a song. Our voices scampered like mice through the room, but Miss Haverman's voice was high above them. Through the open windows went the voices and out into the spring weather, touching the rooftops of houses, touching the roofs warmed by the sun.

After we sang the song and sat down, Miss Haverman walked to the front of the room. All through the singing she had stood by a window and now she came to the front and faced us. She smiled. She allowed her long white hands to fold in front of her like a bundle of dead twigs. It grew so quiet in the room now that if we listened closely we heard the breast-watch tick beneath the fluttering wing of the bird. A butterfly came in through one of the windows and made a quick shadow across the floor.

"Children," Miss Haverman said, "I want you to know that this May walk is to be my last. I am leaving the school."

While she stood there her black hair seemed suddenly to turn a silver gray and the wrinkles on her face showed through the talcum, and the clock on the wall pounded now, ticking. We all sat waiting for her to continue talking.

"I am growing tired," she said. "I have been teaching school for forty-four years. And now it is spring again." She raised her face. It was as if she drank something from the air about her. She opened her mouth to speak again but there was nothing that came out, nothing but a breathing in the room.

"And now we shall start out," she finally said. "Go get your lunches and your coats and hats and be sure you button your coats; it is only spring. It isn't yet summer."

We filed past her and smiled into her face. We touched the folds of her skirt and smelled the perfume she wore. In Miss Haverman's patent-leather shoes we saw our reflections as we passed before her.

"Take one last look at the route we shall take, children," she said. "One last quick look."

Her voice sounded alive now, but filled with caution. "Remember the map," she said. "I want you all to stay close to me. If you do, I won't get lost." We all laughed with kindness upon her and then we got our hats and coats and lunches. We buttoned our coats and marched down the wide school steps following Miss Haverman. Other teachers came to

the windows and, surrounded by their own pupils, waved to us as we came to the street. Windows were flung open so that we could hear their good-byes and their laughter.

2

THE sun was like a warm lullaby upon our faces. We walked into it and through it, and for a long time nobody spoke. All that could be heard was the hurrying fall of our feet upon the pavement. Once in a while we passed an old man standing by the side of a house, standing in the warmth of the sun, gathering strength, and we waved to him. Quite often a dog followed us awhile, smelling the lunches, but soon grew tired.

Every two or three blocks, Miss Haverman stopped to count us. She went up and down the line of us and counted aloud, naming us one by one, touching our heads, our shoulders, our lunches. We came to the park that had been marked on the board, but there were only fifteen trees in it, and houses of the town had crept in until it was not at all the kind of park Miss Haverman expected. But she had grown tired from the walk and we all stood by while she sat on the little blue jacket she carried, and rested.

When we came to the stream that ran through the park, we found it had been piped and now ran under the ground, but Miss Haverman told us to put our ears to the ground and listen to the water gurgling through it, and we all took turns placing our ears down close to the warmed grass, and listened to the water somewhere below.

It seemed, finally, that we had been walking all day. The sun was high in the sky, and we had not yet come to the edge of the town. Miss Haverman was stopping more often to rest and she began to appear, now, like a tired bird after a night of flight, that searched for a shelter in the trees.

"I think the woods will show now when we get over the next hill," Miss Haverman said, but when we went over the hill there were no trees, no woods, only the yellow and white houses and the garages, and the little brown coal sheds. Sometimes people looked at us from the doors and windows of houses as we walked along, but the street stretched far ahead like the straight line drawn on the blackboard that morning.

"Let's all sing a little song as we go walking along," Miss Haverman said, already out of breath and weary. So we twisted our mouths and squinted our eyes and sang a song. It was a song we had learned in school that year. But we were too filled with the anticipation of fun in the woods, and

we snickered at our singing and laughed so hard we fell out of line.

We tagged behind a little now; we were growing tired. The little girls with their hair tied up in blue and pink ribbons began to whimper and ask to be taken home. Their shoes were coming untied and Miss Haverman stopped to tie them, and by the time the sun was halfway down the western side of the sky we were too hungry to go on. Miss Haverman carried a large brown sack of sandwiches and other good things, and now she reached into the sack and gave us celery and cookies and halves of sandwiches to sustain us until we got to the woods. She walked about among us like a mother hen. "Over the next little hill now, children," she said. But when we walked over the hill there was an expanse of houses, and beyond the houses were tall black stacks of factories.

There were no woods in sight and no end to the city; it went on and on.

We came at last to a place where Miss Haverman believed the woods had once been, but a filling station was there now in the middle of a well-kept yard, a neat, trim little house standing refreshingly in the long shadows of the afternoon. She stood a moment and looked about her. "It was close by that I once carved my name in a tree," she told us. But we were impatient, irritable,

and tired and we paid her no heed. We ran about pretending to catch one another. Our new suits were soiled and our stockings were coming down.

"Where are the woods, the woods?" we yelled, shouting at Miss Haverman, who had sat down in a grassy place near a white flagpole, fanning herself with the empty sack which she continued to hold fast to.

"I don't know, children, I don't know," she said. "I thought I knew the way to the woods. I thought I knew!"

The man at the filling station came out with a sun visor over his eyes and walked over to Miss Haverman. They talked in low voices and we were too busy to know what was said, but he went in and talked over the phone and in a little while the Board of Education truck came to pick us up. We all climbed into the back of it and returned the way we had come. We finished eating our lunches and sang several songs, but Miss Haverman sat beside the driver with her face straight ahead and never turned back. She looked straight into the road. It was only when the truck stopped in front of my house that I turned to look into her face. "Good-bye, Miss Haverman," I said. "Good-bye, and thank you, Miss Haverman." But she continued to stare ahead of her as if now she knew where she was going.

THE CARNIVAL

by PHOEBE PIERCE

Will you run, will you run,
By the rough and ragged hedge,
Though the facile waltz is sounding
From the water's edge?

The village belle is fair, and she sweats with pride,
The gaudy brasses blare, the lovers hide
Behind the carousel and fiercely kiss
While the swans and geese go round, and the marksmen miss.
In the light-bulbs' shine, in the mirrors' knowing wink,
I look for your eyes and tenderly think
Of the way your hands move. As the painted swings arc,
I shiver and think of your mouth in the dark.

Will you call, will you call
From the ragged hedge's side?
I will come and lie down with you
In angular pride.

THE SOLDIER DEAD COME HOME

by DAVID L. COHN

1

WE SHALL soon witness in this country the strangest and most melancholy immigration movement in the history of man. The immigrants are all dead men and women — members of the armed forces of the United States, or civilians attached to the armed forces. They will come from the uttermost reaches of the earth: from Greenland, Australia, New Guinea, China, Burma; from eighty countries and all the continents. They were killed in action. They died of disease. They met death in accidents, by the bite of snakes, the claws of tigers. There will be no immigration formalities when this company arrives at our ports. All of them died for this country. They come home to be buried in the American earth. Their number is nearly three hundred thousand.

In military cemeteries scattered around the world lie the American dead of the Second World War. Row upon row they lie in neat graves laid out with the mathematical precision of the military, since for the soldier there is a discipline of burying as well as of living, by contrast with the amiable disorder that marks the life of the civilian and his final resting place in a monument-cluttered burial ground where no two graves are identical. Yet in one important respect, military order disappears at the grave's edge. General officer and buck private molder to dust side by side. Here white and Negro, Gentile and Jew, Catholic and Protestant, rich and poor, saint and sinner, mingle in death without sign of distinction or difference except that Gentiles lie under the Cross, and Jews under the Star of David.

As battles were fought through North Africa,

Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany, and from island to island of the Pacific until the last enemy surrendered, while men stood guard in such places as Alaska, Greenland, South Africa, and the Caribbean, the victorious forces of the United States left their dead throughout the world. They number approximately 328,000 soldiers, sailors, marines, and coastguardsmen, of whom 17,617 are unidentified. In addition there are an estimated 19,625 isolated graves, all over the earth, whose location no man knows. Thus our military dead constitute a city as large as Rochester, Denver, or Louisville. The largest of the cemeteries in which their remains are gathered is at Margraten, Holland, with 18,636 graves. The next largest is at Manila, with over 11,000 graves. The smallest cemetery is Sleepy Lagoon on Makin Atoll, Gilbert Islands, where 21 men are buried.

The War Department has been authorized by Congress to bring home the remains of all our military dead, including those of the Navy. The execution of the program is in the hands of the Office of the Quartermaster General, commanded by Major General T. B. Larkin, an engineer officer who ably served throughout the war at important posts in North Africa, Italy, and France.

From inquiries now being received by the War Department, it appears that more than 80 per cent of the people want their dead brought home for burial in a private or national cemetery. This is a higher percentage of home-returning soldier dead than obtained after the First World War. Then we brought home the remains of 45,833 men, and left overseas the remains of 30,902, the percentage of the returned being slightly over 60. The difference in these figures gives cause for wonder. They may express, subconsciously at least, lack of American confidence in the future of world peace, so that families want their dead at home rather than abandoned to what they fear may become a wilderness of war.

In 1944-1945 DAVID L. COHN traveled 45,000 miles by air to the European Theater, the Middle East, and the China-Burma-India operations. His remembrance of the isolated graves, the Army cemeteries, and the work performed by the Graves Registration Service led him, on his return, to examine the War Department's action in bringing the dead back home. Mr. Cohn's diary of his journey and of the talks he had with all ranks (and with all manner of civilians) has been published under the title *This Is the Story*.

The War Department plan contemplates the return to this country not only of the remains of soldiers, but also of civilians who died overseas while attached to the armed forces — as newspaper correspondents or members of the War Shipping Administration, American Red Cross, American Field Service, United States Compensation Commission, the Ferrying Service of the Air Transport Command. All the unknown dead of the Second World War will be brought home, but only one of the unknowns will be buried beside the Unknown Soldier of the First World War. The others will be interred in national cemeteries.

2

THE present program of repatriation of the war dead is, whatever one may think about it, in accord with long-established American precedent. During the Civil War, Congress authorized the War Department to establish national cemeteries for the removal thereto of the military dead of all our wars who had not been suitably interred, and to record their burial places. The work began during the conflict and was ended in 1868. Between the years 1899 and 1903, approximately 6300 remains of Spanish-American War soldiers were repatriated from the Caribbean and the Pacific. The remains of some 46,000 soldier dead of the First World War were brought back to the United States in 1920-1921.

The task of returning our dead of the Second World War is by its very nature melancholy. Before any corpse is sent home, there must be an elaborate checking and cross-checking of records and identification of bodies, to make certain that each man is buried under his own name. These are the duties of the Graves Registration Service of the Quartermaster Corps. It is surprising to realize that during the nineteenth century, registration and burial services for soldier dead were performed largely by civilian contractors. But it was an arrangement that proved highly unsatisfactory with respect to identification and burial of our soldier dead. In the Second World War, men of the Service, trained before going overseas, removed the fallen from the battlefields as rapidly as possible, took the remains to the temporary cemetery established for a given region, buried them, and kept accurate records. The Service (still at work) went to extreme lengths to assure the identification of corpses mangled or burned beyond outward recognition, and its task was complicated because so many airmen fell into the sea or in almost inaccessible places on land.

Many identifications require long investigation and world-wide correspondence, sometimes extending over several years. The only clue to one soldier's identity was a letter from a girl addressed to "Dear Ed." Correspondence with her and a search of War Department records revealed the organization to which the man had been assigned, while contact with his unit brought the information that Ed was missing after battle in an area where an unidentified body had been found. Checks of Ed's description and dental charts established the final identity of the body.

Another unknown, buried in Italy after a beach landing, was identified by tracing to a girl's school a ring worn by the deceased; there it was found to have been owned by the wife of a naval officer who was listed as missing in that action. Scientific processes, including the facilities of the laboratories of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, are used to the fullest in establishing identification. Dental charts are especially useful where fingerprints have been obliterated by burning or decomposition of the body; chemistry reveals faint laundry marks or other marks found on the clothing of the deceased; sometimes peculiar bone formations caused by childhood injuries have served when all other clues failed.

Search teams of the Graves Registration Service, during the war, combed the world for missing men. Once the Service sent a detail more than one hundred miles into the interior of Sidi bou Zid on the word of an Arab that an American was buried there in an unmarked grave. The grave was found. Local farmers supplied the date when the flyer had been shot down. The Air Forces identified the only plane lost in that area on that date, and positive identification was made of the man through his personal effects.

How successful the Service has been in its work of identification is shown by the fact that of 268,071 soldier bodies recovered, only 17,617, or 6.6 per cent, remain unidentified. Therefore the great majority of families who lost relatives in the war may be certain that they have been identified beyond doubt.

The repatriation of our dead, rather than final interment in military cemeteries abroad, presents a debatable case even if it has been little debated. It has been opposed on quite tenable grounds by the Social Service Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York. "The plan," it said, "by its overemphasis of the mortal body is in conflict with the thought of the Christian Church from the days of the Apostles. It represents, initially, a basic misconception of

the significance of our rapidly changing bodies, which on earth have been but the vehicle or vestment of immortal spirits. The souls of our war dead, freed from the limitations of the flesh, are even now being confronted with the opportunity to grow in spiritual stature and glory, a fact which our excessive concern over the bodily remains fails to proclaim."

The Commission opposed the bill on mundane as well as spiritual grounds, and was joined by the Department of Social Service of the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts, which wrote President Truman saying that the repatriation of the war dead would be a "costly pagan venture." Both of these groups believe that "with millions of people suffering and dying from lack of food, clothing, and shelter, . . . the bereaved will, on reflection, conclude that it is more truly Christian for us as a nation to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and administer to the living, than to yield to the natural desire to try to have the bodies of our beloved dead brought home."

Congress, which unanimously passed the bill to bring back the war dead, may have been moved to vote for the bill lest it be confronted with the far more costly and unwieldy alternative of sending relatives of the deceased all over the world to visit national cemeteries. That many parents of dead soldiers would prefer to visit graves overseas rather than have the remains sent home is shown by a moving letter from a father and mother who lost all four of their sons in the war. Writing to the War Department from Utah, they say:—

. . . As parents of four service men who so bravely and gallantly left our home to join various branches of the U. S. Forces for the purpose of defending the rights and freedom of a free people . . . our emotions have run high with other citizens, that our sons were physically fit and able, ready and willing to become involved in such a mighty conflict. And now that the firing is over and quiet prevails in the valley and around our home, we have time to meditate over what has happened in the different battlefields and why our losses should be four-fold. However we take consolation in the fact that our boys were brave and good servicemen, they were also fine sons, and . . . we are doing as well as anyone could be expected to do when such a catastrophe comes into the lives of a father and mother.

The writers then add: "It is *not our desire* that our four sons shall be . . . brought back to us . . . for re-burial. It is *our sincere desire* . . . to visit the sacred spot where our boys are now resting and as we hope in peace unmolested."

Why, on the other hand, parents want the remains of their soldier sons sent home is indicated in a letter from one mother to the War Department.

She says: "I plead with you that you bring back our son to us. He is our only son and we feel that his remains should be here so that we could console ourselves with frequent visitations to his grave."

The saddened hearts of the war-bereaved make their pleas for many reasons. The wife of a naval officer killed overseas asked for the return of his body because their child, she said, had never seen her father. The father, therefore might always be something of a wraith to the child — a mysterious stranger whom she had never known and to whom she seemed unrelated — if his body should not be returned.

A small minority of mothers protest against the return of their war dead. One of them says: "I wish to say our dear boy will never be dead. If the good Lord saw fit to take him, leave him where he is. Not for one minute would it lighten my heart to have him moved here." There are protests, too, upon mundane grounds. "I am writing you," says a mother, "about returning the bodies of the soldier dead. Our son is buried in North Africa, so you must know I am not biased. You should use those millions of money to feed and help the living." This correspondent also objects to the repatriation program on another score. The remains of thousands of men cannot be brought home. Their graves are in oceans or rivers, in places upon land that will forever elude the eyes of searchers. Hence: "There are five families in just our small community whose sons' bodies cannot be brought home. Two are buried at sea. Three are in unknown graves. It is very unfair to their parents and wives that the bodies of the others should be returned. Let them all rest in peace where they are."

But soon tens of thousands of the American soldier dead will come home. From ships of the dead their bodies will be taken to funeral trains of the dead. As Abe Lincoln went home to Springfield from Washington, through a weeping countryside, so will they go in their black trains. This is what war means.

Every state of the Union, and possibly every county, will take back its own. It would be well if the people of each community should go to the railroad tracks when the trains of the dead go through slowly. Let them watch for the big locomotive coming slowly round the curve, white steam hissing at its condensers, purple flags at its boiler's head, the long line of silent cars following. There let them stand: the old, the young, the children fresh from school; so that, honoring their dead, it may be brought home to them how costly is war, and they may search in their hearts for an answer to man's most deadly riddle.

WHAT HAPPENED IN FINLAND?

by LAURIN ZILLIACUS

I

BUT, Mr. Premier," I protested, "you don't really believe the Germans will win this war? The Allies may lose ground at first, but surely you believe they will come out on top in the end?"

The Premier was a small man with a white, expressionless face. He sat leaning forward, playing with a paperknife. Suddenly he lifted his drooping eyelids and gave me a swift glance. A smile appeared. It was like changing a mask.

"Let us hope so," he said diplomatically.

The audience was at an end. The calendar on the Premier's great mahogany desk bore the legend "April 6, 1940." Less than a month had gone since our defeat. The whole democratic world had been for us, and Germany had sponsored the enemy. It was still inadvisable even for neutrals like the Swiss to speak German in the streets. And here was Risto Ryti, the man who had led our struggle in the name of democracy, arguing that the Germans would win. Or had I misunderstood him? The plaudits of the Western world were still ringing in his ears, and the evidence of its sympathy was all about him. He was Sir Risto Ryti, British Knight, Honorary President of the Finnish-British Society, the symbol of a policy turned towards the democracies. Of course, I reassured myself, he must be one of us. Of course his closing words expressed his views, rather than his previous talk, where he had expounded German strength and our dependence on the Reich almost with enthusiasm.

A few days later I boarded a train deep in the interior of the country, and found myself in a

coach reserved for Members of Parliament going home.

"Don't go," said one of them. "Stay and talk with us."

The speaker was a clergyman and, like most of the group, a member of the powerful Agrarian Party. They were staunch upholders of the independent peasant tradition, guardians of the farmers' rights — particularly the well-to-do farmers' — and their slogan was "The Common Finnish Man."

They wanted to talk politics. "The Germans may not be democratic," the clergyman said, "but they are the only power that will stand up to Russia. And they are going to win the war. We must turn to them."

I demurred. What about democracy? And wasn't it plain that the Hitler regime could not last — that it was so intolerable that outraged humanity would sooner or later crush it?

"We have based our policy too much on feelings," the clergyman patiently explained. "Now we must be coldly realistic. The Germans are our natural allies."

The others grunted their acquiescence. Certainly the impassive peasant faces betrayed no other emotion than stolid approval.

A year later it was no longer inadvisable to speak German in public places. Some of the picture houses showed only German films. The bookshops featured Third Reich literature. German lecturers dispensed their wisdom from Finnish rostrums, and German trade and cultural delegations were frequent visitors.

On May 1, 1941, the laborers of Helsinki formed up in the workers' district for the usual march to Pine Hill, where they would listen to their leaders and seek comfort in awareness of each other. Pine Hill is only a stone's throw from the great Exhibition Hall, and it so "happened" that Finnish business leaders were opening a German

"Has a small people with a big appetite really got a future?" LAURIN ZILLIACUS, an officer in the Finnish Army, wrote those words in December, 1942, when the Finns and Germans were scoring victories inside the U.S.S.R. Half Finn, half American, Mr. Zilliacus lived in Finland from 1925 to 1944. He taught school, fought in both Finnish wars, took part in the underground movement against Hitler, and is today a visiting professor at Teachers College, Columbia University.

trade exhibit on that very morning. To celebrate the occasion, they had decorated the mile and a half of the capital's main traffic artery, leading out past Exhibition Hall, with flagpoles thirty yards apart. There in the bright May sunshine Finnish and Nazi flags shared the honors equally: one Finnish, one Nazi, one Finnish, one Nazi. And there the workers were obliged to march, their flags ushered along by the Swastika.

I skirted the beflagged highway and mingled with the crowd at Pine Hill. What would the labor leaders say? Some of them were my friends and I knew what they thought.

They did not say it. The boldest showed their feelings only in a peculiar emphasis on the rights of free speech and free organization. At such moments there was an electrified expectancy in the crowd. But the real issues were not brought into the open, and the hearers grew restless and bored. I went home feeling that those who had planted the Swastika had won the day. The labor leaders had accepted their framework and would henceforth move within it.

2

THE war in which Finland had the undivided sympathy of the democratic world began on November 30, 1939. The Finns were united, probably as completely as any people has been on any great issue. The atmosphere was inspiring. The evidences of solidarity from all over the world were deeply moving. On March 13, 1940, the Russo-Finnish war ended in defeat, disillusionment, and a destructive sense of injustice.

An interval of precarious peace followed, while Hitler's armies swept over Europe and his air forces rained death over Britain. From its first day the Finnish leaders pursued a double-faced policy. They let John Citizen think they were striving, earnestly but vainly, for correct relations with the U.S.S.R. and for neutrality in the world conflict. Behind the scene, they were doing their utmost to link the country with the victorious Third Reich. Within a year Finland was a favored ally of Hitler in fact if not in form. John Citizen had been given a picture of local and world events that assured the government of his support.

It is worth spending a moment on this process, since propaganda is a phenomenon of world-wide import. The techniques are everywhere similar. The first step in Finland was to fill important offices with suitable persons. Ryti, who was then Premier, made a Cabinet reshuffle that moved the center of gravity to the right, and brought in

as Foreign Minister the redoubtable Witting, who closeted himself daily with the German minister and then passed on his "advice" as directives to the Foreign Office staff and the censorship. The Government Information Bureau, in charge of both propaganda and censorship, was brought directly under the Premier, with an unscrupulous and ambitious young man called Puntila installed as its chief officer. When Ryti a little later became President of the Republic, he chose as Premier a nonentity who had been his assistant in earlier days in the Bank of Finland, and who plainly regarded himself as assistant in his new post as well. Further changes in personnel followed all down the line.

The climate rapidly changed. In the war of 1939-1940 it had been democratic. Democratic forces pushed to the fore, took over the reins, did the talking and writing, and gave us a picture of Finland as a nation of convinced and informed democrats. The new climate encouraged other forces, and the country soon presented a different picture.

The Information Bureau worked energetically. Its censors suppressed all news favorable to the Allied nations, whether war news and facts about American production, or information on political and moral developments such as Nazi activities in occupied countries. Its propagandists used all the modern techniques, open and secret, to spread stories of German prowess in arms, German generosity to Finland, German might and wisdom and good nature, and dark hints of Soviet designs and machinations. When Finnish boats were sunk by the Germans, the survivors were forbidden to talk, and the sinking was ascribed to the British. Criticism of Germany or the Nazis was forbidden; criticism of the Allies was encouraged. The Americans and British were ridiculed and maligned.

After a certain point, the victim of propaganda continues the process himself. This point comes when he begins to interpret events in the light of a particular legend.

Within a year the very word democracy had been excluded from public speech in Finland (by order of the censors), and John Citizen hardly noticed it. He was too thoroughly imbued with the legend of an unshakable Soviet design to attack Finland and a fortunately growing impulse on the part of a generous and invincible Hitler to take Finland under his protection.

The invincible Hitler did. When he proclaimed the crusade against the U.S.S.R. on June 21, 1941, he listed Finland among the countries fighting with him. The Finns were surprised, because

their government had not prepared them for quite that, and they took it as a bit of Hitlerian bombast. (I happened to be in the salon of a boat when the raucous proclamation assailed our ears over the radio, and the reaction was a general laugh.) The common view was that all Finland had to do was to sit back and watch Hitler crush the Soviet; and the Finns had a fresh surprise — this time without laughter — when Soviet planes began to bomb our towns. From the Soviet point of view this was natural enough: the Russians knew of the Finnish government's arrangement with the Germans, and Finland was undeniably a German base. The Finnish government, however, scored a point. They were able to announce to Parliament that Finland was once more being attacked and had no choice but to fight.

3

BUT were the Finnish leaders really committed to war? I am afraid there is little doubt on that point. There were staff conversations with the Germans as early as October, 1940, when the German "transit" of troops (which was not a transit) started. A Finnish military delegation visited Germany early in 1941 and was informed of the coming war. German air bases were established in Finland before hostilities commenced, as well as the big German base in North Finland. By June, 1941, there really was no choice, as the President made plain at a secret meeting of party leaders. ("We shall be at war within five days of the German attack," he told them.)

Once the war had started, the cry "Our country is fighting for its life" drowned all but a few brave dissenting voices.

The state police under the Gestapo collaborator Anthoni took care of the dissenters. A few people were shot, some hundreds jailed, and others put under surveillance. When the Finnish Army reached the old boundary and was ordered to advance into Soviet territory, there was a wave of desertions and mutinies. They were met with executions and prison sentences and the military plea that, once a war has started, an army halts at points determined, not by politics but by strategy. The plea was unanswerable, at least by soldiers under military discipline; and very difficult to answer by their families at home under pressure to "support the boys at the front."

The American and British governments made several offers to mediate. In one of them the Americans even stated that the Soviet was pre-

pared to discuss peace "on the basis of territorial compensation for Finland." But the government was heady with Finnish and German victories; it not only refused the offers but broke relations with the British and treated the Americans in such a manner that the continued presence of an American legation in Helsinki must constitute an all-time record of patience shown by the government of a great power to a small one.

With the Finnish victories a new factor emerged: the Greater Finland movement. In November, 1941, the Premier told Parliament that Finland could not accept American and British demands to make peace, without adequate guarantees. What constitutes adequate guarantees? he asked. Not promises by the Western powers. Certainly not promises by Russia, not even if accompanied by a demilitarized belt on the Russian side of the border. "The only adequate guarantees are territorial guarantees." He was much applauded, the Agrarians and Right parties stating openly that the conquered Soviet territories should be added to Finland.

A flood of Greater Finland propaganda was now let loose. I remember, on one of my leaves, going to a cinema. Finnish troops had just taken Povenets on the White Sea (Stalin) Canal. "The mouth of the Stalin Canal," the text blared at us, "is now in wiser hands. Povenets is ours — and it will remain ours." In December, 1942, I was ordered to attend a Christmas festival for the fleet and coastal defense. The main speech was delivered by the officer in charge of propaganda ("enlightenment" was the official term) for this whole branch of the armed forces. We must not be satisfied with makeshift solutions, he told us. We must see far into the future and face the fundamental question. "The whole of the Gulf of Finland must be made purely Finnish." It isn't our fault that Peter the Great chose to build Leningrad there, was his view.

I could not resist scribbling on the back of my program: "The fundamental question is: Has a small people with a big appetite really got a future?" My neighbor read the message and grinned. So did some others; but there were also scowls, and I retrieved the paper before it reached anyone of higher rank.

"Calmly and realistically," said Hakkila, the speaker of the House, "we set about forming a national territory larger than before." Hakkila was a Social Democrat (he still is, and has gone scot-free), and to the disgrace of his party was not disavowed. Tanner, the strong man of the Laborites, had warned against this expansionist

dream at the beginning of the war but soon he became a staunch supporter of the war. Presently the climate had affected him, too: he declared that if new territories were to be incorporated, they should be exploited for the benefit of the whole Finnish people and not a small section.

Greater Finland never interested the mass of citizens. But it was plainly a goal of the ruling regime.

4

As I look back at those critical years the following incidents seem to me to point to factors of central importance.

We had reached the spring of 1943. There had been a reshuffle in the Cabinet, caused by German defeats and the activities of the peace movement; not a great improvement, but still a small step forward. The new Foreign Minister was an old acquaintance of mine, and he called on me to interpret certain documents. "I know how you feel," he said, "and I want you to know how I look at things. For my part, I would just as soon sit down at the green table with Germans as with Americans or Englishmen — or indeed at a luncheon or dinner table. It makes no difference to me so long as it serves the interests of Finland. That is my only criterion."

Right there, I reflected, you have declared yourself incompetent. There *is* a difference, and it spells the downfall of Hitler, and of us under your guidance.

Not long after this we had a stormy session of the central committee of the underground peace movement. One of our leading members was speaking, pale with emotion.

"X has proposed," he said, "that we now make direct contact with the Russians. I am utterly opposed to that. The other Allies, yes; but the Russians, *no*. They are treacherous, ruthless, unreliable. They will have us in their power from the moment we have made the treasonable contact, and they will use that power to blackmail us into playing their game. The Russians are a thing apart."

But, some of us retorted, it is, after all, the Russians we are fighting. It is with them we must make peace and find a *modus vivendi* in the future. They may be better than you say. In any case, we must take the risk if we mean business.

The dilemma of the peace movement was this: oppose the government and thus risk throwing the front open to the Red Army, or acquiesce and thus support our militarists and the Nazis? The

Germans were not occupying Finland, they were merely holding the northern sector of our front. John Citizen did not fear the Germans — he didn't see them, except for a handful of liaison officers and their men. Fear and mistrust of the U.S.S.R., on the other hand, extended into the ranks of the peace movement itself and dominated the people at large. The cry "The Fatherland is in danger" seemed all too natural in the Finnish forests: deep, mysterious, shading off without a break into the traditional bogymen's land of Russia.

The Finnish peasants heard the call. They came as free men; they fought, starved, froze, took their terrible punishment quietly, bravely, with good comradeship and incredible endurance, with heads erect as behooves free men. This tribute they deserve, and an echo of it justly went round the world. But these fine men and their equally fine women had a weakness: they were ignorant of the world outside their boundaries and indifferent to its fate. They had the good luck to be aligned with democracy in the first war, and did not have this luck in the second. Both wars were for them just national.

Nor were those who led them, who made the fateful choice of riding the Nazi wave, all scoundrels. Some were ambitious; some made greedy calculations with forests and water power and the plowed fields of Olonets; many relished the effect on their own workers of the collapse of Soviet power; some dreamed of grandeur and saw themselves carving out a Greater Finland, the leading power of the North in Neuropa. But all were convinced that it was a question of Russia's life or theirs. And all allowed their political and moral judgment to become fogged with nationalism.

Many factors combine to shape national policies, and the outcome depends on where their center of gravity lies. The center of gravity in the Finnish tragedy lay in a patriotism that cared nothing for what made — or ought to make — the Patria worthy of devotion; in short, in amoral patriotism. The President, the clergyman, the big peasants, the industrial, military, and intellectual leaders all shared this view and this sentiment: national interests are the only criterion.

The bankrupt regime has indeed left a harsh heritage for the common people and their new leaders. One quarter of the active army is dead. The crutch and the pinned-up sleeve are the common badge of those who remain. More than a tenth of the country has gone, including the second city, a great fishing center, and the chief inland water route. One seventh of the population is homeless and destitute. There is a crushing burden of repara-

tions. The country lies defenseless, dependent on its erstwhile enemy and great neighbor for bread and for life itself.

5

WHAT of the future? What, indeed, of the present behind the iron curtain? Is there an iron curtain?

With the signing of the armistice came the Control Commission, several hundred strong — but no Red Army and no NKVD. There were no Russian arrests of Finnish citizens, no deportations, no executions. The Russians behaved with scrupulous correctness, even courtesy. (On one of the first days a Russian officer went into a restaurant in the capital and was given the last vacant table. A few minutes later two disabled Finnish soldiers hobbled in and took their places in the line waiting for a table. The Russian rose, bowed, beckoned them to his table, and went to the line to wait his turn for a new table.) People rubbed their eyes. Some used what they took to be a short period of grace to flee to Sweden, where some of them today peddle hair-raising stories of the terror in Finland.

The correct demeanor of the Control Commission did not prevent the Russians from interpreting the armistice clauses with severity. There was plenty of leeway in clauses obliging the Finns to restore Soviet goods and equipment removed or destroyed by the Finnish Army, and the Control Commission pressed their interpretation to the utmost. The reparations themselves are a staggering burden: 300 million American dollars' worth of goods reckoned at practically pre-war prices, payable over eight years, from September 19, 1944. Finnish economists calculate the present-day value at about 450 millions. The national income before the war was under one billion dollars. More than half the payment is to be in metal products, chiefly iron. Finland has no iron mines and only a small metal industry. The reparations thus require the importation of huge quantities of raw material and the rapid building of a metal industry.

Pessimists say that the Finnish economy is to be strained beyond the breaking point, and the resulting chaos is to be the pretext for occupying the country. But pessimists are not always right, not even in our brave new world. There are indications that the Kremlin demands reparations because it wants reparations, and that it does not want to kill the goose that lays them. The Soviet leaders have extended the time limit; they have shown understanding in trade negotiations; they have at critical periods shipped food to Finland; they have discouraged the Finnish Left from making

extreme wage demands, — indeed the Communists are sharing responsibility for maintaining production and a wage-price barrier to inflation, — and they are in general taking a strong national line.

A labor leader told me of his first encounter with the leader of the Control Commission. They got on quite well until my friend ventured to urge reduction of the reparations. Then the Russian became red with anger. ("He has a bad heart," my friend said, "and I was afraid he would have a seizure, he was so wrought up.") He banged on the table. "You Finns," he said, "took part in the siege of Leningrad, where 300,000 people died of starvation alone. The damage and suffering you caused in this one city are incomparably greater than the discomforts you will endure through paying reparations."

"I had to admit that he was right," was my friend's objective reflection.

The Finns face a staggering economic problem. Their climate is harsh. Their soil is poor, they lack clothes, houses, the simplest amenities, and they must now work primarily for their victors, not to improve their own lot. But they are tough, hardened by countless generations of struggle, and there are silver linings even to the reparations cloud: there will be no unemployment, and the forced investment in capital equipment may one day bear fruit for the Finns themselves. If Finland obtains the necessary temporary credits, she will pull through — that is the opinion in all camps.

But politically? Will there be a Finland presently? Is there a Finland now in anything but name? The answer to the last question is, Yes. There is no iron curtain. Foreign journalists come and go and write freely. Soviet behavior continues to be correct. Finnish citizens are unmolested by anyone but their own authorities under their own laws. The parliamentary elections in 1945 were strictly fair. There was a shift — but not a very big shift — to the left. The government is a coalition with ministers from all parties except the extreme Right wing, which holds one eighth of the seats in the house. The Premier is a Social Democrat. The President of the Republic is a wise old Conservative who likes Russians and shows it, and who doesn't say what he thinks of Bolshevism.

All parties, of course, realize the dependence of the country on the U.S.S.R., and this knowledge damps down certain groups, encourages others. But there is no direct interference by the Russians. In foreign affairs, independence is of course more formal than real. There is no interference here either, but it can be assumed that the government tries to follow a line acceptable to the Kremlin.

These are facts it is well to bear in mind when speculating on the future. Another is that the internal situation in Finland is different from that in all the other Russian border states (except Czechoslovakia), from Poland right round to Outer Mongolia. The Finns have an established parliamentary tradition. When one party gains power, the other does not have to take to the hills. The choice is not between Left and Right dictatorships, but between shifts in coalition government. The press is relatively free. Finland has had censorship since 1939 and carries this incubus today. But it has grown less severe. The government is freely criticized. Direct attacks on the U.S.S.R. are notably absent, but not indirect attacks; for example, AP, UP, and Reuter telegrams, not Tass, have been Finnish newspaper readers' chief source of information about the Paris and Lake Success wrangles.

The Kremlin is allowing the old social and political machinery to carry on. It looks indeed as if Finland were regarded as an experiment to answer the question: Will a small border state produce a regime — by parliamentary means and without interference — that is acceptable to the Left and can be relied on to be friendly to the U.S.S.R. under all international conditions? It is in any event unlikely that Stalin is so interested that he will risk much to keep the experiment going. We may rather infer that the alternative, which is absorption of Finland by force, is not very attractive or not attractive enough to be worth the fighting it would require and the bad relations it would engender with the Scandinavians and other peoples. So we come back to the internal cohesion of the Finns and the position they create for themselves in the world as important factors.

I believe they are important factors. Finnish foreign policy will have to be pro-Soviet, and home policy not much to the right of democratic socialism. The political parties must maintain sufficient unity about such policies to secure stable government and pull out of economic ruin. The now dominant Left must show restraint, particularly in regulating the rights of individuals, and the now discredited but by no means extinguished Right must show loyalty to majority decisions it finds unpalatable. So far the brave efforts of Finns of good will have succeeded in maintaining the balance. Certainly a liberal Greek or a right-wing Bulgar would think he had landed in paradise if he were suddenly whisked to Finland. But there are deep divisions and bitter factions in Finland,

too, and a complex interplay of ambitious personalities. The extreme Right has an underground movement, a direct descendant of the dissolved Fascist Party, and it is knocking on the door of legations presumed to be so anti-Soviet that they are prepared to stomach fascism. All moderate Finns agree that any encouragement given this movement is a nail in the coffin of Finnish independence.

There has been little or no vendetta. As part of the armistice obligations, persons accused of war crimes have been brought to trial. They are principally men formerly in charge of prisoners of war or civilian prisoners. Finnish courts are trying them and have brought some shameful episodes to light. Former President Ryti and the leading members of the wartime cabinet (plus the minister to Berlin) were put on trial by an all-party court appointed by Parliament. They were accused of war responsibility, not crimes against persons. The trial was public and the accused were ably and vociferously defended by lawyers of their own choosing. Since the law under which they were tried was retroactive, there were divided opinions as to its justice. Ryti received a ten-year sentence, the others all considerably less. It is said that the Control Commission made it plain to the government that trial and punishment of the war leaders was an armistice obligation.

Marshal Mannerheim, who, to put it mildly, shares responsibility for the military agreement with the Nazis and the Greater Finland program, lives unmolested on his estate — in recognition, no doubt, of his decisive activity in terminating the war. Mannerheim has several other points in his favor: he never sanctioned ill-treatment of prisoners, he was anti-Soviet but not anti-Russian, he disliked the Nazis, and he had a genuine if patriarchal feeling for the workers. The fact that he remains untouched is a tribute not only to Soviet tolerance but to that of the Finnish Left as well.

There is one factor over which the Finns have no control, and which may nullify all their efforts: the relation between the U.S.S.R. and America-Britain. Finnish independence is a function of Soviet-Anglo-American peace. As far back as 1943 the clandestine paper issued by the peace movement printed the following warning to the Finnish Right: —

"Do not gamble on worsened relations between the Allies. If a chasm opens between the U.S.S.R. and America-Britain, Finland will be the first to fall into it." There is no reason to revise this conclusion today.

THE NATURALIST IN THE CITY

by LEONARD DUBKIN

1

I WAS walking along Wacker Drive in Chicago one afternoon, when I saw a commotion of wings over the river, a diving, swooping, gliding mass of silent birds. It was a flock of terns, and they had discovered a school of minnows just beneath the surface of the water and were diving for them. I watched them for a few minutes from the street, and then decided to go down to the lower level of Wacker Drive, where I would be just above the water and closer to the birds.

Sitting on the cement pier beside the river I was so close to the terns as they flew by that I could see their little black eyes moving as they scanned the water; I could follow every movement of their wings and tails as they tipped their bodies with the beaks downward like the points of arrows and dived into the water; and I could see them pop up to the surface like corks, often with a little flapping glint of silver held tight in their beaks. They did not seem to mind my being there; they went about their fishing totally oblivious of my presence, as though I were some post that had suddenly sprouted on the pier.

There was a continuous circle of terns going around and around about four feet above the surface of the water, and from this circle there descended a rain of diving birds. As each diver popped up to the surface again he rose and joined the circling throng, to go around and around until he sighted another minnow. It was a riot of beating wings and falling bodies and swift, graceful action, but it all took place without a sound.

After a time I turned around and was about to

A sage once remarked that only a young man can afford to retire — a precept which LEONARD DUBKIN put to the test. He had always wanted to become a naturalist. When the Chicago newspaper for which he worked fired him for having muffed an assignment, Mr. Dubkin found solace in poking about the parks, the empty lots, and the city streets in search of the insects and small animals which anyone can see, but which few people do see. This is the second of two installments drawn from his forthcoming book, *Enchanted Streets*, which Little, Brown will publish soon.

get up when I saw, in the dim light under the street, three huge rats dragging something along the ground. They were the largest rats I had ever seen, almost a foot long, and when I stared at the thing they were dragging, I saw that it was the carcass of a dead cat. They pulled it along the ground in a very workmanlike manner, with no frisking about or quarreling. When they came to a flight of stone steps leading up to the street level they stopped to rest, and soon two other rats came from behind the steps, and they all pulled the carcass under, the tail disappearing last like a snake going into a cave.

I sat watching the steps behind which they had disappeared, and soon they came out again, all five of them, holding their heads up and sniffing the air before moving forward. What furtive, slinking creatures of darkness rats are, I thought, and what feelings of disgust and loathing they induce in the mind of anyone watching them. It is no wonder that we hate them, that we have made their name synonymous with all that is low and dark and repulsive. Just to watch these rats moving about in the semi-darkness here under the street was enough to disgust one. There was nothing free or open or joyous about them; they ran forward a few steps with their bodies almost touching the ground, their long, thin tails dragging in the dirt, their heads low, then stopped to look about furtively and sniff the air. They lived in dark holes in the ground, ate carrion, refuse, garbage, anything they could get their paws on, and carried the germs of some of the most loathsome diseases known to man.

They were all standing together now, grouped around something on the ground. Suddenly one huge rat began running around in a circle, and the others fell in behind and followed him. Around and around they went, faster and faster, until I could no longer pick out the individual rats — they were just a blur of swiftly moving bodies.

Then as suddenly as they had started they stopped, and they all stood with their heads together sniffing something on the ground. Now two of the rats sat up on their haunches and began boxing with their front paws, like a pair of miniature kangaroos in a circus. For a few seconds they jabbed at each other; then one of the pair fell over on his back, and when he had righted himself he ran toward the steps. The others followed, and soon they had all disappeared behind the steps.

I continued to sit there waiting for the rats to come out again. There had flashed through my mind, as I watched the blur of bodies going around and the two rats sitting on their haunches sparing, a quick, fleeting impression of something sweet and appealing, as though I were observing some shy woodland creatures at play. Could it be, I wondered, that man held the rats in such contempt only because he did not understand them, because he had never observed them closely?

As I sat waiting for the rats to come out I saw a dark, shadowy figure moving slowly along the wall toward the steps. It was a little old woman, carrying a heavy black shopping bag in one hand. When she was beside the steps she put the shopping bag down on the ground, pursed her lips, and made an odd little squeaking noise. Immediately the five rats came running out from behind the steps. They climbed up on the shopping bag and tipped it over while the old woman looked down at them. I could see them dragging things out of the shopping bag and pulling them under the steps, though I could not make out what it was they were taking out. Finally the old woman bent down, and as she picked up her shopping bag I heard her say in a high, cracked voice, "That's enough for you little rascals. Run along now."

The old woman started to walk away with her shopping bag, and I got up and walked after her. When she heard my footsteps she looked back over her shoulder, and suddenly she started running in a queer, hobbling gait.

"Wait a minute," I called after her. "Don't run away. I only want to ask you something."

She stopped running and stood beside the wall waiting for me, her head bowed down as though she expected me to beat her.

When I stood beside her I said, "I saw you feeding those rats, and I wondered what it was you were giving them."

"Tain't none of your business," she said in the same high, cracked voice she had used in addressing the rats.

"Well, would you mind telling me why you feed the rats?"

"'Cause there ain't nobody else to feed them, that's why. Everybody's too busy feedin' the pigeons and the squirrels and the sparrows to think about them poor little creatures. They got a right to live, ain't they?"

"But don't you know they carry diseases? All sorts of epidemics have started —"

"Yeah, that's what everybody says. Now you go on about your business, young man, and let me go about mine."

She turned and shuffled off along the wall with her shopping bag, and I stood watching her. She was definitely a psychopathic case, I decided. Imagine coming down here beneath the city to make friends of the enormous rats that lived here, and to feed them. There must be something wrong with anyone who would do that.

And yet she might not be crazy, at least no crazier than I myself was. As I sat watching those rats at play, I had caught that quick glimpse of some appealing quality in their natures. Could it be that this little old woman knew them so much better than I that she could see clearly what I only suspected? Perhaps she understood these rats, and found them more worthy of her affection than others found birds and squirrels and cats and dogs.

2

WHAT does the ordinary inhabitant of a big city, say a businessman or a storekeeper, think when he sees a butterfly hovering over some flower that grows beside the pavement? Does he wonder what kind of butterfly it is, or what its purpose is in lighting on the flower? Does he visualize the long months when this butterfly was a caterpillar and crawled about eating leaves, the weeks during which it hung quiescent under some twig as a chrysalis, and finally the ecstasy of breaking out of the hard covering and emerging in a new form, with a pair of thin, powdered wings to carry it aloft?

I do not believe such thoughts would occur to most city-dwellers when they see a butterfly, for if they did, if city people were curious about butterflies, or had any thoughts concerning them, they would follow a butterfly with their eyes, they would stop what they were doing for a quarter of a minute and watch it. But men and women in the city do not stop to watch a butterfly, or even to look after it for a few seconds as though they were aware of its existence. Little children,

yes. A child will stare at a butterfly on a flower, then walk up and try to touch it. But I suppose as the child grows older he loses some of his natural curiosity about non-human things, and there comes a time when a butterfly might as well be a bit of paper blown up by the wind, for all the interest it arouses.

Of course, if a butterfly should interfere with something a man is doing, he will give it the honor of noticing it — perhaps he will even swear at it. A friend of mine who is a concert pianist had such an experience, and he told me about it afterward. He was engaged as soloist for one of the open-air symphony concerts held every summer in Grant Park. In the midst of a difficult passage in a Rachmaninoff concerto, a butterfly alighted on the keys at the bass end of the piano. My friend watched it out of the corner of his eye, hoping it would fly away before he had occasion to hit the key it was on. But it stood there, opening and closing its wings, apparently enjoying the music. Should he miss a few notes while he waved his hand to chase it away, or would it be better to leave it there until he came to the bass part? Suppose it did not fly away when his left hand came down to hit the key it stood on, and his finger became smeared with its juices? He became more and more nervous, and naturally he gave a wretched performance. Finally, of its own accord, the insect flew away, but by then the concerto had been irreparably ruined.

After the concert the conductor called my friend aside. "What was the matter with you?" he asked. "You were as nervous as a colt." But my friend was too steeped in misery to try to explain.

"What kind of butterfly was it?" I asked.

"You know," he said seriously, "that was the strange part of it. It was some rare kind, a butterfly I had never seen before."

I asked him to describe it, and he did. Its wings were a dark purplish-brown, with yellow borders around the edges. I knew immediately it was a mourning cloak, a common butterfly abundant in the city all summer long. He had probably passed within a few feet of mourning cloaks resting on flowers dozens of times, they had often flown past him or over his head, and his gaze had frequently passed right over them as they rested on tree trunks, their wings outspread. But the only time he had ever actually seen one was when it stopped on the keys of his piano and ruined his concerto.

I suppose, though most people would doubt it, that there are as many different kinds of butterflies in the city as anywhere in the country. Unlike birds, which require a very specialized environ-

ment, butterflies can thrive wherever there are bushes or trees on which the caterpillars can feed, and a few flowers from which the adults can get an occasional sip of nectar. For this purpose the bushes in an empty lot or park, and the flowers planted in the spring to beautify a lawn or yard, are as good as anything in the country.

3

WHEN I was a boy I saved up three dollars and sent it to an Eastern firm for a price list of the butterflies they would buy. I was disappointed when the list came, for it was a mimeographed affair, with crude black-and-white drawings from which it was almost impossible to identify the different butterflies. Whenever I caught a butterfly that I thought might be rare (which, incidentally, was quite often) I would have to take it to the public library and identify it from the colored plates in one of the large nature books there, then come home and see if the Eastern firm wanted that particular species.

In all the years I went about the city stalking insects with my butterfly net, which was made from an old undershirt, a coat hanger, and a broomstick, I never succeeded in catching one that was included in the mimeographed price list. Even if I had caught one that had a price on its head, I doubt if the Eastern firm would have bought my specimen. In the front of their price list they gave very explicit instructions for killing, mounting, and shipping specimens to them; and I killed my insects by squeezing their thoraxes, mounted them on a plain board with pins, and probably would have shipped them in some unorthodox fashion, so that when they arrived they would have been minus an antenna or part of a wing.

The mimeographed price list was divided into three parts: first the instructions, then the crude drawings of butterflies with a brief description of each, and in the back a list of all the names, with the price that would be paid for each. These prices ranged from a few cents for some species up to two hundred dollars for a butterfly found, the description said, only in the jungles of South America. While I had little hope of ever capturing a two-hundred-dollar butterfly (there was always the possibility, of course, that one might some day wander north), there were some species native to the United States which brought as much as fifty dollars, and it was the thought of these fifty-dollar butterflies that sent me out on each week-end hunt

with high hopes of returning with a fortune in my little cigar box.

Only once did I even see a butterfly that was shown in the price list. I had taken my butterfly net and cigar box for specimens up to the north side of Chicago, near Lawrence Avenue. The outer drive along the lake had not yet been built, and the mile or so between Sheridan Road and the lake was one huge empty field. That is, it was empty of houses or other human structures — for me it was more full of life and interest and even opportunities for great financial rewards (see the fifty-dollar butterflies in the price list) than the mile of land downtown where the skyscrapers stood. There were a few trees, some bushes, but mostly it was an open field where plants became entangled, wound themselves about each other, and pushed and shoved their way upward toward the sun; where wildflowers vied with each other for the attention of insects that might fertilize their seeds, opening out brilliantly colored petals and perfuming the air with their scent; where myriads of insects flew and hopped and crawled about above and on and under the ground — empty field, indeed!

After an hour of hunting, my cigar box began to be full of specimens, but it was all run-of-the-mill stuff — a monarch, two red admirals, a few sulphurs, two little skippers, and some cabbage butterflies — nothing to get excited about. Then as I trudged through the field, my butterfly net held ready in my hand, the cigar box under my other arm, there flew by over my head a vision of such rare loveliness that my heart began to pound with excitement. It was a butterfly I had never seen before, larger than a monarch, all yellow and black, with tails on its hind wings. I raced after it halfway across the field before it stopped on a clump of phlox; then I crept cautiously up behind it. Now I could plainly make out the large yellow wings striped with black, the two long yellow tails depending from its hind wings. It was a tiger swallowtail, and — wonder of wonders — it was listed in the price list! I could not remember how much the Eastern firm would pay for each tiger swallowtail — that was in the back of the book — but I remembered seeing the description of it, and as I looked at it now, at the large brilliant wings, the long tails, and the black body, I was sure it must be worth a substantial sum.

It is a little embarrassing to picture myself at so young an age thinking only of what this butterfly was worth in the market, of how much money it would bring me. But I had not yet learned that the true worth of a thing, its intrinsic value to

oneself, cannot be judged by its rarity, nor by the amount of money other people will pay for it. It was not until years later that I came to realize that many of the most valuable things in life are also the most common, that the experiences and the memories one treasures most highly are precisely those that anyone might have. It seemed important to me then that I should be a real naturalist, recognized as such by my contemporaries; and if I could capture this butterfly, send it to the Eastern firm, and receive in return a check for, say, fifty dollars, I should be well launched on my career.

But I did not catch the tiger swallowtail. In my anxiety I swung the net too hard, and the hoop holding the net flew out of the holes in the broomstick and landed twenty feet away. The tiger swallowtail flew off, and with tears of mortification in my eyes I went to retrieve my net. When I got home that evening I looked up the tiger swallowtail in the price list, and found that it was worth only five cents. But that did not make me feel any better — it was the principle of the thing.

Since then I have seen many tiger swallowtail butterflies; they seem to have become more abundant in the city in the past few years. But I never see one fly past me without thinking: There goes five cents. I don't know whether the Eastern firm still gets out its price list for boys with an inclination toward natural history, but if they do I am certain they have deleted the tiger swallowtail from their list. In its present abundance, even at only five cents apiece, a boy could almost make enough money in one summer to cover the cost of the price list.

This matter of the sudden abundance of a particular species of butterfly or moth has always puzzled me, perhaps because I am never certain whether there are actually more of them in the city, or whether I have merely happened to come upon more of them by chance. I never saw a Luna moth until one summer recently, and then I saw dozens of them in different parts of the city, flying straight ahead like birds on their light-green wings. When I was a boy I succeeded in capturing only a single question-mark butterfly, and it was a treasured specimen in my collection, with its oddly shaped brown and orange colored wings. But now I see them everywhere, flitting nervously from one tree trunk to another, moving their wings jerkily up and down like nervous women fanning themselves, never standing still for more than a few seconds. There are no doubt other species of butterflies which have become less abundant, but of course I would have no way of verifying this

impression, for there has never been an accurate census of the butterfly population of Chicago.

4

WRITING of the apparent nervousness of the question-mark butterfly brings to my mind the characteristic differences in the flight and the behavior of the different species. These characteristics, it seems to me, are much more important to one who would like to watch butterflies than the detailed descriptions of their coloring and the markings on their wings that are usually given in books. Such descriptions are fine when you have a butterfly in your hand and can examine its colors and count the number of black spots on the under side of its hind wings. But they are of no value whatever when you see a butterfly flit by over your head, or even when you are able to watch one resting on a leaf for a few seconds.

Almost anyone can identify a monarch from its habit of hanging from a flower by its long black legs, its wings closed or only partly open. The mourning cloak usually perches on tree trunks or other dark surfaces, with its wings wide open. The fritillaries fly straight to their destination and then seem to disappear, but on closer observation can be seen standing on some flower with tightly closed wings. The purples, which are large, dark-blue butterflies, flap about in the air over a bush or clump of weeds as though trying to make up their minds where to land; while the little brown skippers actually seem to skip through the air from one plant to another. But the prettiest flight of all is that of the blues, those tiny, light-blue butterflies that never seem to rise more than three feet above the ground. The only word I can think of to describe their flight is liting; they lilt up and down among the tall grass and weeds like little puppet butterflies performing a dance. Try to catch one and you will see it bounce out from under your hand and lose itself among the vegetation, still liting gracefully just above the ground.

To many people who have had little actual experience with insects, there probably seems to be a great difference between butterflies and moths. After all, butterflies are dainty little things that flit about on flowers, whereas moths are among the more destructive of our insects. Everyone has had some experience with the moths whose larvae eat clothing, and the larvae of other moths destroy crops and shade trees. And then most people think of moths as they do of bats — as shadowy creatures that slink about in the darkness on their

nefarious business. But actually there is little difference between butterflies and moths, and I have always thought it unfortunate that there is not one common word to designate the two, as one can refer to both rats and mice by speaking of rodents. Scientifically one can use the word *Lepidoptera*, but in common speech there is no word for it.

As a rule moths have feathery antennae, while those of butterflies are thin and end in a knob; but there are so many exceptions to this rule that it is not of much service. Most moths are nocturnal, but one can find enough of them in the daytime to make this distinction, too, ineffective. Then moths spin cocoons of silk from their own bodies, while butterflies go through their metamorphosis in a chrysalis made of their own hardened skin; but if one saw a winged insect on a flower, one could hardly be expected to follow it about until it went into its metamorphosis, before deciding whether it was a butterfly or a moth. The best policy, it seems to me, is to disregard distinctions altogether and, unless one is certain of one's facts, call any doubtful species butterflies. Most people do anyway.

On warm evenings in late summer I like to go into some empty lot and sit quietly on the ground, screened from passers-by on the street by tall grass, weeds, or bushes. With the sound of crickets all about, and the higher, more strident shrilling of katydids, I wait until darkness comes. There is a period of perhaps half an hour, while it is still possible to distinguish moving objects above the grass, when everything seems to partake of some universal air of mystery. Then it is that I sometimes see one of those large, narrow-winged moths, the sphinx, the death's-head, and the hawk moth, hovering over a flower with wings vibrating swiftly but silently, then shooting like a bullet to some other plant.

These moths are probably out all night, sipping the nectar of flowers with their long probosces, searching for mates, and doing the other things normal to moths. But I have never seen them except just before darkness, and so in my mind they are an integral part of the mystic hush of twilight, like ghostly beings from another world who haunt the earth for a few minutes just before night sets in. When I was a boy I once caught one of these moths in my hand, and for half a minute I could feel its powerful wings beating against my palm. Then it got away; and looking down at my hand I felt as though I had held some unearthly sprite or elf imprisoned there, a tiny being that had left a smudge of powder as a remembrance of its presence.

THE SCIENTIST FIGHTS FOR PEACE

by LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

What is the scientist's duty towards the state today? This question which has troubled the conscience of many of the most brilliant physicists in the country — men who worked with utmost loyalty in the national defense and for the Office of Scientific Research and Development during the war years — was driven home by Norbert Wiener, one of our ranking mathematicians, in his letter, "A Scientist Rebels," which appeared in the January *Atlantic*.

Professor Wiener declined to have anything further to do with death-dealing research. His reasoning does not satisfy LOUIS N. RIDENOUR, who was Adviser on Radar to General Spaatz; who is Professor of Physics at the University of Pennsylvania; and who believes that scientists of every stripe have a larger duty to mankind than merely abstaining. — THE EDITOR

1

NOW that the war is officially over, everyone seems to be trying to guarantee the peace in his own individual way. The wrangles and name-calling among the various peace-lovers parallel some of the worst features of a war, though they stop short of bloodletting.

I am sure that there are few people who love peace more devoutly, or who wish more profoundly to guarantee and preserve it, than Norbert Wiener. Yet I find myself in violent disagreement with his views as stated in his letter, "A Scientist Rebels." The issues involved are so important that the point of view of a scientist opposed to Wiener should be clearly stated.

Fundamentally, our disagreement turns on two points.

The first concerns the social responsibility of the scientist. Wiener clearly believes that the scientist is the armorer of modern war, and as such holds a responsibility of unique importance. I feel that the social responsibility of the scientist is unique in no important way. It is identical with the social responsibility of every other thinking man, except for one special and temporary thing. It is necessary today to educate the non-scientific public to the Promethean nature of atomic energy and the true character of science (for example, that it contains no secrets). This education must be done, so that all the people can participate in the decisions they will have to make concerning the organization of society in such a form that wars become less likely.

This educational job was splendidly begun by our government with the publication of the Smyth

Report — a step that has recently been criticized by men who do not understand the meaning and the scope of the stupendous educational enterprise we have only just begun. Such an attitude toward the publication of the Smyth Report is the best possible evidence that, if the instruction of all people in these matters is not done promptly and well, we shall continue to wriggle out of the thinking that is demanded of us, using the well-worn old loopholes: "Not such a terrible weapon"; "Every offensive weapon brings a countermeasure"; "We'll keep the secret"; "We'll keep ahead in armaments"; "Let's have a cheap preventive war"; and so on.

Secondly, Wiener wishes to dissociate himself utterly from any activity connected with preparation for war, even to the extent of doing everything he can to make those preparations ineffective. I regard it as deplorable that our nation is preparing for war, and I prefer to leave to others the actual work involved; but so long as it is the policy of our nation to prepare for war, I shall certainly not attempt to impede such preparations. In fact, I have tried to help them by pointing out a way in which our anxiety to increase our military strength is harming our potential military performance: the hysterical insistence on secrecy in nuclear physics is slowing our progress in that field. I conceive the duty of the peace-lover to be that of working for a world in which national arms are no longer desired by a majority of the people of this country or of the world. Meanwhile, I do not believe in the wisdom, propriety, or effectiveness of attempts to sabotage the prepara-

tion of arms when these arms are as widely believed to be necessary as they are today.

Wiener's views in these matters are best stated in his own words. The occasion for the letter that was printed in the January *Atlantic* was that Wiener had been asked, by an employee of an aircraft company engaged in work on guided missiles, for a copy of a National Defense Research Committee report he had written during the war. This report was out of print, and Wiener's correspondent had assumed that the simplest way to get a copy was to appeal to the author. In denying the request, Wiener said:—

The policy of the government itself during and after the war . . . has made it clear that to provide scientific information is not a necessarily innocent act. . . . The interchange of ideas which is one of the great traditions of science must of course receive certain limitations when the scientist becomes an arbiter of life and death. . . .

The measures taken during the war by our military agencies, in restricting the free intercourse among scientists . . . [will] if continued in time of peace . . . lead to the total irresponsibility of the scientist, and ultimately to the death of science. Both of these are disastrous for our civilization, and entail grave and immediate peril for the public. . . .

I will not accept a censorship in which I do not participate. . . . To disseminate information about a weapon in the present state of our civilization is to make it practically certain that that weapon will be used. . . .

The practical use of guided missiles can only be to kill foreign civilians indiscriminately. . . . Their possession can do nothing but endanger us by encouraging the tragic insolence of the military mind. . . .

I do not expect to publish any future work of mine which may do damage in the hands of irresponsible militarists.

No doubt Wiener's letter sounded eminently sensible, and even lofty, to many who read it. The motives that lie back of it are certainly lofty, and with them I have no quarrel. But the assumptions on which it rests are open to the gravest question. Wiener encourages his readers to believe that, since technology is the daughter of science, and war is increasingly shaped by technology, the scientist has a unique moral and social responsibility. He must guide his work along peaceful channels; he must suppress such of his findings as apply to war.

This simply does not fit with the basic character of science. By definition, science consists of a completely open-minded probing into the unknown. No man can say what will be found as the result of a given investigation; and certainly no man can predict the nature of the practical

engineering outcome of a given scientific investigation. Lee De Forest, the inventor of the three-electrode vacuum tube that is the basis of all present-day electronics, is said to be appalled at the babel and cacophony his invention has loosed upon the world. But De Forest was an inventor, not a scientist. The inventor or the engineer knows the goal of his work; the scientist has no goal but truth. He may have a preconception, based on existing theory, of what he will find in a given experiment, but he is ready to discard this in a moment if his results fail to bear it out.

To continue with our example, then: if De Forest is amazed at the results his invention has brought, imagine how Clerk Maxwell and Heinrich Hertz would feel if they could spend a day with the networks. Before Maxwell, the notion of electromagnetic radiation—radio waves—had never been conceived; before Hertz, radio waves had never knowingly been generated by man. With sufficient imagination, De Forest might have foreseen mass entertainment as the result of his improvement in the existing wireless communication art. It is altogether unthinkable that either Maxwell or Hertz could have had the slightest notion that he was providing a medium for the advertising of soap.

2

THIS essential unknowability of the practical ends of scientific investigation makes it senseless to speak, as some do, of "the planning of science for human betterment." This bit of Marxist doctrine is widely met nowadays, even in the best circles, and Professor Wiener does himself and his colleagues a disservice by embracing it. Since we cannot guess how technology will use the still unknown results of a proposed scientific investigation, we must therefore conclude that either science as a whole is good for mankind or it is not. We can "plan" science only to the extent of turning it off or on. Since science, through technology, really means material civilization, the question becomes: Is material civilization good for mankind or is it not? There are arguments on both sides of that question, but clearly its resolution is by no means the concern of the scientist alone.

Other meaningless phrases are finding their way into conversation and the public prints. According to this country's announced policy for the international control of atomic energy, we desire "the interchange of scientific information for peaceful purposes." What can this possibly mean? Either

scientific information is exchanged or it is not. No man can say what the practical effect of such interchange will be, and the nature of that effect depends fundamentally upon political and social factors, not upon the nature of the scientific information that is exchanged.

What I have said thus far about the unknowability of goal applies to science. What of technology, which by definition has a definable goal? Should an effort be made to guide technology toward peaceful ends? Professor Wiener thinks that it should. While objecting to the military interference with scientific publication that took place during the war and is still going on, he himself feels competent to perform intelligent censorship. He proposes to perform this censorship on the basis of the practical use that is contemplated for his own ideas. He states flatly, for example, that the only possible use of guided missiles is to murder foreign civilians indiscriminately.

Overlooking the astonishing lack of logic that is involved in imposing one's own censorship while simultaneously rejecting that of others, I feel that Wiener is wrong in this attitude. In a peaceful world, work even on guided missiles would proceed, though not on the same scale or with such desperate intensity as now. Guided missiles would be developed for a wholly peaceful and scientific purpose, not a military one. Given peace, they will carry man's instruments, and finally man himself, through outer space to the planets and the stars.

Here, as before — here even in the branch of engineering that Wiener regards as the farthest-north of militarism — here still the principle holds. If the world is "postured for peace," as the Senators say (some of them say it in a way which implies that the posture involves a barrel), science, technology, and the useful arts contribute to the enrichment and the improvement of peaceful life. If the world is racked with suspicion, preparing for war, or in the throes of combat, the identical arts, techniques, skills, and individuals will contribute to the frightfulness and the horror of war. The decision rests on the contemporary character of world thought and world organization.

This is the basis for my assertion that the "social responsibility of the scientist" is identical with the social responsibility of every thinking man. Each must do his best to make sure that science, the canning industry, young men, the railroads — in short, the entire rubric of our society — are used for harmless and laudable purposes, and not for war. This desirable end can be at-

tained only in a world where measures short of war are applied to solve international frictions. The scientist can no more choose whether he works for war or for peace than the Western Electric Company can choose whether the telephone instruments it manufactures are used on domestic circuits or as Army phones on a field of battle. The scientist does science, and Western Electric makes telephones. The use of either product is determined by society as a whole.

Anyone who feels a *special* sense of guilt because he helped create an atomic bomb, or anyone who believes that the creators of the atomic bomb should feel so, is confusing two quite different things. He is identifying the profound immorality of murder with the relatively insignificant matter of improving the means of murder. God told Moses, "Thou shalt not kill" — not "Thou shalt not kill with atomic energy, for that is so effective as to be sinful." The immorality of war is shared by all. Technical improvements in weapons can influence only the logistics and the strategy of any war that may occur; whether a war occurs or not is the crucial matter, and this is determined by the current "posture" of the world

3

AMONG the social and political factors that influence the posture of the world at any given time, the state of armament of the nations is of great importance. So is the rate at which this state of armament is increasing or decreasing. There is some evidence to suggest that arms beget war, and presumably this is what causes Wiener and others of similar views to do personally whatever they can to retard the arming of our nation. Wiener's refusal to supply the report for which he was asked, though a purely formal matter, can only be regarded as an action taken in the belief that arms are bad in themselves, and that the more feebly this nation is armed, the less likely is war. Such a belief may be partly or entirely correct. I simply do not know whether, in a feral world, it is wiser for a nation to be strong or to be weak. And since I do not know, I do not feel it my privilege, much less my duty, to challenge by individual action the clear decision in favor of armaments that has been made by our government.

By coincidence, Wiener's position in this particular matter bears a very close relationship to an important misconception widely held among those having no knowledge of science. The latter

view can be called, for short, the small-war philosophy. The small-war men desire to restrain technology (which they often miscall "science") with a view to making the next war as much like the last as possible. The bombs that dropped on North America in World War II were few and small, the reasoning runs. If we can only stop weapon development at its present level, the coming war will leave our children the chance to live it through.

There are two important defects in this reasoning. First, it cannot work. Under present political arrangements, the only weapon development it lies in our power to stop is that of our own country, and stopping this could in no way guarantee that World War III would resemble World War II. Second, the small-war philosophy entirely misses the moral point; one war differs from another by not one whit of principle. The effectiveness of the weapons used in a war in no way increases or diminishes the moral guilt of murder.

I am dubious of proposals for instant unilateral disarmament and uncompromising individual pacifism. It seems to me that this country offers the best current approximation to freedom of the individual, under law, that can be found anywhere in our admittedly imperfect world. The status of the individual in our society contrasts markedly with the freedom that the individual is said to enjoy in Russia. I recognize fully that most of the desirable freedoms of the individual would be submerged, even in this country, if we had another war; but I feel that the tradition of their former existence would bring them back, if we had a succeeding peace. Given lasting peace, I am sure that the freedom of the individual would emerge everywhere in the world, under any form of government whatever; because the craving for this freedom is one of the basic human hungers, and our present peaceful technology is so abundant that we can fill even this expensive appetite, if war can be avoided. Even though I am thus convinced that freedom of the individual will appear eventually under any form of government, I am interested in preserving the form that has so far afforded the greatest freedom: our own.

Thus it seems to me deplorable but understandable that this country, while desiring and working toward peace, feels it necessary to be strong in a military sense. I shall be seriously worried about our arms only if we commence to put reliance in them as our guarantee of peace. Armaments are neither designed for this role nor useful in it. So long as we continue in a sincere effort to create a successful world organization by participation in

and modification of the United Nations, it is idle to object to our possession of arms in a world of the present sort. Worse, it may be dangerous as well. I am sure that we should be regarded as a nation of lunatics if we engaged today in any thorough unilateral disarmament.

The scientist, on whom so much attention has focused for the past year and a half, is in a difficult position at the present time. Because he wishes to re-establish the traditional internationalism of his profession, he is a Communist. Because he served his country well in the war just past, he is an irresponsible armsmonger, with a childish delight in frightful new technical weapons. Because he is concerned over the damage that an uncritical policy of continued secrecy can do to our scientific and technological progress as a nation — whether for peace or war — he is an idealist who wants to give the bomb to Russia, and he "nauseates" Mr. Baruch. Because some scientists, such as Wiener, are devout pacifists, the scientist is an un-American fellow who cannot be trusted. Because certain other scientists are still working for the Army and Navy, helping to arm our nation in accordance with the overwhelmingly expressed desire of the people of the country, science is the whore of the military. Because, among the perhaps ten thousand scientists and engineers who had contact with the atomic energy project, one has been convicted of a breach of secrecy, scientists are Red spies.

What I am claiming here is that scientists are people like everybody else. In common with all other citizens of the world, they have a heavy responsibility to work toward a world-wide political organization, social philosophy, and public morality that can be adequate to prevent wars between nations. To suggest that the scientist has an outstanding responsibility in terms of this entirely unscientific problem is misleading and harmful, for it encourages the lazy to fob their own responsibility off onto someone else. Wiener, in the name of science, is cheerfully accepting a unique social responsibility, while lasting peace demands that the responsibility be shared by all.

Finally, I reject the defeatist withdrawal from the world as it is, that is implicit in Wiener's letter. The only hope for man today is to work for a better world within the framework of what we have, imperfect as this is. It *can* be improved, and such improvement must arise not from withdrawal, but from intelligent and vigorous participation in existing affairs. Most scientists stand ready to do their part.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

THE SNOW GIRL

by WILLIAM R. SHELTON

THE woman behind the doll counter was looking at me with polite exasperation, her long fingers tapping nervously against the package she had just wrapped. I wanted to leave; I knew I had tried her patience.

"Something else for you, Captain?" she asked, glancing at the clock.

"No, thanks," I replied, taking a step backward. "You're sure it will get there all right?"

"Sir, I've done everything I can to help you. The package is properly stamped; you addressed it yourself. There is no reason why it shouldn't get there. Would you like to test the wrappings again, sir?"

I smiled wryly and shook my head. She began putting away the dolls I had not taken.

"Just one more thing. You're sure, you're absolutely sure, that this is a child's doll? I mean, it's not one a grown woman would use just for decoration? It *is* a doll a little girl would like to play with, isn't it?"

The woman didn't look up from behind the counter. For a moment, I thought she wasn't going to answer. Other clerks were covering their counters. The store was closing.

"Captain," she said finally, "any little girl

would adore a doll like that, and so would a lot of grown ones. I like her myself, and heaven knows I see enough of them. When it comes to pleasing us, perhaps you know better than I that the line between child and woman is hard to draw sometimes."

I jumped — I couldn't help it. She had never heard of Mireille. She couldn't possibly know —

The clerk stood up and, seeing my face, smiled reassuringly. "If it's for a child to play with, you haven't a thing to worry about. She'll love it!"

I thanked her and went out of the store. Dusk was falling, American dusk in an American city. I leaned against the front of the building, lit a cigarette, and filled my lungs with a great swell of relieving smoke. I felt free now; the simple act of mailing the doll had removed the last stubborn doubt. I watched the neon signs light up, the elevators flash up and down the buildings; for the first time in a great many months, I was home. There was my family. There was a train to catch. I could think about those things now. I started walking toward the station.

She would get the doll in about a month. It would probably go by boat to Naples; then by plane to the Corsican port of Bastia; then by Corsican mail bus to the village of Ghisoni. Perhaps she would see the bus struggling up the mountain, and watch it unload in front of the Romani Inn. Later she would open the package with small, quick fingers, and her face would glow with that radiant gratitude of hers which would be more eloquent, even, than the swift,

WILLIAM SHELTON was educated in the public schools and the University of North Carolina. He entered the Army as a private in 1941 and spent two years in the Infantry and two years in the Air Corps. He was stationed in Corsica and Italy as a B-25 pilot, 12th Air Force, and flew 70 missions, largely in support of his old Infantry Division, the 88th. He received the DFC and the Air Medal with 8 Oak Leaf Clusters, and was discharged with the rank of Captain in 1945. He is now studying creative writing at Rollins College.

delicately mouthed French words she would throw over her shoulder to Pierre, and Charly, and her mother. Once before, I had thought of her face like this.

Another pilot and I had flown some supplies from Corsica to our new base in Italy and had stopped for a few hours in Rome. We would be moving in a few days and I wanted to buy Mireille a present. In a small shop on a side street, I was shown a truly magnificent doll—a Swiss doll, the shopkeeper said. It had a plump, rosy face and wore a black satin dress with colorful, geometric embroidery across the front. There was no doubt in my mind that it was the perfect gift for Mireille.

The shopkeeper noticed my enthusiasm and asked me how old the child was. I stood before him, puzzled, unable to say, “She’s eight,” or “She’s fourteen,” or any other number of years. Finally, I shrugged and drew a mark across my chest, somewhere between my belt and shoulders. This satisfied him; I was satisfied with the doll, and the incident, for the time being, was forgotten. When we were once again in the air, headed toward Corsica, the doll was behind my seat. All the way across, I thought of Mireille’s face when she opened the package.

2

I FIRST saw Mireille one cold night when a jeep-load of us, as was our custom, drove the twelve miles up to Ghisoni to spend a quiet evening eating and drinking with Monsieur Dominique, the proprietor of the Romani Inn. On this particular night, there had been no singing coming up, and almost no talking; that morning, for the first time in weeks, we had lost a ship. Two ME-109s had sneaked in over the Alps to shoot down Leatherwood’s plane, which was lagging after the violent turbulence above the Brenner had scattered our formation.

“Leather” was a quiet Texan, and I noticed it was the quiet ones who were missed the most. He used to drink with us for a while at the inn, then unobtrusively take his leave “to visit my family.” When he rejoined us about midnight, his face always showed a remarkable and somewhat inscrutable refreshment. We noticed this, of course, and questioned him about the family, but he said little except to mention that there were children, and once he had pointed out the house to me.

On this night it was my purpose to seek out

the family and deliver the news of his death. I left the others at the inn and walked down the single dark street across a temporary bridge to a squarish, rather cold-looking stone house perched at the very edge of the rocky gorge around which the entire village was situated. Candles and lamps glowed within the house, and I could see two tiny heads peering at me, like dwarfs, from the corners of the windows. They must have been watching the door of the inn up the street, as my approach in the darkness could not have been visible to them. Suddenly the two round silhouettes disappeared from the windows, and the next instant the door burst open.

Two figures raced down the shaft of light toward me. The leading one was a girl, with flying black hair and outstretched arms. I put out my arms to protect her, for it appeared her racing white legs would carry her forcefully against me. At the last moment she swerved, and her feet skidded to a halt in the gravel. The other, smaller figure, a boy, also stopped, then retreated into the darkness. The girl stood with her legs spread as they had halted, her arms clenched tightly across her chest, and her face turned toward me, so that it caught the full, yellow light from the open door. Large, unblinking eyes peered from behind hair that had fallen unheeded down her forehead. Her thin face was as still as a painting, and her mouth was parted, as if complete grief had struck her instantly and had frozen there on her face. It seemed incredible that a child could so quickly grasp the motive of my visit. To her, at least, my message had already been delivered.

Her small face had not collapsed in grief; something held that pale countenance in invisible support. For a moment the burden of my mission, and the simple subject and predicate by which I had planned to discharge it, were forgotten. Why is it that the face in the coffin is often more beautiful than anyone can remember seeing it in life? This girl’s face was as of death itself, yet was of a delicate fairness beyond that of the animated and volatile face of the living. When I finally turned, a woman stood in the doorway looking at me.

“Won’t you come in?” she invited, with an accent and tone that were both gentle.

As she stepped aside for me to enter, I wondered if she were old enough to be the mother here. She supplied the answer herself; for, disregarding what certainly was a very natural curiosity as to the identity of her caller, the instant I passed her, her face was turned solemnly and ap-

prehensively to the walk behind me, where stood the girl.

I was shown into a rather bare living and dining room, in which I was immediately conscious of the four empty spaces of the walls, which appeared to be of the same cold, unfinished stone as the outside of the house. There was a very old woman in black, bending over a tiny fireplace in the corner, and a tall boy of about twelve, standing expressionless by the center table. The mother, with the smaller boy, followed me in and indicated my chair with a gracious gesture of her hand, which was in no way apologetic, but rather, together with her erect carriage, gave me the impression that the circumstances of the family had not always been so meager.

I was disconcerted for a moment. Somehow I had expected to deliver my message to a man, one of those swarthy, robust Corsicans who could stand before a giant. Then too, I hadn't expected to deliver it in English. Just "*Lieutenant mort*," and nod at the inevitable downward-spiraling interrogation the man would make with his hand.

I fumbled with my cap for a moment, and cleared my throat. They were all looking at me — the old lady, the mother, and the two boys. At that moment the front door clicked shut. The mother turned her head quickly. I glanced toward the hall and caught a glimpse of the girl who had met me on the walk. All I saw was a short skirt and a pair of white, slender legs that came together once, like crooked scissors, before they disappeared from view. Leatherwood might have compared the legs to those of a colt, long, bony, and fragile, but possessing, nevertheless, a transient grace.

There was a moment's silence, then the sound of a light shoe on a stair, then another. The sound of her climb followed in slow cadence. No one moved. There were two short steps at a landing, then eight, nine more steps, a pause, then a door closed quietly above us.

Somehow I got out my message. The mother only moved her hand to the back of a chair and replied that she would not tell the others, just yet. She poured me a glass of *Cap Corse*, and the small boy, Pierre, dug a few chestnuts out of the fire and offered them to me. I took my leave as quickly as I could.

3

PUZZLED and vaguely disturbed I walked toward the inn. Once I glanced back at the upper rooms of the house, but the windows were all dark. The

house, showing only a minimum of light about its lower regions, might have been a lonely ship one wonders about as it passes in the night.

When I stepped inside the inn, Monsieur Dominique, or *Papa*, as we called him, was explaining the virtues of his homemade pipes. His bushy, tobacco-stained mustache was the color of the fire. He walked over and gave me a pipe to smoke, and I knew by the way he pressed it into my hand that the others had told him. He was a simple, amiable man, trying his best to be entertaining. Later I questioned him about the family.

"They were originally from Lyons," he said. "Julliard by name. The father was a French Embassy clerk in Belgium when the Germans attacked, and one of the few real Frenchmen who never ceased to fight for France. He went underground and trained his family to work with him. Ah, they made a name among the Maquis! The young one, the girl, have you seen her?"

I nodded.

"Then imagine her boarding a train alone, with a tag around her neck asking for help in getting to Paris, and a small bag in her hand — full of explosives. That is the way they worked, through the children. He told me she accounted for two trains, both over a bridge. He is a rare patriot who risks his family so."

"They were lucky to escape to Corsica," I said.

Monsieur Dominique lifted his mustache with the stem of his pipe and spat vigorously into the fire. "Escape? No, not escape. They were ordered here by none other than General de Gaulle himself. Some papers or something the General wanted removed from France. They walked to Cannes and crossed at night in a sailboat. They were all like reeds when they got here; the girl almost died in the crossing. Monsieur Julliard was a sick man, but fighting was in his blood. You knew he was killed when the Germans invaded Corsica?"

"No — no, I didn't. I have wondered —"

Monsieur Dominique looked into the fire and hesitated, as one does before imparting the bitterest part of a tragedy.

"We all saw him die," he said slowly. "He was captured in the fighting on the plain where your field is. Later, with three other men, he was tied to the top of a German tank approaching our village on the road by the gorge. We were barricaded here, waiting. We held our rifle fire, but the bridge was mined. We were helpless, you understand; the mines were set delicately. To touch them would be the end. When the bridge exploded, the tank rolled into the gorge."

"You mean the bridge beside their house?"

"Yes," he answered. "They saw from the windows, *la mère, la vieille, et les pauvres petits.*"

"How does the family live, Monsieur Dominique?"

"Pension come at first, you understand, but now —" He spread his hands. "*Les Boches* do not pay."

"And the old woman, who is she?"

"That is difficult to say. She is no relation; I think she is a sort of tutor for the girl. She was with them through it all."

Shortly after midnight we told *Papa* good night and climbed into the jeep. We rumbled over the temporary wooden bridge and sped past the Julliard house. It was as dark as the rest of the village. I glanced back at it, then settled down in my blankets. Had there really been a girl standing by the road, waving something in her hand?

"Wait! Stop!" I shouted.

I got out. I heard her feet racing down the uneven road, and then she was standing beside the jeep with only her white face and long, white legs showing at each end of a dark coat tucked in close under her chin. She hesitated, then stepped closer to the headlights.

Her lips were quivering from the cold, but her dark eyes were warm and lustrous. There was no trace of urgency in her manner, yet she seemed to implore us to some unnamed action. She made the barest attempt at a smile, thrust something into my hand, and stepped back into the darkness.

All the way down the gorge, in spite of the cold wind whipping in and out of our blankets, the scent of the lavender rose and wafted around the jeep. I had seen it growing behind the rocks on the southern slope of the gorge. Even in winter Corsica was, as Napoleon said, the isle of scent. The others smelled it too, of course. I wondered if they were thinking, as I was, that some forms of military ceremony had not quite caught up with the Air Corps. There was to be no rite such as the Navy or Infantry would hold if they had the time we did. In fact, there was never anything at all but an empty cot that didn't stay empty very long.

"What are you going to do with them?"

We were on level ground again, when Fitzsimmons's voice rose like a conscience from the back seat.

"What would *you* do with them?" I asked, turning.

"I'd throw them out next time we go up there."

4

It was two days later that we went back to the Brenner. They had had a big snow up there, and the clean white of the Alps had spilled all the way down to the river and the railroad, and had patched up all the black blemishes around the bridge. It would have been futile even to look for the wreckage. When we were directly over the pass, Grover, the navigator, launched the flowers in a paper sack as they do pigeons to keep the slip stream from tearing them up. The sack would rip open, and they would fall clear.

When we were about halfway home, he tapped me on the shoulder. "They're just now landing."

"What?"

"I say they are just landing. I figured it up on my slip stick. The tail gunner said the prop wash scattered them all over the sky. We were at twelve thousand angels. If they drifted down like paper, they're just now hitting the snow."

The next time we were going up to Ghisoni, I packed a few odds and ends in my pockets as I'd seen Leather do. When I rose to leave the Inn, Fitzsimmons said he'd like to go along. As it turned out, all five of us wanted to go.

The family had just finished dinner. The mother, a perfect hostess, took our wraps and dispatched Charly, the older boy, for the company wine. The old lady in black began bringing in wood, and Pierre busied himself digging after chestnuts. The girl, barefooted and dressed in a short blue and white checkered dress, came up from the cupboard with an armful of glasses.

It was the first time I had seen her in good light. There was nothing about her face to suggest the hardships Monsieur Dominique had spoken of. She was thin, but her cheeks were flushed with color, and her eyes had a fresh, warm vitality rather than the confused, hunted expression one might expect. As she walked around the table carefully distributing the glasses, a quiet smile of curiosity hovered about her lips, which broadened generously as she attended each of us who were seated. After she completed her circuit, she walked over and stood directly in front of Fitzsimmons and Grover, who were making warming motions with their arms in front of the fireplace. They both stopped swinging their arms and looked down at her quizzically tilted head. Suddenly she was laughing, a merry, lilting laugh that seemed to drive the cold out of the corners of the room, and brought an enigmatic smile to the old woman's face as she dumped a load of wood.

It struck us all at once that the girl was laughing at the contrast between her light cotton frock and the heavy wool jackets and trousers that Fitzsimmons and Grover wore. She plainly was not cold at all.

As her laughter died away she stepped over to the table and pulled out two chairs. Her amused brown eyes went from one to another of us. We laughed and, in a simultaneous gesture of response, brought out chocolate, gum, and canned peanuts from our pockets, making an almost embarrassing pile of rations in the center of the table. We looked at each other sheepishly; everybody had brought something. Grover had even brought a loaf of white bread in a sack.

The family gathered around the table, and for a moment I thought we had made some serious breach of Corsican etiquette. Then the mother nodded, and the girl reached for the bread. Breaking it in her fingers, she passed it around, and we had to watch for a painful moment while they ate it as we would eat cake.

Afterwards, when we had been amply served with wine, Charly brought out a guitar. He played "Down Mexico Way" and "Lili Marlene." Then Fitzsimmons asked Mireille if she would sing. Charly began "On the Bridge at Avignon." Mireille, sitting on a stool at our feet, looked into the fire through the first verse; then, barely moving her lips, she started to sing. The voice that had rippled so clean and pliant in laughter became low and resonant.

She sang to the fire, and with the fire. She sang accompaniment to the licking of the orange flame around the coals, and the incandescent caverns beneath. She sang to the quiet blue that hovered in the grooves of cedar, and to the lazy spiral of smoke that rose up to the night, and to the snow above the village, and to the stars.

It didn't matter, the title, "*Sur le Pont d'Avignon*." Throughout the first verse we stirred nervously in our chairs and looked at our knees. Avignon! The bridge at Avignon! We had a strike photo hanging in our bar that showed our "grands," our thousand-pounders, plowing into the bridge and into the Rhone. We made jokes about that song when it came over the radio. But when she started to sing we forgot all that. It was only the girl, and the fire, and the voice that drifted up with the smoke.

5

AFTER that night our trips to Ghisoni became more frequent, and since there were always one or

two new ones in our group, the family became well known around the squadron. We usually took bread and vegetables from our mess and had the evening meal with them. These occasions were always gay because of those invariable bilingual blunders which overcome even the most stringent reticence.

Mireille, in particular, took it in her head to teach us French. She was a tireless teacher. She could tell, as if by instinct, the meaning behind our faltering requests at the table, which at her insistence were always made in French, or what passed for it.

I suppose I saw more of her than the rest, and when I returned from Rome with the Swiss doll, it was I who made the arrangements to have the three children down as guests of the squadron. From the moment they arrived in the tent area, they were showered with gifts of every description. The circumstances of the flowers, of course, were common knowledge among us, and Mireille received awkward but unmistakable gratitude. She was perfectly at ease with the small crew of men who followed her around from tent to tent. Her eyes had a way of exclaiming over each new gift, and she thanked each man personally, by his name, or by his rank if she had not seen him before. Sergeants, Lieutenants, and Captains seemed to expand with the promotion her soft-spoken French gave to their titles, and responded with unheard-of words like "honored" and "privileged." For once no one made a joke.

Occasionally we would go inside one of the tents, where Mireille's wide eyes wandered over the helter-skelter of personal possessions, and I noticed that invariably they came to rest on the few books to be found in each tent. Sometimes she picked one up and ran her fingers caressingly over its cover as if it were a smoothly polished piece of wood.

When Grover offered to show them the airfield, I went to my tent, carefully wrapped the Swiss doll with red cellophane, then replaced it under my bunk. I planned to save it till last.

That night in our clubroom, which we had built in a near-by stone barn, the squadron gathered for a last celebration. The party was a success from the start. Mireille sang again with the same quiet sureness she had had in her own home, and with the same extraordinary effect on her audience. Afterwards, when Charly and Pierre settled down to look at comic books, Mireille walked around the room studying the photographs on the walls. I was relieved when she passed the one of the Avignon bridge, which fortunately

was untitled. She stood before a group photograph of the squadron, and I realized with a start that she was looking for Leatherwood. No one had mentioned him to her, nor had she in any way indicated that she thought of him. But as her glance came to rest pensively on his likeness, I thought her eyes moistened for a second. I got the vaguely disconcerting impression that she regarded him with something more than fondness.

When she finally turned away, she walked over and took a chair near the radio. She sat very quietly, her long lashes almost concealing her eyes, her body swaying slightly in rhythm with the music. After a moment the Colonel walked over and, with a smile, asked her to dance. I was struck with the fact that he offered no condescension to her age. She rose eagerly, with instinctive decorum, as if she were indeed the lady his manner implied. They danced one number, then others were cutting in.

She danced with the quick, boxy step of the French and with a high amusement that rang out when she tossed her head and laughed. Her long, dark hair struck most of her partners just above the waist. That and her long, white legs were the only reminder that she was anything less than a woman. All eyes followed her movements. Remote and untouchable, she danced the eternal promise and expanded the tight hearts of those to whom she turned, as she often did, to bestow a radiant, guileless smile.

I stood to one side watching. I was very proud of the attention she was getting and pleased that I was responsible for her while she was with the squadron, but more than that, I looked forward to the moment when I would be alone with her and would give her the Swiss doll. I would drive her to the pink house where she was staying with the Red Cross girls, and give her the doll then. It would be the last time I would see her; we were flying at dawn to our new base—all but the rear echelon, who were taking the bombs and vehicles over by boat. The Executive had arranged to take the three guests back to Ghisoni after we left.

6

As the evening wore on, Pierre and Charly began to doze over their comic books, and Fitzsimmons packed them off to his tent. Gradually the room emptied.

Mireille stopped dancing long enough to tell each group good-bye at the door. Her face grew sad for a moment; then, as she began dancing

again, she apparently had eyes only for her partner. She seemed on her soul's holiday of happiness.

There were only a few of us left when I went into the game room to get her coat. As I lifted the coat from the ping-pong table I saw that it was the same heavy black one she had worn that night she thrust the flowers into my hand. Involuntarily, I held it out before me.

What a small coat! It was the garment of a child!

I stared wide-eyed at the coat for a long moment, then quickly threw it over my arm and strode out into the light. She was still dancing.

Of course she was only a child!

When she saw the coat on my arm, she stopped dancing and, giving a low, contented sigh, pushed back her hair from her shoulders and walked toward me. "I dance with you now," she said, holding out her arms.

I tried to smile casually, and shook my head. I still felt the impact of that enervating wave that had swept over me in the game room. I shook my head emphatically.

She dropped her arms, and a brief, unspeakable hurt welled up in her eyes. Then she smiled, and taking the coat from my arm, laid it on a chair.

I waited an agonizing moment while a war bulletin interrupted the music. Then we were dancing.

I held my head high, peering into the corners of the room as we turned, barely holding in my hands her small, warm figure. Everything I had seen her do, every English word I had heard her speak, everything Monsieur Dominique had said about her furtive life in France, flashed across my mind. The way she looked the night after Leatherwood went down, the way she looked at his picture, the way she danced. Everything followed a cascading pattern that belied, somehow, the modest dimensions of her coat. Vividly I remembered my hesitation, my inability to give an explicit answer when the shopkeeper in Rome asked me her age.

"Of course she is a child! Of course she is a child!" I repeated it again and again.

Driving in the jeep, I hardly dared look at her face; the night was too impenetrably strange, the stars too generous. She spoke not a word. Her head was thrown back against the seat, her hair playing like the shadow of leaves across the dim oval of her face. I drove fast. The jeep bounced crazily. Once I heard her laugh.

I skidded to a halt in front of the pink house. I had to touch her to help her to the ground. Her hand was not cold. As I leaped into the jeep,

I barely saw her arms reaching for me. I jerked to a start. Above the sound of the spinning tires, I heard her voice: "*Bon voyage*," it said, faint and uncomprehending.

When I pulled up at my tent, the doll fell to the floor of the jeep. I had forgotten it.

I carried it in with me, thinking I would give it to the Executive for her when the orderly woke us for the flight. But at five o'clock, after a night of fitful sleep, I couldn't bring myself to believe she would be interested in this child's gift, this doll; I had never seen her do anything that children do.

Logically, I had admitted during the night that I had never really understood her speech, and that immaturity is perhaps best established by the spoken word. I had admitted that children caught in a world catastrophe would mature quickly. But there was something else; these admissions had the frailty of logic. I packed the Swiss doll with my things. Perhaps in Italy I could send it by mail.

It was even worse in Italy. She seemed to have lived too much for a child, to have left unsaid the constant, meaningless chatter of children I had known. Finally, fearing someone might discover the doll and ask questions I could not answer, even to myself, I gave it to a little girl in Fano.

My orders came to go home. With another pilot, I was to fly a war-weary plane to the rotation depot in Naples and transship to the States. It occurred to me that we could go by Corsica and land, that I might go to Ghisoni and see her

and convince myself once and for all that she was merely a child.

When we were airborne, I put it up to the other pilot, mentioning something about seeing the island for the last time. He was willing, but I knew I could never land without having to tell him the whole story. I decided to go anyway; I had to know.

Corsica was under a blanket of snow. We passed over the bleak, unbroken whiteness of our old field, then saw the snow-hooded village sitting like a cornice on the mountain ahead of us. We circled low over the cluster of dwellings, and on the second time around, I saw the family standing in the snow. To one side, beside the old lady in black, I saw Mireille. Her foreshortened figure looked like a tiny tree. I was glad she looked small. I could barely see her hand stretched out toward us from her dark coat, and her bare legs implanted in the snow. I changed the prop pitch several times, roaring the engines. Suddenly she was jumping up and down, waving both arms in recognition. I raised my eyes quickly; I had seen all I wanted to see. I looked across the Ligurian Sea. Squall patches feathered up its surface all the way to the distant mountains of France. To the east was the jagged coast of Italy. I headed the plane toward home.

Somewhere in Europe, there may be children who have lost their childhood to war, or by-passed it, leaping, as it were, full-blown to a form of maturity, but this girl below me was a child, a young girl hardly in her teens. I was free.



THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

by LUCIUS WILMERDING, JR.

I

IT HAS of late, Mr. President, become fashionable to attach very little importance to the office of Vice President; to consider it a matter but of small consequence who the man may be; to view his post merely as an idle post of honor, and the incumbent as a cypher in the government; or according to the idea expressed by an honorable member from Georgia [Mr. Jackson], quoting, I believe, the language of some Eastern politician, as a fifth wheel to a coach.

— SENATOR WHITE OF DELAWARE, *December 2, 1803*

REPRESENTATIVE A. S. Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, one of our ablest Congressmen, has recently proposed a constitutional amendment looking to the election of two Vice Presidents instead of one. The suggestion is not novel. In 1881 Representative Hammond of Georgia introduced a resolution providing for the election of *three* Vice Presidents; in 1886 Representative Dibble of South Carolina would have settled for two. Analogous propositions have been offered in Congress since 1864, when Senator Davis of Kentucky suggested that any vacancy in the office of Vice President should be filled by the Senate from their own number.

All these proposals imply one thing: dissatisfaction with the law governing the Presidential succession in the event that both the offices of President and Vice President become vacant. From 1792 to 1886 the officer designated by Congress, under the Constitution, as heir-apparent was the President pro tempore of the Senate; since 1886 it has been the Secretary of State.

I submit that all these amendments are wrongly conceived, and that if any one of them were to be adopted, the situation would be worse than it now is. For they are grounded on the idea that it is better

to have a Throttlebottom as President, for what might be the whole of four years, than an Acting President designated by Congress to hold office only "until a President shall be elected" — a constitutional expression which permits, if it does not require, a new election immediately after the death, resignation, or removal of the President.

Take the amendment proposed by Mr. Monroney and assume that both the President and First Vice President die. The second Vice President would then succeed, and what would this officer be? An exact replica of our present Vice Presidents. Elected in the same way to perform the same duties (he is to be President of the Senate, while the First Vice President is to be an executive assistant to the President) he would be, like them, a "secondary character."

I do not mean to suggest that there is no difficulty. I think that there *is*, and that it is much more immediate and much more serious than that with which Mr. Monroney is dealing. I mean the difficulty of the Vice-Presidential succession itself. After all, it will seldom happen that both a President and a Vice President will die before the expiration of their four-year term. Aedanus Burke of South Carolina in 1791 consulted a gentleman skilled in the doctrine of chances and was told that such a contingency would happen only once in 840 years.

Noting in his diary on April 4, 1841, the death of William Henry Harrison, precisely one month after his inauguration, John Quincy Adams, the old man eloquent, paused, looked out the window, saw that the day was in every sense gloomy, and wrote: "In upwards of half a century, this is the first instance of a Vice President's being called to act as President of the United States, and brings to the test that provision of the Constitution which places in the Executive chair a man never thought of for that office by anybody."

Six times since, the same provision has been

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brought to the test: Presidents Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Harding, and Franklin D. Roosevelt have died in office and have been succeeded, respectively, by Vice Presidents Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur, Theodore Roosevelt, Coolidge, and Truman. Has the provision stood the test? The problem is not one of personalities but of principles. Its solution is implicit in its statement. John Quincy Adams was not asking a question; he was pointing a finger. If we admit that the Constitution, on the death of the chief executive magistrate, brings into the Presidency a person not contemplated by the people for that office, then we have our answer: the Constitution is defective in so far as it recognizes the possibility that the Presidency may be filled otherwise than by an election of the people.

But must we make the admission? John Randolph of Roanoke, though acknowledging in 1803 that the office of Vice President was unnecessary and ought to be abolished, thought not: the electors give their votes under the knowledge that in certain contingencies the person whom they select for Vice President will be the President; how then can it be pretended that the man not intended to be President may succeed to the office, when it is explicitly understood that he may and will succeed to it under certain contingencies?

The issue is clear: to resolve it we need only to understand what the office of Vice President is and how it is filled. The solution of our difficulty is to be found not in two Vice Presidents but in none.

The office of Vice President has no duties. True the Vice President is President of the Senate and, as such, performs duties analogous to those of the Speaker of the House. But the two offices are separate and distinct: "I am possessed," said John Adams, "of two separate powers; the one in *esse* and the other in *posse*. I am Vice President. In this I am nothing, but I may be everything. But I am President also of the Senate." The combination of offices has excited surprise. Roger Sherman explained it in the Federal Convention: "If the Vice President were not to be President of the Senate, he would be without employment."

An office without duties, no matter how great its prospects, is not an office to inspire or satisfy the expectations of an ambitious mind. John Adams declared it the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived — the only one in the world in which patience and firmness were useless. Jefferson found it the only office about which he was unable to decide whether he would rather have it

or not have it — honorable and easy, it would give him philosophical evenings in the winter and rural delights in the summer, but was that enough? Burr would gladly have resigned it had Jefferson been willing to employ him "in any active station." The catalogue could be continued — through those who have declined the nomination when it was made to them and those who have refused to allow their names even to be placed in nomination. In 1900 Boss Quay and Boss Platt forced the nomination on an unwilling Roosevelt, thinking to destroy him forever politically.

Still, if the office is unimportant, the officer is not. As Senator White pointed out in continuation of the remarks which I have quoted at the head of this article, "the Vice President is not only the second officer of Government in point of rank but of importance, and should be a man possessing and worthy of the confidence of the nation." Why? Because, to repeat the remark of our first Vice President, he *is* nothing but he *may be* everything. And it is particularly to be noted that the Vice President succeeds for the residue of the term, which may be the full four years if the President should die between his election and the date set for his inauguration.

Here then is the problem: How to fill an office which no one but a Throttlebottom can want, with a man of the highest respectability, well known, and of established reputation throughout the United States? If the problem can be solved, well and good; if not, let us bid adieu to our Vice Presidents and make provision, as the Founding Fathers originally intended to make provision, for the temporary filling of the office of President in the event of a vacancy, and for the prompt holding of a new election. The machinery is extremely easy to devise.

2

IT HAS been thought extraordinary that the Constitution, as originally adopted, did not provide for a separate vote for the office of Vice President, and prescribed no qualifications for that officer. The explanation is simple. The Vice President was voted for as President and his qualifications were those of the President. That is the clue, seldom explained in our textbooks, to the whole system. As the Constitution then stood, each elector wrote the names of two persons on a ballot. The first was perhaps that of a local luminary, a favorite son of the district or state he represented; the second was that of a person not an inhabitant of the same state as himself — presumably, therefore, a "conti-

mental character." Both of these names were of persons whom the elector and, we may be sure, his constituents considered qualified for the office of President. Either of them might be President, and the elector could not know which. No vote at all was cast for Vice President, but it was provided that "in every case, after the choice of the President the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors shall be the Vice President."

The guiding principle of the system is plain. The man in whom the people reposed the highest trust was to be the President, and he in whom they placed their second confidence was to be the Vice President. Its convenience is also evident. This method selected two persons, both qualified to fill the Presidency. It solved the difficult problem posed by Benjamin Franklin when it was first decided that the Executive should be a single person: "The single head may be sick. Who is to conduct the public affairs in that case? When he dies, who are to conduct until a new election?" And it removed the need for a new election when the President died or resigned. Everything seemed settled by a mode of election designed, not to secure a competent President of the Senate, but (in Boudinot's phrase) "to obtain the second-best character in the Union to fill the place of the first, in case it should be vacated by any unforeseen accident."

On paper the plan seemed perfect. In practice, however, it was soon discovered that great inconvenience might arise from this mode of election, and that it might not carry into effect the will of the people as expressed through electors. The trouble was that the electors did not in fact cast two undistinguishing votes for President, but discriminated in their minds between the persons whom they wanted for President and Vice President, casting one vote for each. This introduced a totally new principle into the electoral system, the effect of which was to divide the contest. Instead of one election with two prizes, there tended to be two elections with separate prizes. The difference is substantial. The runner-up for the world heavyweight championship is a very different order of fighter from the world flyweight champion; the man who comes in second in an Olympic contest is not to be compared with the winner of the same event in a Class B track and field meet.

The attempt to choose the Vice President separately from the President destroyed the electoral system. For it made possible, in a particular circumstance, the election of a President and Vice President of opposite political parties. The case occurred in 1796 and was immediately seen to be an evil, at least by the majority party. It might have occurred

again in 1804, and to prevent the repetition was the avowed purpose of the Twelfth Amendment, "the pivot on which the whole turned." The Constitution, it was said, could never have intended that a minor faction should, by any means, acquire the power of electing a Vice President, the possible successor to executive power; its purpose was that the election of the President and Vice President should be determined by a fair expression of the public will by a majority.

There was another difficulty too. Even if A was intended by a large majority of the people for President and B for Vice President, yet the votes might be so disposed, or chance might operate so contrary to intention, that the votes for B would exceed by a vote those for A. John Quincy Adams stated the case hypothetically in 1803. It had come within an ace of occurring in the Jefferson-Burr election of 1800.

The simplest remedy would have been to expunge the office of Vice President from the Constitution, and so reduce the election to a single contest for a single prize. The double vote for President would have been retained with all its advantages and none of its disadvantages. The succession question could have been controlled, under the Constitution, by a law passed specially for the purpose; such a law, the act of March 1, 1792, was indeed already on the books. However this may be, the remedy was not proposed.

Instead, the Twelfth Amendment, adopted in 1804, provided that each elector was to name in distinct ballots the persons voted for as President and Vice President. When the votes were counted, the person having the greatest number of votes for President was to be President and the person having the greatest number of votes for Vice President was to be Vice President. That — somewhat simplified by the omission of some complicated provisions for throwing the election into the House or the Senate in the event that no candidate obtains a majority vote — is the essence of the Twelfth Amendment.

3

How this amendment has worked out in the case of the Presidency — whether it "invites ambition to an unchecked operation" and "exposes us to the selection of a less important and more unfit person" than the provision of the original Constitution — I shall not attempt to decide. What I want to point out is that it has reduced the Vice President to what used to be called a "secondary character," a person of the second order of ability and reputation — has

made it altogether too likely that he will be a man who will "want some of the qualities necessary to command the respect of the nation, and possibly be marked with some of an opposite tendency." The reason is obvious. It was pointed out as early as 1803 by Senator Plumer: "The Vice President . . . will no longer be voted for as President of the United States, but as President of the Senate — he will be elected to *preside over forms in this House*. He will have less dignity, and be less respectable — this will be the unavoidable consequence of the change. In electing a *subordinate officer*, men do not, they will not, seek for or require those qualifications which they deem requisite for *supreme command*."

I shall not labor the point. Everyone knows that a Vice President selected under the designating principle is not chosen in contemplation of his succession to the Presidency, but for the more immediate purposes of party advantage. Everyone has always known it. The members of the Federal Convention conceived that if, in elections, the President and Vice President were distinctly designated, "the Vice Presidency would be but as bait to catch state gudgeons."

In the debates on the Twelfth Amendment the same idea was frequently brought forward. The Vice Presidency would be hawked about at market and given in change for votes for the Presidency. The only criterion which would be regarded as a qualification for the office would be the temporary influence of the candidate over the electors of his state. A large state, having numerous electors and claiming the right to designate the President but not having votes enough of itself for that purpose, would carry the office of Vice President to another state and would say, Give us the President and we will give you the Vice President.

The candidate for President, his friends and favorites, would never promote the election to the Vice Presidency of a man of talents, probity, and national popularity, who might prove a rival. Instead they would seek a man of moderate talents, fit perhaps to preside with credit in the Senate, but whose ambitions were bounded by that office and whose influence would aid them in electing the President. Most pointed of all were the observations of Senator White: "Character, talents, virtue, and merits will not be sought after in the candidate. The question will not be asked, is he capable? is he honest? But can he by his name, by his connections, by his wealth, by his local situation, by his influence, or his intrigues, best promote the election of a President?"

Today we know that all these predictions have

come true. The electors, — or, to speak more correctly, the delegates to the party conventions, — calculating on the durability of human life, are, in their choice of Vice President, influenced by considerations by which they ought not to be governed. One man is chosen to strengthen the ticket in a doubtful state (say, Hendricks in 1884); another to placate a minority which has been unsuccessful in the party convention (Arthur in 1880); a third to represent some "element" in the population — for example, the loyal man in the border states (Johnson in 1864). I take my instances from the nineteenth century; they might readily be brought up to date.

Viewed in this light, it becomes apparent that the Twelfth Amendment has nullified the intention which led to the creation of the Vice Presidency. The declared object of the Twelfth Amendment was to prevent a man not intended to be President from being President. Well and good. But when the President dies, the officer whom it was intended to be defeated is promoted; the man whom the people never intended should be President, who received not one vote for that office, the Vice President, becomes President. Could anything be more ridiculous?

4

WHAT is to be done about "that provision of the Constitution which places in the Executive chair a man never thought of for that office"? It is idle to talk of restoring the original mode of election — the mode which failed. It is, I am satisfied, equally idle to talk of increasing the Vice President's duties in the hope that his qualifications will increase proportionately; the suggestion was made in 1909 by Senator Beveridge and more recently in another form by Mr. Monroney.

Yet an easy remedy is at hand. Abolish the office — wipe it clean out of the Constitution; provide by law — no further constitutional amendment would be needed — for a new election in the event of the President's death, resignation, or removal; and let Congress declare — as it now declares in providing for the case of a double vacancy — what officer shall act as President until a President be elected or, if the President's disability be merely temporary, until the disability be removed.

The arguments for abolishing the Vice Presidency have in the main been given; but it may be well to review and summarize them. To begin with, it is an unnecessary office. The Vice President, as such, has no duties. He is not needed as President of the Senate, for in any case the Senate would have

a presiding officer — just as it now has a President pro tempore when the Vice President is absent or is exercising the office of the President of the United States. The Senate itself derives no particular advantage from having its President, in a manner, thrust upon it; it was noticed at a very early period that although the Senate sat half its time without the Vice President, its business was as well done without as with him.

That the office is unnecessary is not, however, the only or even the principal reason for abolishing it. Its mere existence presents a danger. For the President may die and who will succeed him? Not, as was originally contemplated, the man who was honored by the second-largest number of votes of the people for the same office, and who of consequence would probably be worthy of the place and competent to its duties, but a man who, from the nature of the choice, is probably wholly unqualified to fill the office of President and in whom the people of the United States would have no confidence.

The idea of holding an election at other than the fixed periods is not so novel as it may appear. It is contemplated by the Constitution for the case in which both the offices of President and Vice President become vacant. The Vice President succeeds for the remainder of the President's term only because, in the original mode of appointing him, he was expected to be the man in whom the nation reposed its second confidence; in his case a new election could not be necessary.

To the members of the First and Second Congresses the idea was equally familiar. In the debate on the bill declaring what officer shall act as President in case of a double vacancy in the Executive office, it was pointed out that it was necessary to determine whether the person appointed to supply the vacancy should hold office during the time for which the President and Vice President had been elected or only until a new election could take place. The act of March 1, 1792, decided in favor of the shorter as against the longer time. This act remained on the statute books until 1886.

It is not generally known that even today the law contemplates at least the possibility of holding a special election. True, the Act of 1886, which now governs the question, specifically repealed the special election provided by the Act of 1792 and, as originally drafted, authorized the Secretary of State to act as President for the unexpired portion of the four-year term. But the bill was violently opposed on its passage: its language was changed so that the Acting President was to exercise the office only "until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected" — the exact language of

the Constitution, which, as we know from Madison, is intended to permit "a supply of the vacancy by an intermediate election of the President"; and an amendment was made requiring the Acting President to call Congress together in special session within twenty days of his succession. In the debates it was made perfectly clear that the object of these changes was to leave it to Congress whether or not to order a special election, as the circumstances of the occasion might suggest.

The desirability of holding a new election when the President dies or resigns will hardly be disputed. When John Randolph of Roanoke in 1803 declared that he would approve an abolition of the office of Vice President, he was careful to add that the sole condition on which he would consent to such an abolition would be an immediate re-election in case of a vacancy in the office of President. His position was solidly taken: if there were no Vice President, the succession would pass (under the law as it then stood) to the President pro tempore of the Senate, a person who could never have been contemplated on his election to that body as succeeding to the Presidency; it could not be right that such a person should exercise the powers of that office longer than was absolutely necessary to make a new election of the people.

Today we might make much the same argument with respect to a succession by the Secretary of State, for he, as everyone knows, is not an elected officer at all, but an appointed one. Indeed, we might go further and say that Randolph's line of thinking — which was followed by Mr. Truman in 1945 when he sought to change the Presidential Succession Act — applies *a fortiori* to a succession by the Vice President himself. For the Vice President, as we have seen above, is no longer voted on for President; he is elected, in Plumer's expression, to preside over the forms of the Senate, not over the affairs of the United States. Perhaps it is even improper to speak of him as being elected at all; for under our modern political methods he is not in fact elected independently of the President. One could not vote (through the medium of pledged electors) for Roosevelt without voting for Truman, or for Dewey without voting for Bricker. Like Siamese twins, the two candidates come together or not at all. We choose our President; our choice for Vice President is forced. In this point of view it might even seem proper for a Vice President, under our Constitution, to resign his office as of a certain date after his succession to the Presidency, and for Congress to provide by law for a new election.

One difficulty may be specially noticed. It has been objected that an intermediate election might

destroy the regular timing of elections at which the President is chosen along with the whole of the House of Representatives and a third of the Senate. The Constitution requires the President to be elected for four years, so that if the timing were once upset it could not easily be restored. Allowing full weight to this counterargument, we must nevertheless consider it of little merit. If we are about amending the Constitution, any number of remedies could be devised. The election might be for the remainder of the term only, as was recommended by Mr. Truman in 1945 for the case of a double vacancy — an arrangement which many consider to be constitutional now. The House of Representatives, voting per capita and not by States, might be authorized to choose a President to complete the term — a mode of proceeding which would save the turmoil and delay of a popular election and afford an interesting experiment with a means of choosing a President advocated in the Federal Convention by Oliver Ellsworth.

But perhaps the simplest expedient of all, the one most in harmony with our existing Constitution, would be to provide that the new election — for a full four-year term — should take place in conjunction with the next Congressional election. The synchronism would be maintained, for the whole of the House and a third of the Senate change every two years, not every four; some Senators who expected to ride into office on the coattails of a President might be disappointed, but an equal number would be gratified; and the maximum term of an Acting President would be reduced from four years to two — a very sensible advantage.

5

ONE question remains to be discussed. Who should be Acting President in case of an absolute vacancy in the Executive? The question has been much agitated. It was raised in the Federal Convention and much debated before the institution of a Vice Presidency reduced its urgency; and it has been much debated since in connection with the secondary succession — the designation by Congress of an officer to act as President when both the offices of President and Vice President are vacant.

Various officers have been suggested as appropriate successors. In the Federal Convention, Hamilton and the Committee of Detail proposed the President of the Senate (this was before the invention of the Vice Presidency); Gouverneur Morris preferred the Chief Justice; Madison a Cabinet Council if such a body were agreed upon. In the

First and Second Congresses the relative merits of the President pro tempore of the Senate, the Speaker of the House, the Chief Justice, the Senior Associate Justice, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of the Treasury were descanted upon. The ground has frequently been gone over: in 1853 when Vice President King died; in 1868 when the conviction of Johnson would have made Ben Wade President; in 1881 when there was an absolute failure in the succession — no President pro tempore of the Senate and no Speaker of the House — a situation which had also occurred in 1877 and 1845; in 1885 when the death of Cleveland would have brought a Republican into the Presidency — a situation the reverse of that which had threatened in Fillmore's time; and in 1945 when Mr. Truman's death would have brought in Mr. Stettinius.

No one can read the elaborate arguments pro and con these various officers without being struck by their weakness. The President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House are objected to as not being "officers"; the legislative construction of the Second Congress that they are should be conclusive. The same officers are recommended as being more nearly connected with the people than the Secretary of State. But who is more likely to command the confidence of the people — a man chosen in one state or one district with no thought of the Presidency in mind, and who may represent views precisely the opposite of him whom the people as a whole have elected, or a man appointed by the President for the sole purpose of carrying his views into execution? It is also said that no man should appoint his own successor. But why not, provided the successor be only temporary?

It is worthy of remark that these arguments have never had any real weight in determining the succession. The question has always, though improperly, been decided on the basis of personalities. In 1792 the succession was placed in the President pro tempore of the Senate and, failing him, in the Speaker of the House, rather than, as many wished, in the Secretary of State. It was simply a question of Jefferson or not Jefferson.

In 1886 Mr. Reed, afterward Speaker, accurately defined the issue when he asked his colleagues whether they would rather have Bayard, who was then Secretary of State, or Sherman, who was President of the Senate, as President of the United States. In 1945 Mr. Stettinius was Secretary of State and Mr. McKellar President pro tempore of the Senate; the proposal was to make Speaker Rayburn the designated successor; when Mr. Byrnes was appointed Secretary of State, the bill was heard of no more.

Decisions of this kind should be made not so much on theoretical grounds as on the basis of experience. Congress might consider the holders of the several possible offices for, say, the past hundred years, and decide which office is most likely to produce a satisfactory Acting President. The Secretaries of State would, I think, bear away the palm.

To sum up, then, I suggest the abolition of the Vice Presidency, the holding of a mid-term election if the office of President becomes vacant, and the designation by Congress of the Secretary of State to act as a caretaker President until a new President is elected — or, in the case of a Presidential disability, until the disability is removed. Such a remedy would do away with all the difficul-

ties of construction which have arisen in the past with regard to the Vice-Presidential succession. The interim head of the government would be, not President of the United States, but Acting President — a style which might keep his face off postage stamps but which otherwise has much to commend it. The problem of a devolution in the event of a President's absence from the country or temporary illness would disappear. The question raised by Dickinson in the Federal Convention: "What is the extent of the term disability and who is to be the judge of it?" — this question which so troubled the people during Garfield's time and during Wilson's — would lose its importance, since an absent or ill President could not be thought to have forfeited his office.

TRAVELER'S TURN

by LOUIS KENT

THERE is no lovelier land to know,
Bright with sand or pale with snow,
Than the land where I would go.

There is no happier place than where
Summer stays the turning year.
It is always summer there.

There summer long the blackbird swells,
Dropping his syllables in spells
As clear as water over shells.

Strange I should hunger so to take
The long road and drop the lake
Out of sight behind the brake,

And, traveler once more, should will,
Over brake and over hill,
To lift that water shining still.

Is there no hastier road to go,
Hard as sand and smooth as snow,
To the land I used to know?

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO HOLLYWOOD

by GORDON KAHN

1

SINCE war's end, a drastic shakeout has taken effect in the manufacture of periodical literature. Even the comic books and other pulp harlequins which circulated at the rate of two per capita per day among the armed forces went back between the pages of schoolboys' geographies. Yet the frothiest of all reading matter — the motion picture fan magazines — not only lived out the great newsstand epizootic of '45-'46 but fattened. They boast today a new high of 10 million circulation and 45 million readers.

An interpretation of how and why twenty journals devoted almost entirely to the dress, diet, and metabolism of film actors can engross two thirds of the literate adults of America is an undertaking too massive for this sketch. The fan magazine is a phenomenon worthy of the concern of any matched pair of sociologists. They should be lavishly heeled by a Foundation, and no deadline earlier than five years should be imposed for their findings.

In this paper I am equipped only to analyze — or, more accurately, to parse — the Hollywood Gospel according to *Modern Screen*, *Photoplay*, *Silver Screen*, and their seventeen-odd rivals.

In preparation for this essay I went to the largest newspaper stand in Hollywood, and you may be assured they are chrome and colossal. The owner relayed my order for one copy of every current fan magazine to his clerk, "Fan books — a set."

Nineteen magazines were shucked out in the following order: *Movie Show*, *Movie Fan*, *Movie Story*, *Movie Play*, *Movieland*, *Movie Life*, *Movie Stars Parade*, and just plain *Movies*.

From the second shelf came *Modern Screen*, *Motion Picture*, *Screen Album*, *Screen Guide*, *Screen Stars*, *Silver Screen*, *Screenland*, *Photoplay*, *Picture Wise*, *Star Land*, and *New Stars*.

A former newspaperman now writing scripts for Warner Brothers and prominent in many film activities, GORDON KAHN has conducted a straight-faced inquiry into America's favorite periodical literature.

I declined copies of the French *Cinémonde* and the Spanish *Cine Mundial*. There were others in Hungarian, German, Portuguese, and Tagalog, and some grave, deckle-edged items which, I am sure, contained something about the art of the cinema, but as little about Hollywood's beddings and weddings as you would expect to find in *Hound and Horn* or the *Menorah Journal*.

"You don't seem surprised," I told the merchant as he handed me, unwrapped, the six and three-quarter pounds of printed matter I had acquired at the cost of \$3.85. "Do you have other customers who buy the whole smear?"

"Lots of them," he said. "Every month. You're the first man, though."

There, in that remark, lay one clue to the essence of the fan magazine. I asked him again, "When men buy these magazines, which ones do they prefer?" He pointed to several. I asked, "Why? More pictures, eh? Cutouts and pin-ups?"

"Nothing like it," he said. "It's because they cost a quarter apiece. Most of the others are fifteen. Men like to buy things they can pay for with one coin."

It was a shrewd observation. We agreed that buying three-for-fifty cigars was a neater transaction than getting one or two at eighteen cents apiece. We had both detected that women seem not to mind dealing in lesser fractions of the dollar.

All of this had little to do with the anatomy of the fan magazine, but the dealer's final remark as I moved off brought me back to the subject of their design. He said, "*Movie Story Year Book* will be out tomorrow. *Tell the lady*."

Before I had rifled through a fourth of my hoard I realized that this product was no more designed for men than was the sidesaddle. It was intimately for woman, as whisperingly and cozily intimate as the verbena-scented contents of her special drawer.

It is the basic assumption of the advertisers in the fan publications that all women want to look

like adolescent boys. Women are encouraged in this, of course, by the stars' dress designers, who give them shoulders like a water buffalo and hips like a whippet.

The business card of Supermind, an astrologer, offers, for a moderate charge, to disclose to a girl her destiny. She may thereafter avail herself of a six weeks' course in stenography. But if she wants to marry the boss, she is advised to take up "Contour Control," for, as an ad says, "Skirt lengths may go up or down, but legs are always noticed, especially by the male audience."

There are pills and ointments that will open her pores or close them; healing creams in the handy purse-size *flacon* or the giant economy size, as well as a little machine for the removal of blackheads by vacuum. And a device called a "nose mask" promises her a profile like that of the girl on the dime. Let her but spread a trial-size tube of a certain blubber on her hands after a day at the rolling mill (and rub it in well) and her mere handshake will drive men mad — *mad!*

Until then, she is advised to purchase a "friendship ring, solid sterling silver, for he or she — in fact both of you. The hands actually clasp and unclasp."

Is she unhappy, or bored with her own fragrance? Then she may at will smell like a bower of night-blooming jasmine, a snow apple, or a Russian tannery. By this time she will be ready to exchange gifts with the lucky man. For this, there are two divine suggestions: a pocket adding machine or a necktie which lights up in a dark room and says, "Some Mama!"

Should a male reader be moved to address himself to the editor, he should do so respectfully. Otherwise he may fare like the gentleman on page 4 of *Motion Picture* who wrote complaining, "What has Peter Lawford got that I haven't?" The editor dusted him off with two words: "A contract." Under dryers in thousands of beauty shops the ladies chuckled over the way this upstart was given his dozens.

To males an actor is either worth watching or he is a ham. To the United States Labor Department he is a Social Security number who "plays an assigned part or role in a production; rehearses systematically learning lines and cues assigned; takes comic or serious parts; impersonates and portrays the character by speech and action."

But how well or how badly he impersonates or portrays a character by speech and action seems to be none of the business of the fan magazines. In them, discussions of the merits of a film are carried on in exceedingly fine print among

the deodorant ads. All pictures are either super-duper-excellent, super-excellent, or merely excellent. It doesn't matter. To adore Clark Gable is to see all his pictures — even *Parnell*, the very mention of which makes him blanch.

It isn't how well the film hidalgos know their trade: it's what they eat and how they eat it; are they married, to whom and why, and if not please stay that way — these are the things which the zealots want to read about. And for them the fan magazine writers come through handsomely. Fabre couldn't do a better job on the stag beetle, nor Maeterlinck on the bee.

The photographers from front cover to inside-back do no less. The cameraman always sees to it that the stars have their bifocals off and their teeth in before taking his "candid" shot.

The mode in cover portraiture is for the girls to be faced nor' by nor'east; the lips dewy with glycerine and slightly parted or in a velvety pout and the eyes saying "Yes." The boys are given the knotty pine and tweed pre-Man of Distinction treatment with a brand-new pipe held lightly between the thumb and forefinger. When pictures are taken in night clubs for a layout, the resort may usually be identified by the ash tray well in the foreground. That would indicate either that the Stork Club exclusively enjoys the patronage of screen players or that its crockery gets around.

2

THE movie fan magazine is the only modern publishing venture which does not appear to have been generated by private enterprise. The late Eugene V. Brewster may be credited with being its nominal founder, but the initiative as well as the prospectus for the kind of fan publications we have today came from the rugged nickelodeon enthusiasts of thirty-eight years ago.

Before 1909, Brewster was owner and editor of a five-cent fiction magazine. Reputed to have been a pretty slow man with a dollar in those days, he was continually feuding with the writers who offered him material. He wasn't happy, either, over the prices artists were demanding for their illustrations.

If there was a way to secure both the stories and the illustrations without paying for them, I am told by those who remember old E.V., he would find it. He found his yarns already spun in the movie houses. He fictionized some of the two- and three-reel "features" he had seen, and had others whipped into narrative at cut rates.

He named his magazine *Motion Picture Stories* and in due time he discovered that he could illustrate it with still pictures of the various film dramas he had adapted. The photographs were obtainable at the film exchanges for pennies.

But *Motion Picture Stories* was not yet a fan magazine. It became one overnight, however, when the weight of letters from his readers forced him to print a Question and Answer column. The early queries were curt and the replies responsive and no more:—

Q.—Who is the slender child with the long curls in the story on page 19? A.—Mary Pickford.

Q.—Is her hair really blonde or is that a wig she's wearing? A.—No, it is said to be genuine.

Q.—Is Mary Pickford her real name? A.—Her real name is Gladys Mary Smith and she comes from Canada.

Q.—Does she think fried pig's cheek is bad for the skin? If not, what does *she* eat? A.—She drinks a lot of milk and orange juice.

Q.—Does she mix them? A.—No.

Q.—Where can I get white-kid-topped button shoes like hers, and if it ain't asking too much could she send me a pair collect, size 7½, triple E?

Letters which were not questions, but warm advice to the "picture people," began to see print in *Motion Picture Stories*, thus making Brewster's readers his first writers. They addressed their favorites on the technique of patting the chin with a butter paddle to keep the wrinkles away, and on the vital sciences of bread baking, cosmetology, warding off the evil eye, and sewing a fine seam.

The faithful told their favorites through Brewster's Q. and A. column that they were distressed over the prevalence of "klieg eyes," and suggested anointing the lids with mutton tallow and rose water. Somewhere in that early correspondence must lurk the suggestion for the sunglasses which are making this a nation of troglodytes.

Stray paragraphs that were used as fillers in *Motion Picture Stories* were the first publications of the actual names of the Biograph Girl, the Imp Girl, the Essanay Girl, and the patient band who, up to that time, were merely copyrights like the Scott's Emulsion fisherman and the gentleman who slices Armour's ham. Here too they learned that a Mr. Adolph Zukor had gone to Paris, France, to get a well-known actress named Millie Bernhardt to act in the pictures.

By 1910 the Question and Answer column in the back of the magazine shouldered itself forward. Readers began to complain that they weren't interested in reading stories that hashed over what they had already seen on the screen. They wanted more about the actresses. Long before the studios realized the value of player pub-

licity, the letter columns of *Motion Picture Stories* had more vital data on the cast than their own employers. Portraits with short biographies began to appear, and in 1911 Brewster lopped off the last word from the title of his publication and it became simply *Motion Picture*—the first actual fan magazine in this or any country.

Thereafter, he acquired several other magazines, a bank roll of \$8,000,000, and a beautiful titian-haired protégée named Corliss Palmer. Against the advice of the motion picture producers he formed a film company with Miss Palmer as his star. He threw his entire publishing plant into her promotion. His magazines became personal albums of the young woman's classic beauty and artistic endowments. He built acres of sets and uselessly shot away an appalling number of linear feet of film. The venture collapsed.

Eugene V. Brewster had learned nothing from the people to whom he taught the art of public relations for profit. He died broke.

Two other figures, James R. Quirk and William Fawcett, both now dead, entered fan journalism in *Motion Picture's* heyday. Quirk began in Chicago by converting a listless theater program into a chirrupy chronicle of how Hollywood romped and played. He served the industry as an amateur scout of talent, and many players who later became successful had their pictures in Quirk's *Photoplay* long before they were ever admitted to a studio. Today, of course, the film companies employ whippers-in, but the fan magazines never, never print a picture or relate an item of intelligence about an aspirant. She must first have a contract with a picture company.

William Fawcett may be better remembered as the originator of a bizarre chapbook called *Capt. Billy's Whizz Bang* and its dirty little brother, the *Smokehouse Monthly*. He returned from the wars in 1918 with a musette bag crammed with copies of *La Vie Parisienne*. He reproduced the French drawings, added sly little captions, slapped a cover on it, and called it *So This Is Paris!* At Legion conventions it went like hot cakes. Later he spiced it up by alternating the seductive Madelons with some home-grown leg art and renamed the product *So This Is Paris—and Hollywood!* After a while the kikis with the hatboxes dropped out entirely and the next title became *So This Is Hollywood!* In those days Hollywood provided the hot copy as well as the pictures, and the Fawcett magazine was retitled *Hollywood Secrets*, then *Screen Secrets*. His heirs now operate three fan magazines, but somewhere along the line they dropped *Screen Secrets*.

3

THE interview is the most popular writing form used in Hollywood journalism. Different magazines have their own rules about this, and so have the studios and the stars themselves. Some players are interviewed *in absentia*, with the secretary or maid showing the journalist around and answering the questions.

The stars now find that it is safe to talk, because nothing ever gets into the fan magazines that would hold him or her up to an iota of opprobrium. The Hays (now Johnston) Office sees to that in the first instance. This is the bureau which accredits most of the writers for newspapers and news services to the studios, and the applicants for special cards are carefully screened.

No scandalmongers get by, and not since 1937 has there been cause for complaint against the fan writers. In that year, an actress, famous on two continents, hit the cover of one of the three biggest magazines with a rather down-to-earth demand: "I want a man!" and the interview itself was as frank and earthy as the headline on the cover. The interviewer was a lady and a veteran of these encounters. But this time she had slipped magnificently. Things tightened up, but not soon enough to keep the edition from being sold out. It is still a treasured item of Hollywood curiosa. The relations between the studios and the magazines, which that item froze hard, are just now thawing out.

Before an interview can get into print, rigid channels must be gone through. First the assigned interviewer submits to the head of the studio publicity department an outline of the proposed interview. It must have a title. Suppose it is "Let's Face It — I've Been a Bad Boy."

There has been a stench about this mummer for some time, so the studio approves and an appointment is made. A publicity man sits down with the interviewer and the interviewee and may stop the line of questioning at any point, even call the whole thing off if he chooses.

The writers may manage to get the actor alone and hear, "So I'm bad. So what? I paid off every time, didn't I! I made my pile out of this racket and it's a nice way to spend some of it. But you just go ahead and write what you like. Anyhow, if I don't make another picture this year, who cares except the tax collector?"

The interviewer is often tempted to give a lout like this his due, and he may, in secret, for private circulation, write an honest interview. But the

carbon copy that goes to the studio before publication will not get the purity seal unless Charm Boy gets a good report.

Since many high-caliber actors are not under contract to studios, the free-lance players are assured the same degree of protection. All topflight people have their publicity counsel who impose conditions on the magazines no easier than those which the studios demand.

Both in text and in typography the articles must be easy on the eye and mind. No solid blocks of type except where an article jumps to divide columns of advertising. Some interviews take the simplest form: Cornel Wilde Answers 24 Intimate Questions about Himself in a recent one. Scores of stars have been similarly catechized and the rest are waiting their turn. They all answer the inevitable "How did you get your start in pictures?" by telling of (1) their early struggles against seemingly insurmountable odds; (2) the kindness of friends made during the lean days; (3) the chin-up confidence that the young and beautiful brides had in them at all times.

And so it drones on, without a single whisper of gossip or backbiting creeping anywhere into the saga. True, some fan magazines have "gossip departments," but there is nothing in them that the studio publicity departments had not earlier sent out to the columnists on the daily papers.

After years in which the studios grayed down the glamour, the type of interview which gasps and gushes is coming back. It runs on this model:

Entering the mullioned hall which Billy Haines had done for her in vermillion and elephant-sweat (*see photo on p. 16*), footfalls move unheard in the thick pile of her yak-hair drugget. She was humming a *gigue* (Cimarosa, Opus 11, No. 4) as she worked at her embroidery frame in the soft, crepuscular . . .

Quite often this gets away from the writer.

If the subject is male and single, he's treated with muscular prose like this: —

" . . . two dogs, a Basenji and a Norwegian elkhound, rose as he did.

"Down, Ch. Osmiridium v. Ganzleber — and you too, Sam, down . . ."

Don't you just know — and trust — aye, *love* the man who loves dogs and whom dogs *love*!

"I'm going away," he said, turning to his gun cabinet. (*See photo on p. 12.*) "I'm going away . . . Mount Kangchenjunga . . . in the Himalayas. . . . Roof of the World, you know . . . safari . . . beaters . . . no living man has climbed to the summit. . . . Lions . . . *simba* . . . forgive me for using Swahili. . . ."

The truth is that his option is coming up and the studio is plucking him off the payroll like a ripe

mango. He's going nowhere except around the corner to raise hell with his agent. Swahili! One of the reasons he's being chopped is that he can't ask his way to the Melrose Avenue bus without sign language.

4

THE publishers of fan magazines are as fickle in respect to changes in staff and policy as the operators of daily newspaper chains. But they are consistent in the one vital matter: the magazines must continue to be written for women. One magazine, however, cannot hew to a style and a content that will appeal to women of all ages and estates. Hence, there are several publications which snuggle up to the hearthside and will have no traffic in its pages with the more spirited members of the film colony. If these roisterers will settle down long enough to be interviewed with their mothers, they'll get space.

Married film couples are the particular pets of one journal of this type. It conducts a department called *And So They Are Married*. The editor explains that this section of his book is "designed to give you an intimate word picture of Mr. and Mrs. Hollywood — how they live, what they do and even what they think about in private."

It's all very cozy, except for the constant threat that by the time an *And So They Are Married* piece about a particular couple hits the stands the pair will be in the lists against each other and giving interviews that start, "It was all a mistake."

A magazine not aimed at the Parent-Teacher Association readership at all specializes in photographs of young lovers at work. The majority of these are stills from pictures in which the couples appeared together. One recent issue had eighteen couples kissing, seriatim. The bussings compassed all fashions, ranging from the cheek-peck around the corner of the barn to the kind that sears the lips and sometimes cripples.

In one month, fourteen out of twenty-two fan publications had photographs of Lana Turner and Bob Hutton walking arm in arm, seated hand in hand, dancing cheek to cheek, with the captions stating that for certain these twain would soon be one. That was in October. In December there were pictures of Robert and his bride emplaning on their honeymoon. She was somebody else — not Lana.

There's something for the chicks as well as the biddies in most of the fan monthlies. Among the "services" offered by one magazine to girls in their

teens, and darned tired of it, is this bonanza, for just the postage: A kit containing charts, pamphlets, and brochures on the following: *How to Be Popular with Boys*, *What About Necking?* Please Behave! *Desserts Frankie Sinatra Loves*, *How to Join a Fan Club*, *How to Throw a Party*, and *How to Be Date Bait*.

A special section in another journal launches an album of dream boats. A dream boat, for the unhep, is modified jive for dream man, or the Chaucerian leman.

Whether it is regarded as a wholesome thing or otherwise, the institution of the fan magazine, from whatever angle observed, is the magic mirror of reader identification with the Hollywood aristocracy of talent, beauty, money, and the formal appurtenances of the so-called happy life. Regard these titles from one month's crop of movie magazines: *You Too Can Be Like Joan Crawford*, *How to Get Your Man with a Movie Personality*, *If You Had a Date with Robert Stack*, *Let's Pretend You're Mrs. Robert Taylor*.

A woman reads about a starlet in August who tells how she outwits too ardent males. In November she writes to Paul Henreid, who is acting for that month as a male duenna in one of the journals. "Dear Mr. Henreid, I am 19 years old and like most girls I have a problem in the love department. Where I work the boys act awful wolfish. . . ."

She may be nearer 39 than 19, but the poor crone did get her pathetic little fable across, and that nice Mr. Henreid looked at her from the page as though he were actually listening. Oh, this is so much nicer than trying to match the stories of the other girls during the fifteen-minute break in the powder room.

The Lady under the hair dryer tries to be strong and weeps silently as she reads that her dream boat has married. He had no right to do this! She had known him first — two years ago at the Roxy. She had loved him at the Strand, the Capitol, and that one divine night at Radio City Music Hall . . . and those picnics at the neighborhood theater.

She can't forget him. Follows him silently to their first trysting place in the last four rows at the Roxy. Then one day his picture is on the cover with that of his wife. They are looking away from each other. He is pouting. So is she. Good! A title blazes between them: *Do They Still Love Each Other?* Page 16.

Quickly to page 16. "Deep in his heart — but deep — did he mean it that glorious day in Las Vegas when he said, 'Till death do us part?'"

JOHN GOFFE'S HERITAGE

by GEORGE WOODBURY

1

THE narrow valley was half blocked with the rubble of the ruined milldam, which had been a ponderous construction of rough field stone. But repeated floods and frosts, together with the ceaseless pressure of the trees that now swarmed over it, had toppled much of the gray masonry down into the brook below. With infinite patience nature was slowly demolishing the rest. The cellar hole of the old mill was similarly choked with fallen stones, all overgrown with creepers and bright with the orange glow of jewelweed. Among the rotting timbers arose the rusted limbs of the machinery. The stream murmured placidly through the shattered sluice.

It all lay peaceful and very quiet in the bright September air, thus halfway between the handiwork of God and man. Man had once thrown back the wilderness and tamed a fraction of it for his use. Then the human hand had relaxed, and nature had crept slowly back again to reassert its ancient heritage. But I, too, had a heritage here in the long-dead ruin of the mill my great-great-great-grandfather had built. The millsite, water privileges, and flowage rights had come to me by direct inheritance, for I was John Goffe's lineal descendant. It was not exactly a golden legacy, or even an unusual one. As a security in the financial sense it was definitely "unlisted" — like stock in a buggy whip factory. In this small country town there had once been thirty-five such mills in operation. They were all as dead as this one now.

Dead as it undoubtedly was, the old mill contained a vital element for us as we sat there under the butternut tree and thought aloud our hopes, our

fears, our aspirations. There were three of us. At the age of thirty-six, I had given up professional scholarship to make a new start. Connie, my wife, was beside me on the tipped-up millstone, and our baby was sleeping in his soapbox wagon. Before us lay the three elements that we proposed to weave together into the fabric of our new lives: the past in the ruins of the ancient water mill; the present in ourselves and the near-by farmhouse where we lived; the future in our growing child and the woodland that surrounded us. These formed our heritage and were the materials we had to work with.

As we walked slowly homeward against the slanting sun we made the decision. It was not hard, for there were few alternatives. We would rebuild the mill and animate the long-motionless machinery. We would revive the elemental sawmill industry that went with it and, from the tall pines that stood so dark against the sky, make our living. It had been done before and could be done again, provided we had inherited the capacities of those who had preceded us.

The first step on the long road back would have to be taken by professional stonemasons. The dam needed someone of the temperament of Désidère La Tulippe and his supporting cast to galvanize the peaceful scene. They approached their problem in the blythe and dramatic spirit of French Canada. Désidère was one of those rare people who have succeeded in becoming tall and fat simultaneously. Despite his vast and egg-shaped outline he was as agile as a chipmunk. Moreover, The Tulip came equipped with a sea lion's voice, which he employed at maximum capacity on any and all occasions. The three helpers who came with him were, in contrast, dispirited, gnomelike little men, Fat Pete, Old Frank, and Little Joe.

In rhythm with the boom of the stone hammer The Tulip's hoarse voice thundered through the fall air. Profundo, fortissimo, and frequently profano it rumbled across the empty pond hole.

New Hampshire born, GEORGE WOODBURY was educated at Princeton, at Caius College, Cambridge, and at the University of Vienna, where he took his Ph.D. in the mid-twenties. His field work in physical anthropology carried him on expeditions to Greece, Palestine, France, Austria, Colorado, and New Mexico. Then, in one of those unexpected changes which are apt to assail us all, his home ties drew him irresistibly back to an old family millsite in Bedford, New Hampshire.

Désidère viewed the boulder lying pulverized at his feet. "Hey!"

His three dog soldiers working below him on the dam spun around as if shot.

"Donnez ycit la goddam big sledge hammer, là bas!"

They joined to hand him up something like a sport model pile driver. He whisked it over his head like a badminton racket, and the serenity of the New Hampshire countryside vanished in the uproar.

We had had to carry the repair down below the foundations and build the dam slowly up again, canting the great stones shingle-wise against the thrust of the stream. Restored to its original form, it extended fourteen feet high, twelve feet thick, and seventy feet across the little valley. It was a big undertaking, but by no means the end of the task. There was the mill building itself to frame, for nothing of the former structure remained. The iron turbine that we had salvaged from the wheel pit would have to be reset. Both would require expert and therefore hired labor. Once these things were done I proposed to finish the job myself.

There is something highly personal about small mills like this. I found myself working along with my hired help all day, every day. I was probably doing just what all the prior incumbents of the property had done before me. In fact, all along, it seemed as if shadows of the past kept drifting across the old millsite as, little by little, it came back from oblivion. There were constant reminders that I was not the first; others had worked here long before me. Below the deepest underpinnings of the dam we found rum jugs, drained and broken by the men who first built it two hundred years before. We added a twentieth-century bottle or two to bring the record up to date.

Among the cribwork of the apron we found charred timbers bearing the marks of broadaxe and of adze. They must have been part of the original building, which was burned in 1845. "Uncle Odie" Goffe—the grandson of the original owner—the then proprietor, was at meeting that summer Sunday when the mill burned. It was rebuilt the following year with "new & improved mechanical devises," including among other things an iron turbine in place of the wooden overshot wheel. We found this turbine in the rubble-filled wheel pit just where "Odie" had installed it. Down here, too, the one serious accident in the mill's history had taken place. Around 1800, "Grandsir"—"Odie's" father—was down here cooping the wheel when Bernice Pritchard, the hired man, inadvertently laid the water onto it. "Grandsir"

was squeeze so bad he died of the injuries a few years later, nipped off in his prime at the age of ninety-two.

We found, among the debris, fragments of the great "Up & Down" saw. I could not help wondering if this was in use at the time of the indignant entry in the mill book for 1820. The rusted ink of the script still quavers with anger at the fecklessness of the younger generation. The mill had just got the spring water. The rollway was full of the winter's logs. What had the owner's boys done but skipped out on him. They had walked eighteen miles to the next town to see a hanging and left him to run the mill singlehanded. And when you get your water is no time to wait for anybody, hung or unhung.

2

By the time Henry came to help me frame the building, the season was already far advanced. Autumn had turned to winter. But Henry had framed too many buildings in his time to hustle now, no matter what the temperature. Framing is a specialized department of the builder's trade and as such holds an exalted position in the hierarchy. About the only thing that could ruffle Henry's habitual calm was calling him a carpenter. He wished it distinctly understood that he was a "framer," not one of them perverted, condemned, genetically confused fabricators of backhouses. He was no *objet d'art* perched on the ridgepole of anybody's mill. He was a lean and gangling old man, unkempt, alcoholic, and profane. His straggling mustache was perpetually fringed with tobacco juice icicles, and screened a breath which, if ever breathed o'er Eden, would have revised the Pentateuch.

Gradually the massive frame of the building rose from the wheel pit to the straddle pole. Together we lugged and levered the heavy timbers into place. Henry would lay out and cut the tenons and the mortises; then I would drive in the treenails locking them together. It seemed a preposterously heavy framework for so small a building. It was not bigger than a small cottage house, and yet enough lumber went into it to build five. But it would have to support a heavy weight of machinery and withstand vibration. It needed to be strong.

Henry was right in taking time to do a superlative job, although the moderate tempo of his work irked me a good deal in that freezing weather. By his own statement, he "warn't as swift as some." That and his propensity for reminiscing about a barn he had framed in Henniker, New Hampshire, in 1901. I

came to know by heart all the specifications of this infernal building, as well as the admiring profanity of all beholders. Henry finally got through, leaving behind him the essential skeleton of a squat, low building, well designed and strongly put together. I hastened to board up the north walls against the blast. But the good weather held unusually late that year, almost until New Year's.

I was finishing the boarding, an unskilled carpentry job, unworthy of the framer's art, when Kitty, the last of the specialists, materialized upon the scene. It was just as well that Henry had departed, for such mighty opposites would have made for discord. Where one was all profane garrulity, the other never spoke; where Henry piddled over small details, Kitty worked deftly with astonishing speed. There was an unverified hypothesis locally that Kitty could speak, but actually his eloquence was confined to three expressions. "Yup," affirmative; "Uh," indifferent; "Nope," negative. In silent sorrow he lowered himself into the wheel pit to commune with the ancient turbine. Almost before I had become used to his presence there, he rose up solemnly, pronounced a valedictory "Yup," and silently evaporated. The job was done and well done.

The rebuilt stone dam was now as strong as ever; the low mill building was complete in all essentials; the turbine, joined to the penstock, lay ready for action in its pit. All the rest was up to me. Alone in the gathering dusk of the winter evening I pulled the wedge out of the sluice gate. With a rumble and a splash it fell into its place, sealing the dam. The murmur of the stream abruptly ceased. Silently the black water rose to fill the pond for the first time in thirty years. According to my calculations it would take about eight hours to fill up. My heavy workboots clumped in the frozen ruts as I plodded home, tired but with the satisfaction that comes when a hard job has been finally completed.

When Connie and I went down early the following morning, a wholly unfamiliar body of water met our eyes. Dark, smooth, and steaming in the morning sun, it had filled the pond hole from bank to bank. Except for a low parapet of stone, the pond side of the dam had vanished. An unbroken sheet of water slid over the tumbling vent and burst foaming on the apron below.

Inside the mill I gripped the gate wheel with both hands to lay on the water for the first time. A jet of white shot out of the wheel pit and scurried off down the millrace toward the river. The turbine gave out a hollow groan, and slowly at first, but with gathering speed, the gear spokes turned around. Faster and still faster they spun, even,

strong, and true, until they merged into a blur of moving parts. Two hundred years old and with the seventh generation at the water gate, John Goffe's Mill was alive again.

3

THE dam held back some sixty horsepower of water. The turbine connected with it was ready to run at a twist of the gate wheel. The mill building, although far from a finished product, was adequate for the purposes of the moment. It only remained for me to install the productive machinery and to connect the turbine with the actual working mechanism on the floor above, which was a sawmill. There would be many more machines installed subsequently, including a gristmill, but for the moment Goffe's Mill was going to be a sawmill again.

There were, however, two salient features in all this. One was that I would be setting up a sawmill alone and I knew absolutely nothing about it; the other was that the mill had to be ready when the spring water came through. Working alone presented no emotional obstacles, at least. After the personality problems of La Tulippe, Henry, and Kitty it would be rather a relief. My ignorance of sawmills, profound at that time, was something God and I would have to adjust between us as we went along.

The first and most vital installation was the horizontal main drive shaft of the mill. Connected with the vertical turbine shaft by a bevel gear, it was the prime mover from which all the upstairs machinery would be activated. It was as thick as one's wrist, twenty-six feet long, and garnished with an assortment of cast-iron gears and pulleys. Altogether it weighed well over a ton. The bearings for it were all aligned and bolted in place, but I could not boost the long, awkward object from the floor onto them. The entire shaft needed to be lifted bodily up three feet and then swung over and gently lowered into position. Intense cold had made the iron bearings as fragile as glass.

The big shaft was flexible to a limited extent. The half-ton-capacity hoist could lift one end three inches, about the limit of flexion, at which point it could be secured with a log chain suspended from the ceiling. The hoist could then be moved over and the center section similarly sprung upwards. Finally the other end could be drawn up and the whole thing would be level again. A day or two later, when the proper elevation had been reached, it was blocked there with heavy timbers.

Now it had only a short way to go sideways. I could just roll it into place. Suddenly my greasy

mitten slipped and I lost my hold. Like a live thing it sprang forward and fell into place with a crash that shook the building. Horrified I checked each of the maltreated bearings, but they were all intact. It certainly was not my fault that they were. I rejoiced — until I saw something on the floor in one corner. A bright bronze washer lay staring up at me. My bowels turned to water at the sight. It was the thrust washer that went on the turbine end of the drive shaft. It had to be there. It was an imperative, categorical and mechanical. There was only one way to do it. The shaft had to be lifted off before this miserable object would slip on.

The sovereign truth about anything to do with sawmills is a point in self-discipline. Always pretend you are working by the hour and for someone you do not like. Down any other road lies hamburger. This is especially true of circular-saw mills, the most ill-tempered and perverse of the breed. "Up & Down" mills such as the one we later devised, featuring the now well-known principle of the "Woodbury-Burrowes Flying Gee String," may pound the unwary into the floor like a shingle nail, but circular saws prefer to divide their sawyers longitudinally like the models in Mr. Gray's *Anatomy*. A circular mill-saw running at appropriate speed would travel 120 miles an hour, were it in contact with the ground. But they are very sly. Well balanced and running true, the sinister thing whistles contentedly to itself, just as though, after all, it really wasn't meaning any harm. Let a log advance into it and there is a material change of attitude. With a screech it tears through the stout timber as though it were made of cream cheese. Loose knots or splinters are shot to the extremity of the mill like rifle bullets. If the saw breaks, the only safe place is in an adjoining county.

We "sprung out" early that year. Unexpectedly the freezing grip of winter relaxed and with it came the water. Snow and ice turned gray and granular, wilting under the March sun. This and the spring rains transformed the tranquil thread of Bowman's Brook. The ice in the millpond started as the rising water cracked it into cakes. Crumbs at first and then great slabs detached themselves, and sailed deliberately over the tumbling vent to crash on the concrete apron below. Fed by countless loosened springs and swamps far up in the woods, the coffee-colored stream plunged onward with fierce energy. It seemed inconceivable that the stone dam, for all its massive masonry, could ever hold such power. Yet it must have done so many times before.

The forty-two-inch saw spun on its arbor faster and faster, until it had the momentum of more than

a ton of heavy machinery behind it. Deep in the bowels of the mill the massive change gears rumbled in rhythmic cadence, "Going-to-work, going-to-work, going-to-work." They were somewhat worn after a century of use, but still serviceable. Very deliberately the first log advanced to meet the waiting saw. The low whistle rose to a scream as the saw plunged into the green pine. The heavy odor of fresh pitch filled the air.

Everything functioned according to prospectus — until I engaged the blower to clear out the accumulated sawdust. Obviously something was the matter with it. Instead of ejecting a plume of sawdust out the pipe, the blower sounded muffled, diminuendo, and rather stuffy about it. Through the window I saw that there was nothing coming out. It must be plugged, and on the first log, too. There had been some trouble when I hitched it up. True to my usual form I had inadvertently arranged it so that it ran backwards — a sixty-horsepower vacuum cleaner. But I had rectified this error long ago and had not fiddled with the blower since. There came a confused scraping, scuffling sound from the pipe itself. It seemed to be progressive, moving outwards toward the end which projected outside of the building like the nozzle of a howitzer. A few straggling wisps of hay shot out. Then, with a resounding "thoop," a bolus of hay mixed with sawdust shot far out from the building. In the center of it was a badly disheveled squirrel. He rolled over several times after he hit the ground, then dashed up the nearest elm tree in a hysteria of excitement. All the rest of the day he chattered and swore at me.

Roll and saw, roll and saw, back and forth to the alternate whistle and scream, log after log went into lumber. The rollway slowly emptied at one end of the mill; the lumber piles at the other grew taller and taller. Under the blower pipe the sawdust pile came to resemble a scale model of the Matterhorn. Goffe's Mill was turning out a thousand feet a day of merchandisable lumber — which was creditable enough for an obsolete mill run by an equally obsolete professor, who must also fell, yard, sled, and draw the logs, with one man to help in the woods. Each evening, at quitting time, Connie and the baby came down to fetch me home.

By the beginning of summer, just as the heavy water was going by, the last log went through. I hung up the cant hook and the files, greased the sap-stained saw, and closed down for the season. The reconstructed machinery had run steadily and well. It had turned out useful and valuable lumber; it had abundantly repaid the labor of its resurrection. We had proved as well as improved our heritage of John Goffe's Mill.

END OF A BERLIN DIARY

by WILLIAM L. SHIRER

A Middle Westerner who grew up in Iowa, WILLIAM L. SHIRER graduated from Coe College in 1925. He always wanted to be a newspaperman, and after serving as a cub reporter on the Cedar Rapids *Republican*, he lit out for Europe, where the whole Continent was soon to be his beat. For three years he was the young chief of the Central European Bureau of the Chicago *Tribune*, with his headquarters in Vienna. There he really learned the German language; there he met his Viennese wife (who was to prove such an able assistant in the crucial days to come); there he was trained for the incomparably discerning broadcasts beginning "This is Berlin," which he delivered from 1937 until the end of 1940, with a German censor at his elbow and with the American listeners of CBS hanging on his words. During his stay in Germany Mr. Shirer kept diaries and accumulated the material which could never get past a censor; and on his return to this country he published this ringside chronicle in his *Berlin Diary*, which became a best-seller on its publication in 1941. In 1945 Mr. Shirer went back to Berlin to exhume from among the ruins the details of Hitler's rise and fall as disclosed by the captured German documents. His notes will be published this fall in book form. — THE EDITOR

I

Aboard Queen Mary, Monday, October 1, 1945. — New York out of sight now, and one's spirits sink a little. You would think it was the first time instead of the hundredth. Eileen and Linda came down to the dock with Tess. I held them by the water's edge while they gazed up at the giant liner. Very impressed they were. Linda kept calling it the "Big Canoe." She said it reached to the sun. We said our farewells and they went off to school. Both seemed resentful at the separation. You'd think they would be used to them by now. Ed Murrow arrived, in uniform. For the first time since Lisbon, in December, 1940, we shall have time for much talk. A last walk up and down with Tess (our millionth farewell, but always sad), and then they began to pull the gangplank up.

At sea, Thursday, October 4. — Tea and a long talk with Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada. He seemed greatly concerned with the atomic bomb. Up most of the night with Ed and General X, discussing the future of broadcasting, if any. So far, radio has missed most of its chances, chiefly, I suppose, because too many executives regard it as a business just like any other, and have been more concerned with making huge profits than with making broadcasting a public service. State ownership is not the answer either, at least in the U.S.A. No ideal solution, I guess. But even if it is a profit-making business, can't radio in our land grow up?

At sea, Saturday, October 6. — Southampton tomorrow, then London and Paris, and finally Berlin! It's hard to be honest with oneself about returning to Berlin. I am not thrilled. Is there a smug feeling of the fine revenge I shall experience? I don't think so. My hatred of the Nazis is more complex. I remember the day I left Berlin. I said to myself: "I don't care if I ever see this town, this people, again."

London, Thursday, October 11. — Dinner, and long into the night with Kingsley Martin, editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, and Dick Crossman. Dick is a new Labor member of Parliament. He was brilliant, as usual, but almost completely cockeyed on Germany and on America. Labor circles here see a Gargantuan United States swamping them out of the world markets at a moment when Britain must increase its exports 50 per cent over the pre-war level in order to exist. They think we have gone imperialist in Asia and they are not impressed by my argument that whatever imperialist touch we once had, we have lost. Much wild and silly talk in the same circles that America is on the verge of war with Russia. I tell them that the *people* at home don't want a war and, in fact, do not even think about it. Back of all these ideas, I gather, is the Labor feeling, which probably has some — but not much — justification, that capitalist America will not be very coöperative with socialist Britain.

On Germany, I find my Labor party friends definitely bad. They want to build up Western Germany — especially the Ruhr — they say, “in the interests of European economic prosperity.” That this *may* mean building up Germany again as a military power (since military power is based on economic strength) is a consequence they refuse to face. Just as after the last war, these nice Liberal-Labor people feel that Germany is too thoroughly beaten to come back. Depressing that such intelligent folk want to be wrong twice.

London, Friday, October 12. — Drinks with Geoffrey Crowther, editor of the *Economist*, the most intelligent economic weekly in the world. He is not unduly alarmed at the prospects of five years of socialist rule in Britain. He is more alarmed, he says, at what the Russians and the Americans may do. We argued about Germany, his journal being much too strong for restoring Germany's economic strength.

London, Tuesday, October 15. — I leave England for the bleak Continent, full of exciting yet confused impressions, but pretty certain of one thing: there will be no revolution here, or anything slightly resembling it, as long as the present socialist government is at the helm. There will be an evolution toward a state-controlled private economy with government ownership of a few key industries and the Bank of England.

Paris, Monday, October 29. — It has been a striking and encouraging experience — this brief stopover in Britain and France on my way back to Germany. Britain is not the nation we knew in 1939, nor apparently will it ever be again. France stumbles out of the nightmare of four years under the barbarian conquest and, after a year of trying, suddenly finds its feet. But they are not the feet we knew in 1939. The old ones, apparently, are gone forever.

The structure of society in Western Europe is being completely overhauled — economically, socially, politically. The war swamped the old one, and few regret its disappearance. It spelled misery for too many people. In Western Europe the common people have taken over political power. They intend to use it to obtain economic and social power as well. Thus it is that Paris and London — once the centers of wealth and fashion in the Western world — have taken on aspects of great proletarian cities. The clothes of the rich are as shabby as those of the poor. That old law of supply and demand (so sacred at home) has lost all meaning over here. You can flutter a whole fistful of banknotes and shout to the house-tops for something you want to buy. It will do

no good. What the nation produces is allocated by the state to those it considers most in need. Priorities and ration coupons are worth more than any amount of cash.

What the great majority of people in Western Europe want is democratic socialism. They intend to get it this time — gradually, to be sure, and by orderly methods, preserving always their democratic freedoms and their respect for the individual and his dignity as a human being.

With luck and decent flying weather, I shall be back in Berlin tomorrow. Nearly five years since I left. December 5, 1940, it was.

2

Berlin, Tuesday, October 30. — That first view of Berlin from the air this afternoon! The great city demolished almost beyond recognition.

The center of the capital around the Leipzigerstrasse and the Friedrichstrasse a vast acreage of rubble. Most of the little streets I knew, gone, erased off the map. The railway stations — Potsdamer Bahnhof, Anhalter Bahnhof, Lehrter Bahnhof — gaunt shells. The Imperial Palace of the Kaisers roofless, some of its wings pulverized, and here and there the outer walls battered in. The Tiergarten, like any other battlefield from the air, pockmarked with shell holes, the old spreading trees that I had known, bare stumps. And as far as you can see in all directions from a plane above the city, a great wilderness of debris, dotted with roofless, burnt-out buildings that look like little mousetraps, with the low autumn sun shining through the spaces where windows had been.

When we flew over Tempelhof the ground officer would not let us land. Ground fog, he said, though we could see the field perfectly.

“How about a little tour of your old stamping ground?” the pilot asked. When we ran out of gas in half an hour, the stubborn officer would have to let us land, he said. I crawled into the co-pilot's seat. Around and around the sprawling city we circled. But I could not take it all in so quickly. My brain became blurred. Soon I was lost staring down at the awful wasteland.

Our gas was about gone. The pilot was arguing with Tempelhof field on his radio. The ground officer kept ordering him back to Wiesbaden, 200 miles away. Ground fog, he kept saying, though visibility was so good we could see from 2000 feet the faces of German prisoners of war repairing the field.

The pilot began to perspire.

"Why not land at Gatow?" I said. "It's the RAF field, and I know it well. I used to sail on the Wannsee near-by when Gatow was a Luftwaffe base."

"Give me the Berlin map," the pilot said to his co-pilot. But there was none to be found.

"I'll guide you in," I said. There really was ground fog at Gatow, but we made it on the second try.

Toward sundown we got permission to come into Tempelhof. In this district around the airfield I had had my home for three years but I could not make it out. Then, from the canal and the railroad tracks I got my bearings. As we banked toward the field I saw our old house. It was still standing, and with a roof — the only intact building in the entire neighborhood. Had Frau K, who owned it, survived then? She had not liked the Nazis, who had hounded her husband, a famous ace of the First World War, to the grave when he refused to knuckle down to Göring. But, like all Germans, she had pitched in to help win the war for Nazi Germany. The last night I had seen her she had talked for hours about her patriotic duty as a German. And Germany would win, she had said. Well, at least her roof was still on.

It was dark before I got billeted in an atrociously furnished middle class villa of a German washing-machine manufacturer in Zehlendorf-West. Before I could set my gear down he was bowing and scraping and protesting in loud guttural tones that he had always been the staunchest of Hitler-haters.

Wednesday, October 31. — A foggy, chilly morning, my first in Berlin. Very much like the last one, December 5, 1940, when I drove to Tempelhof to get away. I remember it was snowing then.

But, Berlin this morning — this utter devastation where once stood the proud capital of the regime that Hitler said would last a thousand years!

Howard Smith and I drove through the Kurfürstendamm from the American sector in southwest Berlin. Someone had told me this equivalent of New York's Fifth Avenue had escaped the heavy bombing. But hardly a house was intact.

We got out of the car and strolled around the neighborhood — a familiar one to me, for I had lived up the street in the Tauentzienstrasse at one time and, like everyone else in Berlin, had always patronized the restaurants, cafés, and movie palaces of the quarter. Now I could scarcely recognize it. The Romanisches Café, where the Berlin bohemians used to forgather, was largely rubble.

The Eden Hotel, down the Budapesterstrasse, where the racy girls of the town hung out, was entirely rubble. How had these lighthearted damsels, I wondered, taken the horrors of the bombing? All the buildings across from the Gedächtniskirche on the south side of the Zoo were smashed in. One of them, a gaudy place where we had occasionally dined and danced, was no more.

But the Zoo? What was that I read in the local newspapers this morning? Something about the director of the Zoo assuring the population that the animals would be fed as usual this winter. The Berliners, who are hungry themselves, will not resent that. Curious, the German's tenderness toward animals, even the wild, vicious ones, in contrast to the way he treats his fellow men — in a concentration camp, for instance.

Opposite the façade of the Gedächtniskirche, the Gloria Palast, a popular movie house, was just a mound of broken bricks and stone. German women, some of whom looked — from their fur jackets — as though they had once been staunch, if smug, members of the middle class (Hitler's most fanatical supporters), formed a chain gang, passing broken brick to one another with their dainty hands.

A Russian motor convoy rounded the church, a long file of Chevrolet trucks filled with loot. The pickings must be getting slim. Aside from a few bicycles there seemed to be only junk — piping, wheels, broken machinery.

We walked up the Kurfürstendamm. The beer halls on the right, in which I had spent many an evening trying to forget the Nazis, were all smashed in. Kranzler's café-restaurant, where, in the crisp autumn, I used to go for *Rebhuhn* and red kraut, washed down with a dry Rhine wine, was just another ruin. And so it went. Life had been gaudy on this broad avenue between the wars. It had glittered like tinsel and had been about as deep and meaningful. The Kurfürstendamm had expressed, in a way, the vulgarity, the cheapness, the showy pretentiousness, the dreadful emptiness of life for the middle classes during the uneasy peace. Was its destruction such a loss? I wondered.

We left it and hit down the East-West Axis — the triumphal boulevard that Hitler had widened from the old Charlottenburger Chaussee into a sort of Via Triumphale, down which his goose-stepping supermen used to parade before the war, in the brief hours of the Nazi glory. As a reporter, I had often stood in the reviewing stand and watched them, a feeling of despair and disgust gnawing at my stomach. Up this broad, flag-

decked avenue, Hitler's new tanks and huge guns had lumbered, sending the German people massed along the curbs into wonderful ecstasy, and the rest of the world's people, when they read our dispatches or listened to our broadcasts, into hysterical fear.

This boulevard, which cut a wide ribbon through the wooded Tiergarten, had come to stand, for me, as an ugly symbol of Nazi Germany's military might, as the near-by Siegesallee, with its statues of all the Prussian Fürsts, Kurfürsts, and kings, had stood for the cruel, pompous vainglory of Prussia. But before I left Berlin, the great street's symbolism — at least for me — became diluted. The spacious boulevard through the Tiergarten turned out to be a great landmark for RAF pilots in the night, and I used to watch them fly up and down it as if they owned it. Somehow their regular visits helped to wipe out my memory of this great highway as the parade ground of the strutting German Army. Hitler, enraged, had had the avenue covered at great expense with wire netting to camouflage it from the British bombers, but one night a fierce wind from the east had blown the covering down, and even the Berliners had chuckled. Yes, the mighty symbol was fading, even then.

Now gangs of German prisoners of war were at work on the once proud avenue, filling the holes made by the bombs and shells. Beyond the curbs, on both sides, the Tiergarten, which for so many years had been the scene of my walks and my meditations, and whose wonderful rose garden in June had been a special delight, looked like a dozen other battlefields. Here the Nazi die-hards had made their last stand after the Reich Chancellery had fallen, and Hitler and his mistress, and Goebbels and his wife and children, had liquidated themselves. Half of the trees had been shot away, and the ground was crisscrossed with trenches and foxholes and scattered with the rusty things you see on any battlefield — parts of tanks, armored cars, half-trucks, guns, helmets.

Curiously enough, that ugly abortion, the Siegesäule — the Victory Column — was still standing in the middle of the Grosser Stern. Neither British and American bombs nor Russian shells had toppled it over. But high in the gray sky — the fog was clearing a little now — I could make out a French flag floating atop it, atop this Germanic monument to Prussia's victory over France in 1871.

I recalled how fickle the fates have been in Europe, and how shortsighted it has been for Europeans to conclude that their latest victory over the enemy would be final for all time. I should

like to close an eye to history and think now that this time, certainly this time, the Germans are either down for good or will never rise again in the detestable form they have shown during the last seventy-five years.

There was another reminder of how often in history — as in our personal lives — the tables are turned. Two thirds of the way down the Axis toward the Brandenburg Gate, on the left side, hundreds of workmen were laboring like beavers behind an enormous scaffolding. Howard said it was to be a mammoth monument to the Red Soldier, to commemorate the Russian troops killed in the Battle of Berlin. It was to be unveiled on November 7, the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution — in just a week now.

Neither Hitler nor the German people, for that matter, ever dreamt the day would come when a monument to the Red Army would rise in the midst of the German capital, indeed on a spot within sight of the Reichstag, where Hitler had so often fulminated against Russia and its Bolshevism — yes, on the very spot past which, in the high time of the Nazis, Hitler's arrogant hirelings had done some of their fanciest goose-stepping.

We drove on through the Brandenburg Gate, which was still standing, though a horse or two in the statuary on the top had been badly wounded and the Grecian columns were nicked with shrapnel. The Pariser Platz, just beyond the Gate, which had been pretty much the geographical center of my life in Berlin during the war years (for I lived at the Adlon and went often to the American Embassy near-by), was scarcely recognizable. The Adlon was a shell, the Embassy completely destroyed, as was the French Embassy across the little square. There was a sign on the battered front door of the Adlon, through which I had passed so often in my Berlin years. It announced bravely that "Five O'Clock Tea" was being served.

"But where?" I asked Howard. Through the broken walls of the once famous hostelry you could see nothing but debris.

"In the cellar," Howard said. "And some of the old waiters are still around in their long, formal coats and starched collars just as if nothing had changed."

3

WE TURNED into the Wilhelmstrasse, that famous little street from whose ugly ministerial buildings and palaces first Prussia and then Germany had been ruled with an iron hand.

As far as you could see down the street, not a single building stood intact. Hindenburg's old palace, which Ribbentrop had taken over and remodeled, and the Foreign Office further down, where we had been convoked so often by the insufferable Ribbentrop every time Germany broke another treaty or attacked a new neighbor, were both gutted. Back there on the left-hand side of the street, the shell of a building where Rudolf Hess used to have his office. Next to it, another shell where the clown "Putzi" Hanfstaengl used to receive us before he fell out of favor with his Führer. Further down on the left, the few remains of the Propaganda Ministry. I could recognize it only by its position at the end of the street. Most of its walls were gone, and the interior — those palatial rooms where Goebbels had so often strutted in (despite his limp) to lecture us and lie to us, and where, after the war began, we had assembled each afternoon for a press conference presided over by the cocky Dr. Boehmer and his gang of liars — was simply a mess of twisted girders and pulverized brick and plaster.

Finally, across the street from the Propaganda Ministry, the remains of the place where the war had been plotted — Hitler's Chancellery. The Russians, you could see, had pretty well cleaned it up. Howard said it had been in an awful mess when the Russians stormed it the day after an orgy of suicides and murders had at last removed Hitler, his mistress Eva Braun, Goebbels and his wife and children, and a few bitter-enders, from this world.

A rather bedraggled Russian sentry stood guard over the doorway. He seemed chilly and bored. Would he be bored though, I thought, if he had my memories of that particular building?

How many times had I stood opposite on the curb and watched the comings and goings of the great! They would drive up in their black super-Mercedes cars: the fat, bemedaled Göring; the snakelike little Goebbels, though he lived just across the street; the arrogant, stupid Ribbentrop, though he lived a mere 100 yards down the street — these and Hess and the drunkard Ley and the debauched-looking little Funk with the small eyes of a pig, and the sadist Himmler (though he looked like a mild schoolmaster), and the other swashbuckling party hacks, and then the generals, their necks stiff even when they dismounted from a car, one eye inevitably squeezing a monocle, their uniforms immaculately pressed. They would come, be saluted by the guard of honor, and pass within this building to plot their conquests.

Today, I reflected, standing there in front of

the Chancellery's ruins, they are all dead or in jail. This building in whose stately rooms they worked out so confidently and cold-bloodedly their obscene designs is, like them, smashed forever. Germany, their land, which they wanted to rule the world, is smashed too. It will not recover for a long time, and perhaps never.

And yet, what suffering they caused on this planet, these German men, before an aroused world turned them back and fought through to hunt them out and kill them or capture them. How many millions dead, killed, and murdered? How many maimed and broken? How many homes in ashes? Even though the fighting has stopped, the peoples of Europe this winter are hungry and cold, and a million or so of them probably will die all because of what these evil, stupid little men — in this building before it was smashed — did.

And do not forget either that these criminal men with their brutal, inhuman designs were — when I last stood before this building less than five years ago — the heroes of this weird and tragic land. Crowds cheered them in the streets. The workers cheered them in the factories. The whole German nation followed them not only obediently but with enthusiasm. And the German people toiled like beavers so that these men might succeed in their plans to destroy or enslave the rest of the world. So many of our own people forget this as they pity the dazed and broken Germans hauling wood on their backs through the rubble of the German cities today.

We went on from the Chancellery, turned left past the Kaiserhof, the hotel which had been Hitler's headquarters before he came to power, and where, during the war years, I had often snatched an evening meal before the broadcasts. On many a dark night I had swallowed down my food and watched the Nazis in another corner toasting their early victories as if they already owned the earth. About all that is left of this little Nazi citadel is the charred front wall on which you can make out the blurred word "Kaiserhof."

With difficulty we made our way through blocks of rubble to the Alexander Platz. For the first time we began to see numbers of Russian soldiers, for we were now in the Soviet sector, having passed through the British sector in the Kurfürstendamm and Tiergarten areas. Most of the Russian troops appeared poorly clad, their uniforms dirty and shoddy. Perhaps that was because they had done so much magnificent fighting in them. About one Russian in four, officer or man,

carried a slung carbine. Almost all of them carted ordinary civilian suitcases, looted, no doubt, from Germans, and filled, no doubt, with black-market purchases.

The Russians, Howard said, had recently received two or three years' back pay in paper marks, and our GI's had not been slow to take advantage of it. Our troops had had cigarettes and cheap watches shipped posthaste from home, and here in the Alexander Platz or in the Tiergarten they disposed of them at fantastic prices to the Russian comrades. "Mickey Mouse" watches — whatever they are — fetched 10,000 marks, Howard said, which a GI could convert into one thousand American dollars and send home. Now, however, the Army was stepping in to stop the racket, and the Russians were also beginning to coöperate. Both commands were checking up not only on their own troops but on Germans who were palming off a weird assortment of knickknacks on the property-hungry Red Army men.

Indeed, hardly had we entered the square and paused to see that the sinister Gestapo jail and headquarters had been nicely smashed, before a large squad of Russian military police began rounding up a hundred or so black-market operators, about a third of whom were Soviet soldiers and the rest German civilians.

One little incident followed that I did not like. The Russians, as every American soldier here knows, do not let you take photographs in their sector without a special permit. But an American Lieutenant Colonel was blandly photographing the roundup of the black-marketers by the Russian MP's. Two Russian guards immediately grabbed him and proceeded to march him off to the hoosegow. He was a rather elderly fellow and evidently not a combat officer. But he grew combative enough with the Russians. What I did not like was that the German civilians on the Platz gathered around with obvious glee to see the spectacle of a couple of Russian soldiers arresting an American colonel. A Russian officer intervened and appeared to explain in Russian that if the colonel would give up his film he would be freed. But the American either did not understand or did not want to part with his film. So off to the jug he was marched, while the Germans guffawed. Perhaps, I thought, they saw their first glimmer of hope in this little incident. In the end — *Ja?* — the Russians and Americans would never understand each other, never get along. If so, that was the German's chance.

We came home by way of Wedding, a German workers' district in north Berlin and now part of

the Russian sector. At every street corner you saw a big Russian poster in German which read: "The experience of history shows that the Hitlers come and go, but that the people of the German nation live on." It was signed: "Stalin."

Now our Russian friends, I reflected, stand for a tough peace with Germany because they are determined not to have to defend themselves against any more German attacks. But they know something about propaganda. We Americans, alas, do not.

4

Thursday, November 1. — At the invitation of General James Gavin, Commander of the U.S. 82nd Airborne Division, I sat in today on the seventeenth meeting of the Allied Kommandatura, which rules Berlin. It was something of an experience. Here, on a practical plane, you could see the four victorious Allies, so different in their backgrounds, psychology, and national structures, trying to work together in peace as they had in war. The gulf between the East and the West was certainly there as the four generals tried to agree on various details of ruling the conquered city. But on the whole, they did not get along badly. General Smirnov, the Russian, who presided, conducted himself, I thought, with tact, humor, and dispatch, though an American diplomat had solemnly assured me that the Russians were simply too ignorant to know how to participate in an international meeting, much less conduct one.

Altogether, watching the Kommandatura meeting was a rather encouraging experience when you consider that the future peace of the world depends on the four major Allies getting along together, especially here in Germany.

In the evening, with some colleagues, to General Robertson, the British deputy commander. He seemed anxious to see that the Germans were treated well, and, moreover, made it look as though that was official British policy.

Friday, November 2. — I must try to get the story of how we Americans are running our part of Germany. Last night an earnest young American Army captain spoke bitterly and discouragingly on the subject. He thought we were doing a pretty lousy job. He said that in Darmstadt our CIC had gone so far as to employ Nazi Gestapo agents to track down German Communists, though the Communist Party is recognized as legal in our zone, as in all the others. Nazi elements, he said, run the German prisoner of war camps, and ill-

treat anti-Nazi prisoners just as they did in the POW camps at home. He stressed how badly anti-Nazi German refugees in the U.S. were needed here—yet we do not allow them to return. He told a weird story about how one of our chief political advisers here was a sinister German, a former protégé of Schacht, a former SS man, and a rabid German nationalist. This Nazi now advises us on what to do with the Germans!

Walter Kerr, Howard, and I had another look at the ruins today. Going into Wittenberg Platz, I noticed another sign put up by the Russians. It was in German and said: “No foreign enemy ever brought so much misery to the Germans as Hitler.” Misery there was, such as no living German had ever dreamt was possible. Those middle class German women toiling in the rubble on half-empty stomachs were an example of just part of it. And yet, how many Germans realized *why* this misery had come? Didn’t they blame the foreign enemy for it? Wasn’t the only blame they had for Hitler merely that he had lost, not won, the war? Walter and Howard, who have been here some time, said the Germans they had talked to blamed the Nazis not for starting this incredibly destructive war, but merely for having lost it.

The German people, I fear, have not — by a hell of a long way — learned the lessons of this terrible war. They have no sense of guilt and are sorry only that they were beaten and must now suffer the consequences. They are sorry only for themselves — not at all for those they murdered and tortured and tried to wipe off this earth.

I was curious to see what had happened to the little pub on the south side of the Platz which Hitler’s half brother, Alois Hitler, had started shortly before the war, much to the disgust of the Führer, who did not like the people to be reminded of the lower middle class origins of the Hitler family. It was still there, and open for such business as pubs, without suitable food or drink, conduct at the moment. But we could not find Alois Hitler within. The name did not seem to ring a bell in anyone’s mind, though it had struck terror up and down Europe and the world.

The great K.D.W. department store, on the west side of the square, where I had done my meager Christmas shopping in the days when I lived across the street and was broke, was battered and burnt out. So was the house in the Tauentzienstrasse opposite it, where, in 1934, Tess and I had rented a studio from a cultivated German Jewish couple. He had been a sculptor and she an art historian, and they had had the good sense to beat it hurriedly for England, and later

for the United States, at a time when many of their Jewish friends thought things could still be arranged with the Nazis.

In the little studio atop this building, which had now been bombed to ground level, we had given refuge and what help we could to certain victims of the Nazi barbarism. One of them, a half Jewish lawyer who had lost an arm for the Fatherland in World War I, had come to us, I remember, on his release from the dread Gestapo prison of tortures in the Columbiahaus. He was out of his head, though he was one of the bravest men I ever knew, and we kept him until he had become a little normal, a little human, a little like himself, before we took him back to his wife and children. That, of course, was in the beginning of Nazism and we were quite shocked at the time. Innocent we were — then.

All of Berlin’s railway stations have been smashed, but most are functioning after a sort. Before the Anhalter station, hundreds of German refugees were milling around with their great bundles full of what earthly goods they had managed to save. We stopped a moment to question them. They had come in from the East they said, from Poland, from Czechoslovakia, from the Russian zone. Where they were going, or how, they did not know; nor, apparently, did anyone else. They looked very forlorn, these same sturdy German folk many of whom had rushed so joyously in 1939 and the ensuing good war years to settle on land which the Germans had stolen from the Poles, Russians, and Czechs. Now the rightful owners had taken back their land, and these German conquerors, in their rags and their hunger, were looking for refuge in the shrunken, already crowded German land.

We drove and prowled for hours through the prostrate city. On the whole, the residents of Berlin — as distinguished from the refugees pouring into the capital — were better dressed than the people in the liberated Western countries, or even in London. In Paris the women still went stockingless. In Berlin almost all women wore stockings, many of them, no doubt, leftovers from the huge stocks sent back by German soldiers from Holland, Belgium, and especially France, in 1940–1941. I had seen them buying out the stores in these countries then. I remarked today how many German women sported stylish fur coats, though, to listen to some Germans and their American friends here, the Russians were supposed to have torn the fur coats off the backs of all the women in Germany.

I am beginning to question the tales I heard at home about how the Russians raped. In Budapest, one hears here, it was pretty bad. But it does not appear to have been excessive in Berlin. There is always some rape when an army overruns a land. Our own Army has done a little on occasion. But when you consider what the Germans did to the Russian population when *they* overran half of European Russia, — and that the Red Army soldier may have remembered this, — and when you take into account that the Soviet troops had been in the field fighting constantly for two to three years, and that capturing Berlin was a costly operation, and that some of the Russian divisions were made up of very inferior material, not to mention a weird assortment of Asiatic troops, then the amount of raping by Russian troops here apparently was not above the average to be expected.

I have met only one German woman who admits she was raped (and she does not take it very tragically, I must say, perhaps because she is well on in years). I have talked to several who say that while the Russians took their watches and some of the junk out of their houses, there was no attempt to rape them. A lot of houses where Germans complain of Russian looting have a surprising amount of good furnishings left.

The German women in the street look pretty well, though I am not implying that they were ever a beautiful race. The men look more dilapidated, probably because of their clothes. Many of them, demobilized, found their homes destroyed and their civilian clothes gone.

The people in the streets of Berlin amble along at even a slower gait than they used to when things were good. Our officers think it is partly because they are still dazed from the bombings and their personal catastrophes — loss of their homes and of their much loved property, loss of their menfolk, sudden defeat when victory had looked near for so long — and because the German's reflexes, never very speedy, are slowed down by hunger and cold. He plods along the street, pays little attention to the snorting, speeding Allied military vehicles careening up and down, and sometimes gets run over, without making much effort to avoid it.

The most sorry-looking folk on the street (to say pitiful would be dishonest for me, since I have no pity for *them*) are the demobilized German soldiers. They hobble along in their rags, footsore from walking in worn-out shoes stuffed with newspaper; their uniforms, which in my day were so smart, are tattered and filthy. They make an

impressive picture of defeat and desolation. On a street in Wedding, we stop to talk to a group of them scraping along. Are these the crack soldiers who goose-stepped so arrogantly through Poland, France, Russia, and other temporarily conquered lands? These, the *Herrenvolk*? They are certainly not arrogant now. They are bent, broken, dirty, tired, and hungry.

"Where do you come from?" I ask them.

"From Stalingrad," they say. "*Alles kaputt.*" They grin and you can see that few of them, though they are young men, have any teeth left. They beg for cigarettes and we pass a pack around. Then they shuffle and hobble away.

5

AFTER lunch I went to X's office to peruse some documents. Rather interesting, I must say.

One was an interrogation of Dr. Schacht, now in the hoosegow in Nuremberg waiting trial with the other Nazi gangsters. Schacht, according to this confidential American report, paces his cell, fuming against the Nazis. Admitted that he never loved them, the fact is he did more than almost anyone else to bring them to power in 1933, and for many years his peculiar financial talents served Hitler well. How often have I seen him on the platform of the Reichstag beaming with pleasure and approval as Hitler harangued, and excused some new treaty broken, some new country murdered. Now he rages that he was always against the Nazis, and whimpers at the Americans for having locked him up.

And some interesting dope on Ribbentrop, the former German Foreign Minister, one of the most truculent and stupid of the Hitler gang and a mean little liar to boot. I remember how he used to prance into the Foreign Office press room to tell us in his most arrogant fashion of some new Hitlerite aggression. And now here's his preliminary interrogation at Nuremberg, which makes clear that he was not only a liar but a monstrous ignoramus. Only a Hitler would have made such a worm his Foreign Minister.

Some hasty notes scrawled from Ribbentrop's interrogation: —

"Hitler told me for the first time on April 22 or 23 that the war was lost. . . ." But early in April, Ribbentrop says, he and Hitler were still talking about making a deal with Britain. He quotes Hitler as telling him, "We must make some sort of arrangement with England." Were there ever such fools as these Germans!

Ribbentrop claims that after the fall of France, Hitler still spoke of a "quick peace" with England which would leave the British their "prestige." He discourses at length on the theme that Hitler always sought an understanding with Britain. The idiot is still rattling off the old Nazi propaganda line, probably partly because he is too enmeshed in the big Nazi lie to extricate himself and partly because, being an incredibly stupid man, he thinks such silly talk may save his neck.

Now, in the interrogating, Ribbentrop squirms and comes through with a typical whopper. "It is false," he whines, "that I ever said England wouldn't fight. I said she would. Always, I had violent disagreements with the Führer on this."

Everyone knows he never *dared* to disagree with Hitler, even timidly, let alone violently. And everyone knows that it was his assurance to Hitler that Britain would not fight that helped turn the tables for war in August, 1939. He claims Hitler's speeches on foreign affairs were always made without his advice. He even claims that on August 25, 1939 — seven days before Hitler began his war — he asked the Führer "to stop the advance against Poland."

After Germany's demise, Ribbentrop handed a letter to Field Marshal Montgomery to be forwarded to Mr. Vincent [sic] Churchill and Mr. Eden. "Its contents refer — as you will see," he writes Montgomery, "to a message the Führer gave me before his death."

The letter, written in Ribbentrop's inimitable English, follows in part: —

(PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL)

SIRS: —

Radio reports, etc., which I do not quite understand . . . would come to it, that former collaborators of the Führer . . . are trying to depreciate the Führer, falsify his ideas about England. . . . [I wish] to inform you about my last political conversation with the Führer. . . .

As far as I am concerned I have the duty to do everything I can, to fulfill this last wish the Führer has expressed to me and therefore give myself into the hands of the British occupation army. Should you be willing to give me the opportunity of bringing last conversation with Adolph Hitler to your knowledge, I would be grateful, if I could do this personally and verbally.

[Needless to say, Ribbentrop was never able to see Churchill or Eden on this matter. He takes several pages of his letter to prove that unfortunately Hitler did not follow his Foreign Minister's

advice on relations with Britain, Russia, and the United States, which, he says, he wanted to be peaceful. Finally he gets back to what he claims was Hitler's final conversation with him and describes the leader as "having suddenly turned around to me and said: 'You will see, my spirit will arise from my grave and one will see that I have been right.'"]

About one point there has always been entire agreement between the Führer and myself and that was that a strong and united Germany . . . could only exist in the long run by a close collaboration with Great Britain. What the Führer and myself have done . . . for the realization of this English-German conception during the last quarter of a century is known to all people concerned. I believe, it was very much. . . .

In spite of all disappointment and embitterment about the repeated English rejection of the German offers the English-German collaboration has to this last hour always been the political creed of the Führer. He has spoken often in vehement terms about British politics, which he did not understand, but everyone who knew the Führer was well aware that it was one of the most outstanding features of his character that, impulsive though he was, he never changed his fundamental convictions. For this reason in all those years I worked for him and in all our discussions on foreign politics he always came back to this cardinal point. Every step, political, military, etc., during these years was always taken with an eye on this final issue, that is to say to bring Great Britain to terms. To the outside world this may at times not have been recognisable and yet it was so. That England declared war on Germany over the Polish question, a war which we both wanted to avoid by all means and which I tried and almost succeeded to prevent at the last moment, came lastly as a great shock to the Führer.

Now shortly before the bitter end and before his death Hitler has shown himself once more and in spite of his very poor state of health in his old ingenious way. He has with extraordinary clearness quite detached from the events of the day, the war situation and the political combinations given to me an extensive survey of the coming developments of world politics, as he saw it. He has in an almost prophetic way pointed out the decisive importance, which in this century of the formation of large combined political areas must be attached to English-German relations and here-with also to the relations with the present enemies the U.S.A., Soviet Union, France, etc. He said,

what after this lost war could be contributed by the German side, to establish a stable balance of power between the big political areas, in order that not again and irresistibly new war catastrophes would come over Europe, over the British Empire and over the whole world.

We spoke of Russia and the Führer mentioned the gigantic display of power of the Soviet Union and its doctrines and . . . he repeatedly referred to the creation of the Red Army by Stalin and called this a "grandiose" deed. And he further said, that "in spite of the divergencies in the Weltauffassung" Germany simply had to come to a good relationship with Soviet Russia, as both people had to live side by side on the long run. . . .

We also spoke at length of the U.S.A. Hitler regretted the war with America, because we had no possible divergencies with this big nation. We had always regretted this war from the beginning and have done everything we could to prevent it even when our ships were being attacked. The Führer said, that good and lasting relations with the U.S.A. absolutely had to be found. . . . But always again during that conversation the Führer came back to the question of the English-German relations. . . .

Sirs, you have won the war and you hold all power in your hands. May I, as the last foreign minister of a defeated nation and as a man, who in spite of all bitterness of war and of all untruths about his alleged antagonism or "hatred" of England, has always considered England as his second home and who has always wanted the English-German alliance just as much as the Führer himself, point out this:

An enormous to me not comprehensible wave of hatred is at present overwhelming the defeated German nation . . . concentration camps are taken as the cause of a very serious campaign against the German people . . . it is difficult for me to say anything at all on this question. But in this letter which is meant personal and confidential, I would like to say this: Any inhuman treatment of a prisoner is an impossible way of acting and every decent German will like me deplore such acts and condemn them wholeheartedly. . . . Neither I nor, I am certain, most of my colleagues in the former government, had any idea what was happening in concentration camps. . . . This may perhaps surprise, but for a person acquainted with our government system this is quite comprehensible. . . . I ask myself, can one charge a whole nation with such excesses committed by individuals, as is being done now, excesses which I believe occurred in the history of all nations?

As far as my attitude . . . in the question of prisoners . . . I have stood up for the carrying out of the Geneva Convention. . . .

A few days ago it was published that the Wehrmacht had not fought honourable and that the German people should have to learn decency again.

Sirs, can one say this of a defeated enemy, who has fought bravely and of a people who have made superhuman efforts for their country and have lost everything? Can one put down Germans who as patriots . . . have only done their duty towards their country as war criminals and punish them as such? I would like to appeal to the generosity of the victors.

I have been a patriot all my life. . . . I have always opposed the policy against Jews, churches, freemasons. . . . When very much against my will, war broke out after all, I have of course taken an attitude of hard determination and complete conviction in the German victory for internal and external reasons. . . . But this attitude has not prevented me, to continuously keep an eye on the question of an arrangement with the enemies, in order to seize the first occasion for a peace feeler. In my more intimate conversations with the Führer I continuously placed this point before him and stressed him to allow me to do something about it, but he, after the fruitless attempt for peace in the Reichstag 1940, was sceptical about my plans and endeavors in this direction. In spite of various confidential peace tentatives there has (owing to the uncompromising attitude of the enemy) never been a serious occasion to end this war. The war is lost for Germany. In spite of this fact I am of the holy conviction, that the bringing about of a real friendship between the English and the German people is a fundamental necessity if both nations will live on the long run. The Führer was of the same opinion and has therefore entrusted me with the mission to inform you — if possible, about his reasons and ideas concerning this collaboration and the quite new form, which in his opinion should be found for it. In order to fulfill this last mission I lay my fate into your hands.

(signed) JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP

I would be grateful, if this letter could not be published. I will ask field-marshal Montgomery to send it to you under "personal and confidential."

For unadulterated hypocrisy, this letter by this lying scoundrel takes the prize. And yet how re-

vealing it nevertheless is, not only of the German Foreign Minister but of the German character.

6

Berlin, Sunday, November 4. — "This is Berlin!"

It seemed a little strange to say those words on the air again, today. It has been some time since I began a broadcast to America like that.

I kept thinking of that tonight as I did the first broadcast since my return, in an improvised studio in the garret of a former magnate's villa in fashionable Dahlem. Yesterday I drove past the place on Adolf Hitler Platz (as it was then called) where we used to broadcast. It was just another pile of rubble. Were my former Nazi censors buried beneath it? At least they were not present today to try to scratch the truth out of my copy or to stand over my shoulder to see that I did not, as I had often tried to, at the microphone, cheat for the sake of truth.

Gone they were, and all they stood for. One could broadcast the truth once more.

Monday, November 5. — Is Hitler dead?

The British called us in the other evening to say they thought he was. The Russians claim to be skeptical. They would like to see the dead man's molars.

No trace has been found of the body, which reportedly was burned with that of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun, in the garden of the Reich Chancellery on or about May 1 last.

Today I am convinced the evil man *is* dead. I think the documents I have just seen pretty well prove it. The first document, reproduced here in part, is the story told by Hanna Reitsch, the German woman flyer, who flew from Rechlin to Berlin with Lieutenant General Ritter von Greim. It is her account of Hitler's end but it is written by an American officer who interrogated her and then wrote a summary of the interrogation.

THE LAST DAYS IN HITLER'S BUNKER

This report is the story of the last days of the war as they were experienced by Hanna Reitsch, the well-known German test pilot and aeronautical research expert. Her account of the flight into Berlin to report to Hitler and of her stay in the Führer's Bunker is probably as accurate a one as will be obtained of those last days, although the "is he dead or is he not dead" fate of Hitler is only answered to the extent of describing the mental state and the hopelessness of the last-minute

situation, from which individual opinions must be drawn. Her own opinion is that the tactical situation and Hitler's own physical condition made any thought of his escape inconceivable. . . .

Throughout Hanna's stay in the Bunker Hitler's manner and physical condition sank to lower and lower depths. At first he seemed to be playing the proper part of leading the defense of Germany and Berlin. And at first this was in some manner possible as communications were still quite reliable. Messages were telephoned to a flak tower and from there were radioed out by means of a portable, balloon-suspended aerial. But each day this was more and more difficult, until late on the afternoon of April 28th and all day on the 29th communications were almost impossible. On about the 20th of April, at what was probably the last Hitler war council in the Reich Chancellery, the Führer is said to have been so overcome by the persistently hopeless news that he completely broke down in the presence of all the gathering. The talk in the Bunker, where Hanna heard of the collapse, was that, with this display, even the most optimistic of Hitler's cohorts tended toward the conviction that the war was irretrievably lost. According to Reitsch, Hitler never physically nor mentally recovered from this conference room collapse.

Occasionally he still seemed to hold to the hope of General Wenck's success in breaking through from the south. He talked of little else, and all day on the 28th and 29th he was mentally planning the tactics that Wenck might use in freeing Berlin. He would stride about the shelter, waving a road map that was fast disintegrating from the sweat of his hands, and planning Wenck's campaign with anyone who happened to be listening. When he became overly excited he would snatch the map from where it lay, pace with a quick, nervous stride about the room, and loudly "direct" the city's defense with armies that no longer existed (as even Wenck, unknown to the Führer, had already been routed and destroyed).

Reitsch describes it as a pathetic thing, the picture of a man's complete disintegration. A comedy-tragedy of frustration, futility, and uselessness. The picture of a man running almost blindly from wall to wall in his last retreat, waving papers that fluttered like leaves in his nervous, twitching hands, or sitting stooped and crumpled before his table moving buttons to represent his nonexistent armies, back and forth on a sweat-stained map, like a young boy playing at war.

The possibility that Hitler might have gotten out of the Bunker alive, Reitsch dismisses as completely absurd. She claims that she is convinced

that the Hitler she left in the shelter was physically unable to have gotten away. "Had a path been cleared for him from the Bunker to freedom he would not have had the strength to use it," she says. She believes, too, that at the very end he had no intention to live, that only the Wenck hope stayed his hand from putting the mass suicide plan into operation. News that Wenck could not get through, she feels, would immediately have set off the well-rehearsed plans of destruction.

When confronted with the rumor that Hitler might still be alive in Tyrol and that her own flight to that area, after she had left the Bunker, might be more than coincidental, she appears deeply upset that such opinions are even entertained. She says only, "Hitler is dead! The man I saw in the shelter could not have lived. He had no reason to live and the tragedy was that he knew it well, knew it perhaps better than anyone else did." . . .

Then, on the 29th fell the greatest blow of all. A telegram arrived which indicated that the staunch and trusted Himmler had joined Göring on the traitor list. It was like a deathblow to the entire assembly. Reitsch claims that men and women alike cried and screamed with rage, fear, and desperation, all mixed into one emotional spasm. Himmler, the protector of the Reich, now a traitor was impossible. The telegram message was that Himmler had contacted the British and American authorities through Sweden to propose a capitulation to the San Francisco Conference. Hitler raged as a mad man. His color rose to a heated red and his face was virtually unrecognizable. Additional evidence of Himmler's "treachery" was that he had asked not to be identified with the capitulation proposals; American authorities were said to have abided by this request, while the British did not.

After the lengthy outburst Hitler sank into a stupor and for a time the entire Bunker was silent.

Later came the anticlimactic news that the Russians would make a full-force bid to overrun the Chancellery on the morning of the 30th. Even then small-arm fire was beginning to sprinkle the area above the shelter. Ground reports indicated that the Russians were nearing the Potsdamer Platz and were losing thousands of men as they fanatically prepared the positions from which the attack of the next morning was to be launched.

Reitsch claims that everyone again looked to their poison.

At one-thirty on the morning of the 30th of April, Hitler, with chalk-white face, came to Greim's room and slumped down on the edge of the bed. "Our only hope is Wenck," he said, "and to

make his entry possible we must call up every available aircraft to cover his approach." Hitler then claimed that he had just been informed that Wenck's guns were already shelling the Russians in the Potsdamer Platz.

"Every available plane," Hitler said, "must be called up by daylight. Therefore it is my order to you to return to Rechlin and muster your planes from there. It is the task of your aircraft to destroy the positions from which the Russians will launch their attack on the Chancellery. With Luftwaffe help Wenck may get through. That is the first reason why you must leave the shelter. The second is that Himmler must be stopped." And immediately he mentioned the SS Führer his voice became more unsteady and both his lips and hands trembled. The order to Greim was that if Himmler had actually made the reported contact, and could be found, he should be immediately arrested.

"A traitor must never succeed me as Führer! You must get out to ensure that he will not."

Greim and Reitsch protested vehemently that the attempt would be futile, that it would be impossible to reach Rechlin, that they preferred to die in the shelter. . . .

"As soldiers of the Reich," Hitler answered, "it is our holy duty to exhaust every possibility. This is the only chance of success that remains. It is your duty and mine to take it."

Hanna was not convinced. "No, no!" she screamed. "What can be accomplished now, even if we could get through? Everything is lost; to try to change it now is insane." But Greim thought differently. "Hanna," he said, "we are the only hope for those who remain here. If the chance is just the smallest, we owe it to them to take it. Not to go would rob them of the only light that remains. Maybe Wenck is there. Maybe we can help, but whether we can or not, we will go."

Hanna, still convinced as to the absurdity of attempting an escape, went alone to the Führer while Greim was making his preparations. Through her sobbing she begged, "Mein Führer, why, why don't you let us stay?" He looked at her for a moment and said only, "God protect you."

Preparations were quickly made and Reitsch is graphic in her description of the leave-taking. Below, late Göring's liaison officer with the Führer and now a staunch Greim man, said, "You must get out. It depends upon you to tell the truth to our people, to save the 'honor' of the Luftwaffe, to save the meaning of Germany for the world." Everyone gave the departing duo some token, something to take back into the world. Everyone wrote quick, last-minute letters for them to take

along. Reitsch says that she and Greim destroyed all but two letters which were from Goebbels and his wife to their eldest son, by Frau Goebbels's first marriage, who was then in an Allied prisoner of war camp. These Reitsch still had. Frau Goebbels also gave her a diamond ring from her finger to wear in her memory.

Thirty minutes after Hitler had given the order they left the shelter. . . .

Hanna Reitsch did not actually see Hitler die. But we have the sworn testimony of Hitler's chauffeur, who says he saw the dead body. And there is the conclusion of British military intelligence, as of November 1, 1945, which reads as follows:—

LAST DAYS OF HITLER AND EVA BRAUN

Available evidence sifted by British Intelligence and based largely on eyewitness accounts shows (as conclusively as possible without bodies) that Hitler and Eva Braun died shortly after 2.30 on April 30, 1945, in the Bunker of the Reich Chancellery, their bodies being burned just outside the Bunker.

Hitler's original intention had been to fly to Berchtesgaden on April 20 and from there continue the struggle. When that day came he postponed his departure. On April 22, at about 4.30 P.M., he held a staff conference at which he made it clear to his advisers that he considered the war was lost and that he intended to remain in Berlin to the last in defence of the capital. If Berlin fell he would die there. It is clear that Hitler at that time suffered from an attack of nervous prostration, during which he blamed everyone but himself for the failure of Germany to win the war. His advisers, both military and civil, endeavored to persuade Hitler to change his mind and leave Berlin. This was of no avail. Goebbels took the same decision and, with Martin Bormann, Dr. Ludwig Stumpfegger (Hitler's surgeon), and others of the personal staff, remained behind to the end, while the generals retired to their new HQ.

Hitler's breakdown on April 22 was the beginning of his end. From that time he never left the Bunker, surrounded no longer by soldiers and politicians, but by his "family circle" and those officers responsible directly to him for the defence of Berlin. His state of mind was reported by all who saw him to have been very much calmer after the crisis on April 22. He had made his decision. He even gained more confidence as to the outcome of the Battle of Berlin. Every now and again, however, his calm was interrupted by tantrums

when he recalled old treacheries and found new ones. His physical health, on the contrary, was poor. The nervous strain, unhealthy living conditions, and eccentric hours told on him. Apart from the reported trembling of the hands, from which he had suffered for some time, and his general decrepitude, he was as "normal" as ever in his mind.

On the night of April 23/24, Hitler was visited by Speer, to whom he disclosed that he had made all plans for his suicide and for the complete destruction of his body by burning. About the same time, Himmler sent Gebhardt, his personal doctor, to Hitler in order to persuade him to leave Berlin before it was too late, but Hitler rejected this.

On the evening of April 26 Field Marshal Ritter von Greim reported to Hitler's Bunker to receive his commission as CIC German Air Force in succession to Göring, the latter having fallen into complete disfavor by his endeavor to take over control from Hitler a few days earlier. Hitler informed Greim, as he had Speer, that he had made all arrangements for the destruction of his body and that of Eva Braun so that they would not fall into enemy hands, and "that nothing recognizable remains." He gave Greim and Reitsch poison capsules, which the former has since used. Such capsules had already been issued to all in the Bunker.

On April 28 the inmates of the Bunker heard, with a mixture of incredulity and disgust, of Himmler's approach to the Allies through Sweden.

During the previous three days, the Battle of Berlin had been drawing nearer the center of the city. Shells were falling round the Bunker, and in the early hours of April 29 it was reported that Russian tanks had broken into the Potsdamer Platz. Hitler then ordered Greim to return to Rechlin to mount a Luftwaffe attack in support of Wenck's 12th (German) Army, which was reported also to be within shelling distance of the Potsdamer Platz. (In fact, it was not, but this was probably not known at the time.) Greim, with Reitsch, took off from the Charlottenburger Chaussee in an Arado 96, which had been flown in to collect them.

Later, on April 29, any hope of the effective relief of Berlin by Wenck's Army had to be abandoned. Captured telegrams sent to Dönitz at the time disclose the hysterical recrimination of despair. On the evening of April 29 Hitler married Eva Braun, the ceremony being performed by an official from the Propaganda Ministry in a small conference room in the Bunker. Eva Braun may have suggested the marriage, for she had always wished for the peculiar glory of dying with Hitler,

and had used her influence to persuade him to die in Berlin.

After the ceremony, the newly married couple shook hands with all present in the Bunker and retired to their suite, with Hitler's secretary, for a marriage feast. According to her, the conversation, which had been confined to suicide, was so oppressive that she had to leave. It was about this time that Hitler had his Alsatian dog destroyed.

At about 2.30 A.M. on April 30, Hitler said goodbye to about twenty people, about ten of them women, whom he had summoned from the other Bunkers in the Old and New Chancelleries. He shook hands with the women and spoke to most of them.

On the same day, at about 2.30 P.M., though the exact time is uncertain, orders were sent to the transport office requiring the immediate despatch to the Bunker of 200 liters of petrol. Between 160 and 180 liters of petrol were collected and deposited in the garden just outside the emergency exit of the Bunker. At about the same time Hitler and Eva Braun made their last appearance alive. They went round the Bunker and shook hands with their immediate entourage and retired to their own apartments, where they committed suicide, Hitler by shooting himself, apparently through the mouth, Eva Braun apparently by taking poison, though she was supplied with a revolver.

After the suicide the bodies were taken into the garden just outside the Bunker by Goebbels, Bormann, perhaps Stumpfegger and one or two others, Hitler wrapped in a blanket, presumably because he was bloody.

The bodies were placed side by side in the garden about three yards from the emergency exit of the Bunker and drenched with petrol. Because of the shelling, the party withdrew under the shelter of the emergency exit, and a petrol-soaked and lighted rag was thrown on the bodies, which at once caught fire. The party then stood to attention, gave the Hitler salute, and retired.

From then on the evidence is less circumstantial. How often the bodies were resoaked or how long they burnt is not known. One witness was informed that they burnt until nothing was left; more probably they were charred until they were unrecognizable, and the bones broken up and probably buried.

On the evening of May 1, Bormann sent a telegram to Dönitz informing him that Hitler's will was now in force (i.e., that Hitler was dead). This was amplified later by a telegram from Goebbels which stated that Hitler had died at 3.30 P.M. on the previous day, and that his will appointed

Dönitz as Reich President, Goebbels as Reich Chancellor, Bormann as Party Minister, and Seyss-Inquart as Foreign Minister. Goebbels added that Bormann was trying to go to Dönitz to inform him of the situation.

CONCLUSION

The above evidence is not complete; but it is positive, circumstantial, consistent, and independent. There is no evidence whatever to support any of the theories which have been circulated and which presuppose that Hitler is still alive. All such stories which have been reported have been investigated, and have been found to be quite baseless; most of them have dissolved at the first touch of fact and some of them have been admitted by their authors to have been pure fabrication. Nor is it possible to dispose of the existing evidence which is summarized above. It is considered quite impossible that the versions of the various eye-witnesses can represent a concerted cover-story; they were all too busy planning their own safety to have been able or disposed to learn an elaborate charade which they could still maintain after five months of isolation from each other and under detailed and persistent cross-examination. Nor is it considered possible that the witnesses were mistaken in respect of Hitler's body (of the identity of Eva Braun's body no doubt is considered possible; not being blanketed she was easily recognized). Such a theory would require that Hitler escaped after 2.30 P.M. on April 30 and that Eva Braun was fobbed off with the corpse of a double which had been secretly introduced. But escape after 2.30 P.M. was almost certainly impossible. Even if it was still possible to fly a training plane from the Charlottenburger Chaussee, there was no pilot to fly it, for Hitler's two pilots, who were in the Bunker on April 30, both took part in the attempted escape on the night of May 1. In any case, there is no valid reason for constructing such theories, which are contrary to the only positive evidence and supported by no evidence at all.

There can be no doubt of Hitler's marriage. Allied authorities discovered the marriage document. The text of Hitler's personal will, drawn up and signed less than twenty-four hours before he and Eva Braun killed themselves, explains why he decided to marry her at the very end.

PERSONAL WILL

Although during the years of struggle I believed that I could not undertake the responsibility of

marriage, now, before the end of my life, I have decided to take as my wife the woman who, after many years of true friendship, came to this city, almost already besieged, of her own free will, in order to share my fate.

She will go to her death with me at her own wish, as my wife. This will compensate us both for what we both lost through my work in the service of my people.

My possessions, in so far as they are worth anything, belong to the Party, or if this no longer exists, to the State. If the State, too, is destroyed, there is no need for any further instructions on my part. The paintings in the collections bought by me during the years were never assembled for private purposes, but solely for the establishment of a picture gallery in my home town of Linz on the Danube.

It is my most heartfelt wish that this will should duly be executed. As executor I appoint my most faithful Party comrade, Martin Bormann. He receives full legal authority to make all decisions. He is permitted to hand over to my relatives everything that is of value as a personal memento, or is necessary for maintaining a *petit bourgeois* standard of living, especially to my wife's mother and my faithful fellow workers of both sexes who are well known to him. The chief of these are my former secretaries, Frau Winter, etc., who helped me for many years by their work.

My wife and I choose to die in order to escape the shame of overthrow or capitulation. It is our wish for our bodies to be cremated immediately on the place where I have performed the greater part of my daily work during twelve years of service to my people.

Berlin, 29 April, 1400 hours.

A. HITLER

Witnesses: Martin Bormann, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Nicolaus von Below.

POLITICAL TESTAMENT

More than thirty years have passed since I made my modest contribution as a volunteer in the First World War, which was forced upon the Reich.

In these three decades, love and loyalty to my people alone have guided me in all my thoughts, actions, and life. They gave me power to make the most difficult decisions which have ever confronted mortal man. I have spent all my time, my powers, and my health in these three decades.

It is untrue that I, or anybody else in Germany, wanted war in 1939. It was wanted and provoked exclusively by those international statesmen who

either were of Jewish origin, or worked for Jewish interests.

I have made too many offers of limitation and control of armaments that posterity will not, for all time, be able to disregard, for responsibility for the outbreak of this war to be placed on me. Further, I have never wished that after the First World War there should be a second one against either England or America. Centuries will go by, but from the ruins of our towns and monuments the hatred of those ultimately responsible will always grow anew. They are the people whom we have to thank for all this: international Jewry and its helpers.

Three days before the outbreak of the German-Polish War, I suggested to the British Ambassador in Berlin a solution of the German-Polish questions, similar to that in the case of the Saar, under international control. This offer, too, cannot be denied. It was rejected only because the ruling political clique in England wanted war, partly for commercial reasons, partly because it was influenced by propaganda put out by the international Jewry.

I also made it quite plain that, if the peoples of Europe were again to be regarded merely as pawns in a game played by the international conspiracy of money and finance, they, the Jews, the race that is the real guilty party in this murderous struggle, would be saddled with the responsibility for it.

I left no one in doubt that this time not only would millions of children of European races starve, not only would millions of grown men meet their death, and not only would hundreds of thousands of women and children be burned and bombed to death in cities, but this time the real culprits would have to pay for their guilt even though by more humane means than war.

After six years of war, which, in spite of all setbacks, will one day go down in history as the most glorious and heroic manifestation of the struggle for existence of a nation, I cannot forsake the city that is the capital of this State. As our forces are too small to withstand any longer an enemy attack on this place, and our own resistance will gradually be worn down by men who are merely blind automations, I wish to share my fate with that which millions of others have also taken upon themselves by staying in this town. Further, I shall not fall into the hands of the enemy, who requires a new spectacle, presented by the Jews, to divert their hysterical masses.

I have therefore decided to remain in Berlin, and there to choose death voluntarily, at that moment when I believe that the position of the

Führer and the Chancellery itself can no longer be maintained. I die with a joyful heart in my knowledge of the immeasurable deeds and achievements of our peasants and workers and of a contribution unique in history, of our youth that bears my name.

That I express to them all the thanks that come from the bottom of my heart is as clear as my wish that they should therefore not give up the struggle under any circumstances but carry it on, wherever they may be, against the enemies of the Fatherland, true to the principles of the great Clausewitz.

From the sacrifice of our soldiers and from my own comradeship with them to death itself, the seed has been sown that will grow one day in the history of Germany to the glorious rebirth of the National Socialist movement of a truly united nation.

Many brave men and women have decided to link their lives with mine to the last. I have asked and, finally, ordered them not to do this, but to continue to take part in the nation's struggle. I ask the Commanders of the Armies, of the Navy, and of the Air Force to strengthen with all possible means the spirit of resistance of our soldiers in the National Socialist belief, with special emphasis on the fact that I myself, as the founder and creator of this movement, prefer death to cowardly resignation or even to capitulation.

May it be in the future a point of honor with the German Army officers, as it already is in our Navy, that the surrender of a district or town is out of the question, and that above everything else, the commanders must set a shining example of faithful devotion to duty until death.

Before my death, I expel the former Reich Marshal Hermann Göring from the Party and withdraw from him all the rights that were conferred on him by the Decree of June 29, 1941, and by my Reichstag speech of September 1, 1939. In his place I appoint Admiral Dönitz as President of the Reich and Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces.

Before my death I expel the former Reichsführer of the SS and the Minister of the Interior Heinrich Himmler from the Party and from all his State offices. In his place I appoint Gauleiter Karl Hanke as Reichsführer of the SS and Chief of the German Police, and Gauleiter Paul Giesler as Minister of the Interior.

Apart altogether from their disloyalty to me, Göring and Himmler have brought irreparable

shame on the country and the whole nation by secretly negotiating with the enemy without my knowledge and against my will, and also by illegally attempting to seize control of the State.

In order to give the German people a government composed of honorable men who will fulfill the task of continuing the war with all means, as the leader of the nation I appoint the following members of the new Cabinet: —

President, Dönitz; Chancellor, Dr. Goebbels; Party Minister, Bormann; Foreign Minister, Seyss-Inquart; Minister of the Interior, Gauleiter Giesler; Minister of War, Dönitz; Supreme Commander of the Army, Schörner; Supreme Commander of the Navy, Dönitz; Supreme Commander of the Air Force, Greim; Reichsführer of the SS and Chief of the German Police, Gauleiter Hanke; Industry, Funk; Agriculture, Backe; Justice, Thierack; Culture, Dr. Scheel; Propaganda, Dr. Naumann; Finance, Schwerin-Krosigk; Labor, Dr. Huppfaue; Armaments, Saur; Leader of German Labor Front and member of the Cabinet, Dr. Ley.

Although a number of these men, such as Martin Bormann, Goebbels, and so forth, as well as their wives, have come to me of their own free will, wishing under no circumstances to leave the Reich capital, but instead to fall with me here, I must nevertheless ask them to obey my request and, in this case, put the interests of the nation above their own feelings. They will stand as near to me through their work and their loyalty as comrades after death, as I hope that my spirit will remain among them and always be with them. May they be severe but never unjust, may they above all never allow fear to influence their actions, and may they place the honor of the nation above everything on earth.

May they finally be conscious that our task, the establishment of a National Socialist State, represents the work of centuries to come and obliges each individual person always to serve the common interest before his own advantage. I ask all Germans, all National Socialists, men, women, and all soldiers of the Army to be loyal and obedient to the new Government and its President until death.

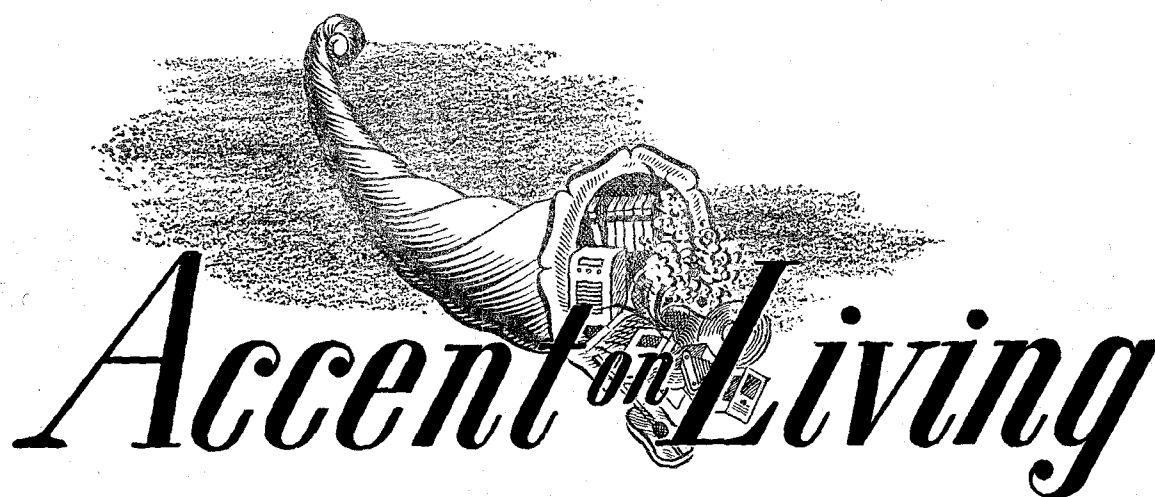
Above all, I enjoin the Government of the nation and the people to uphold the racial laws to the limit and to resist mercilessly the poisoner of all nations, international Jewry.

Berlin, 29 April, 1945, 0400 hours.

A. HITLER

Witnesses: Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Wilhelm Burgdorf, Martin Bormann, Hans Krebs.

(To be continued)



Accent on Living

This Month

Whenever we receive an article by R. J. Hicks on the subject of radio programs, we send him a message of sympathy and regret: sorry to learn that he has been ill, and hope that he is up and around again. Hicks's reassurance reaches us a few days later. Yes, he is back on the job newspapering in Washington after a bout with flu, a broken ankle, or—in the present case—mumps. The circumstances are always the same. Confined to his bed, out of reading matter, Mr. Hicks has finally been driven to radio listening and is restored to health through sheer exasperation.

This all raises a peculiar problem for radio and its critics. No healthy adult, in control of his own affairs, will buy a half hour of quizzing if he can help it. ("What's your occupation?" "I work in a soap factory." Pause. "Well, that's nice, clean work—ha-ha-ha-ha.") The person who does listen to the quiz show is, therefore, ailing, petulant, and pessimistic; he is tired of getting his meals on a tray and he is not quite sure whether the studio audience are part of a fever dream or whether they are real human beings.

In the book *Europe After 8:15*, published some years ago, a three-handed work by Mencken and Nathan and the late Willard Huntington Wright, one of the authors pointed out that the waitresses in a Munich Bierhalle were held to a peculiar standard of beauty because no one ever looked at them except through the bottom of a beer glass. The quiz show must meet an equally arbitrary requirement in being listened to by unruly invalids. We shall probably never know what a healthy critic would have to say about "Take It or Leave It."

The remedy for illegal parking proposed by Arthur Pound really deserves his title "Why Not Try It?" We hope that any mayor or police chief who embarks on Mr. Pound's handy little program will let us hear about it. We should like to make the test on a three-lane, outbound avenue by which we go home of an evening, a route heavily garnished with large signs, "No Parking Between 4 P.M. and 6 P.M." The signs have cut down the parking, yet enough remains in each block to destroy the third traffic lane, and drivers

are swinging in and out of it all the way up the street in the illusion, created by the signs, that there really is a third traffic lane. While the cutting out is at its maddest, one or two cops are mournfully tagging parked cars, but it's an unequal struggle and the whole after-the-fact sterility of the situation is all too plain. The cars are there, the traffic is endangered, and as for the tags—one doubts that the courts could even process the cases were the wrongdoers to deign to respond to them.

I recall the attempt of the New York police to clear the cross streets in preparation for a huge parade a couple of years ago. Their stratagem was to affix large cardboard "No Parking" signs over the permanent metal signs which were already saying "No Parking at

Any Time," or words to that effect. The gesture amounted to no more than a "Please, fellows, we really don't want you to park here, just for a little while" appeal, and it was having no effect, none at all.

A full-size parking crusade, with tags and fines and license complications, will of course clear the streets. But it takes an entire police department and probably a swarm of deputies besides. Once the streets are purged, this army must either deploy in idleness along empty curbs or go back to its normal routines.



When the latter course is inevitably decided upon, the streets begin to fill up again, and the "problem" is launched anew.

The Pound Scheme ought to go along successfully without any of these drawbacks, since it depends

on no more than a simple physical fact; one energetic patrolman could very nearly keep a whole shopping district in trim. We hope our readers will apprise local authorities, as quickly as possible, of Mr. Pound's discovery. C. W. M.



Why Not Try It?

By ARTHUR POUND

WHEN Laughing Colt v. Struse *et al.* finally emerges from the Supreme Court, the nation at long last will know who owns the atmosphere and whether a community can do anything about air improperly used in automobile tires. It is a little strange that communities plagued by parking horrors have overlooked the first attempt of any American city to regain control of its streets in the Automotive Age.

The issue grows out of an address which the Mayor of Boiling Point, a gentleman named Tosh, delivered to the Exchange Club in an effort to explain why he had been unable to halt illegal parking. He was challenged by Abner Struse, a leading citizen, who vowed that he, Struse, could restore strictly legal parking in three days or less.

"How?" demanded Mayor Tosh.

"Wait and see," snarled Struse. "I've decided to run against you. Maybe I'll tell the voters but I certainly won't tell you."

As a matter of fact, the only person to whom Struse told all was the president of the Garage and Parking Lot Association, who straightway went out and collected a Struse war chest. To the electorate, Ab Struse merely said, "Vote for me and you'll see some fun." Of course he won.

On his first day in office Mayor Struse personally instructed the police force and told them to hit the line at 4 P.M. At that hour he himself took his stance beside an old red Packard long double-parked in front of a grill. "Friends," he said to bystanders as the cameras clicked, "here begins a new era in American urban life." At that he stooped and deftly deflated the front right tire. In each block a policeman did likewise on a double-parked car, and firemen throughout the city moved in force against cars blocking access to fireplugs.

The Mayor hurried to his office and telephoned the Garage Association president to have all hands beg off on downtown trouble calls. "No tow cars, no mechanics, not even a hand pump. Tell the boys to stay at home and prosper." Chaos descended upon

rich and poor alike. It was dark before Main Street was clear, but once clear it stayed that way, and residential districts reported almost no all-night curb parkers. Garages were full.

Next day Mayor Struse went on the air twice to reassure shoppers, in answer to the tremulous petitions of merchants who feared for trade. He could boast that the curbs were free of all-

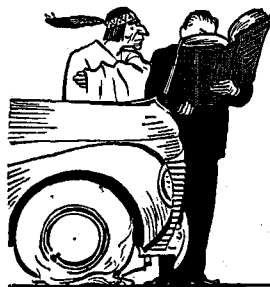
day offenders, and that not a soul had been fined, no cars seized, no licenses revoked. "All that has been required of chronic offenders has been a little healthful, forthright effort, the kind of work that made this nation great." But the otherwise-minded kept phoning.

After a day or two, however, it was seen that Boiling Point had scored a sensational success. Order had indeed replaced chaos. This seemed to infuriate the legal profession, which has a vested interest in chaos, and several challengers had to be repelled in local and county courts. It was charged that a police officer could not unscrew a valve cap because that constituted trespass on property, unwarranted seizure, and perhaps even a tort. Mayor Struse's lawyers blocked this with a precept from *McCulloch v. Maryland* in which Chief Justice Marshall ruled more or less to the effect that whatever accomplished a social benefit was a proper means unless specifically banned. Police had a plain duty to maintain the free and open passage of streets and could clear away any obstruction thereto.

The claim of an evildoer against police effort exercised in the common interest must ever have small weight. Mayor Struse said he had yet to see a deflated offender come into court with clean hands.

The decisive long-range attack against the administration, however, came in the Federal courts. Instantly perceiving that this issue involved both the Constitution and air rights, Alonzo Tripp, of Tripp,

Tucker, and Turnbull, considered how to get the litigation before the highest tribunal with least delay. Since the Kiwanee Indian Reservation was not far from Boiling Point, some Kiwanees enjoyed oil royalties; hence, Tripp, Tucker, and Turnbull were learned



ARTHUR POUND, who would rather play bridge than eat, is most content when he is writing at his farm at Slingerlands, New York. The *Atlantic* has always had a welcome spot for him whether in a serious mood or the light vein.

in Indian law and treaties. Accordingly, a deflated redskin was found, and in his name, Laughing Colt, action was begun by Tripp in the Federal District Court, on a petition begging the court to order Mayor Struse and his assistants to show cause why air should not be permitted to remain forever undisturbed in the tires of the Indian and others.

Haled before Spence, J., City Attorney Elser of Boiling Point raised the question of jurisdiction, and asked the court to dismiss the case on the ground that air in small quantities was definitely a local affair, outside the purview of Federal practice. Lawyer Tripp killed this by proving that his client, as a Kiwanee, was a beneficiary of the White Clay Treaty, under which certain natural rights were vested in his tribe "as long as grass grows, water flows, and air blows." At once the Boiling Pointer told the court that his city would gladly make an exception, air-wise, in favor of all aborigines. The tire in question would not have been deflated if the authorities had been aware that the Indian was lying prone above in alcoholic slumber. It was to be lamented that his unnoticed presence had betrayed the police into innocent violation of a sacred treaty.

Mr. Tripp then brought up his heavy precedents. This case was broader than his client or any individual of any color. It involved not only treaty rights but also equally sacred constitutional rights which protect all the people from rapacious officialdom. Nothing less was at stake than the Fourteenth Amendment. Complainant and others had been deprived of lawfully acquired and appropriated air, taken under the good old common-law rule called "the law of capture." Caught unprepared, the Struse lawyers asked for a continuance. Spence, J., then ruled that a temporary injunction would issue and a hearing would be held two weeks hence on the application for a permanent injunction.

In Boiling Point, the police went back to the routine of chalking tires, and were astonished to find that the public took up where they left off. Eccentric old men and aged viragoes became adepts at deflation. Gangs of schoolboys, undeterred by, and perhaps abetted by, their parents, played a new game, "Parker, parker, where's your air?" while the law looked the other way. Mayor Struse felt obliged to warn against spite and rowdyism; but inwardly he rejoiced in every instance of public support.

When the combatants again bowed to the courtroom entrance of Spence, J., City Attorney Elser took Mr. Tripp's traditional wildcat — the law of capture — and wrung its neck. Would the Honorable Court please note that air belonged to society, to the community, and could belong to no one else? Air, in private use, represented merely a borrowing from the common fund. Its possession was not a right, but a privilege ending the instant it was used against the community. The city of Boiling Point, to correct an

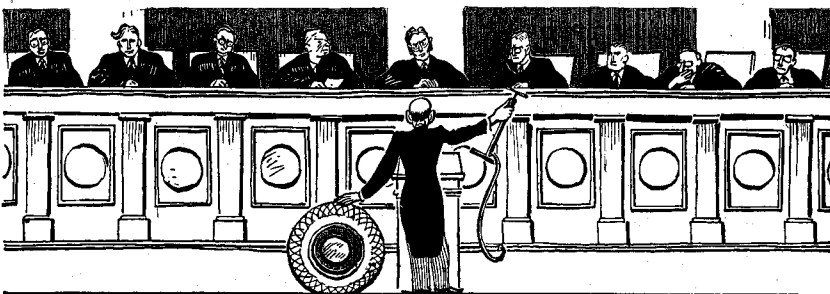
intolerable nuisance arising through illegal use of loaned-out air, had no other redress than to recover that air, when all other corrective measures had failed. Surely Boiling Point was not unreasonable. It granted to users of deflated tires unlimited refills which they could retain indefinitely as long as they observed the laws, ordinances, and regulations.

The Constitution (continued Attorney Elser) antedated rubber tires but did not antedate air. That the air is subject to regulation, and that its use can be withheld in the public welfare, have long since been settled by Federal legislation and adjudication in the fields of radio communication and airplane operation. And Congress has never sought to void reasonable state and local controls in even those fields, from which it is evident that air in small quantities remains in local jurisdiction.

Mr. Tripp tried to smear these arguments as smalltime stuff, by describing great industries which had arisen to capture, confine, refine, and sell air components such as nitrogen and oxygen. Such activities, praiseworthy as advancing industrial techniques, injure no one because they draw upon inexhaustible resources. No one breathes less freely because of Air Reduction.

The Court cut him short to discuss at length the practical limitations on rule by injunction. "Is there police power willing and able to enforce the Court's decree, and a public opinion ready to support police action? In this situation neither essential appears to exist. There are not enough Federal marshals in this jurisdiction to keep air in the tires of Boiling Point's illegally parked automobiles. On so moot an issue, who would contend that we should move Federal troops into that community? The writ of injunction is therefore dismissed in so far as it applies to automobiles owned by citizens of the United States, but is made permanent for the protection of the air rights of Indian wards of the United States."

While Mr. Tripp pushes his appeal, Mayor Struse follows Fabian tactics. Already he is being talked of as Governor, while city after city copies his formula for clean parking. Meanwhile the streets of Boiling Point are innocent of illegally parked cars except for automobiles of Indian ownership, which increase in number so fast that certain white owners are suspected of registering cars in Kiwanee names. A brisk demand has set in for valve locks, but these are in short supply as well as in high disfavor as evidencing guilty intent. A boom has developed in garages and parking lot properties. Capital is earnestly seeking



labor and materials with which to build car shelters. In nearly every block one or more back yards have been opened to paying guests. Boiling Point has proved that rigid enforcement is good for real estate as well as for general trade.

In general, the Struse principle of "No air for illegal parkers" seems sure of wider application. Even if *Laughing Colt v. Struse et al.* finally goes against the Mayor, he considers his experiment highly educational and influential on the future. He feels sure that since so many persons have at last beheld a city where traffic laws are intelligently enforced and sedulously obeyed, the public will not retreat toward the confusions and dangers of other days.

RADIO

Break the Heart

By R. J. HICKS

A POPULAR radio program entitled "Break the Bank" is to be heard over a nation-wide network each Friday night. Its sponsorship a happy marriage between a laxative and a deodorant, this offering is ostensibly one of the big, brassy, good-natured "give it away" shows, in which, instead of refrigerators, washing machines, and nylons, large quantities of hard cash are handed to members of the public who answer questions correctly.

A procession of men and women steps to the microphone, all pitifully eager to lift some of the money which the announcer keeps referring to droolingly ("There's four thousand, eight hundred and twenty good United States dollars in the Bank now, folks"). In the background a studio audience whistles, roars, and applauds with vicarious cupidity.

Are the questions difficult? No. Is the announcer on the side of the questionees? He could not be more so. There is never a trick question. He is friendly and helpful — often answering questions outright on behalf of a particularly ungifted contestant, and always in the best humor when he can give away some of the sponsor's money. But it is not easy for him to do so. This is the sort of thing that happens (I won't use real names, in order not to hurt feelings, but the dialogue is virtually word for word as heard and noted down): —

The announcer, happy as a sandboy, calls out, "All right, folks, now we have three thousand, six hundred dollars in the Bank; and here come —" (they come mostly in twos, for some reason: mother and son, husband and wife) "— here come Mr. and Mrs. Jay Flannap, of Charleston, South Carolina." Applause. The announcer jests for a moment, speaking in what he

believes to be a Southern accent. "How long you-all been married?" he drawls humorously. "Five years," responds Mrs. Flannap. "Five years! And how many children you got, honey chile?" "None," says Mrs. F. "None, hunh? I see — well, let's get on to the first question," says the announcer, dropping the drawl hastily. "Now what theme have you two chosen from off of the giant blackboard?"

The "giant blackboard" is a further staggering feature of the program. Displayed on it, one infers, are a dozen or more themes. Contestants can choose beforehand their own subject. If they achieve meager results with the subject on which they fancy themselves, a gamble with one that struck them as difficult would no doubt find the desperate announcer paying out little or nothing week after week.

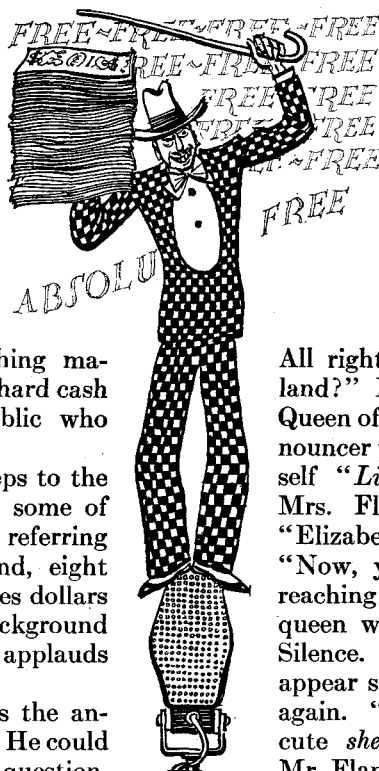
Anyway, the Flannaps have chosen "Queens."

"All right," cries the announcer, "here we go — reaching for ten dollars — and *no prompting, please*. How would you address a queen if you were presented to one?" Mr. Flannap says with hopeful facetiousness, "I wouldn't say, 'Hi-ya, toots!'"

The audience roars at this sally and so does the announcer. "Good for you, Mr. Flannap, we'll allow that one. Well, now, you've got ten dollars and you're reaching for twenty.

All right — who's the present Queen of England?" Dead silence. "England — the present Queen of England. What's her name?" The announcer pauses, then whispers as though to himself "*Liz* — oh, *Liz* —" "Elizabeth!" gasps Mrs. Flannap amid thunders of applause. "Elizabeth is — *right!*" shrieks the announcer. "Now, you've got twenty dollars and you're reaching for fifty. What was the name of the queen who was King Solomon's girl friend?" Silence. The Flannaps, in fine form hitherto, appear stumped. The announcer takes a hand again. "*She* sure was cute," he says. "How cute *she* was. *She-she-she*—" "Sheba!" cries Mr. Flannap. A big hand greets this almost fey

sensitiveness. "All right, good for you. Now you've got fifty dollars and you're reaching for a hundred. Sure you wanna go on?" (archly, this). A nervous giggle and an "Oo, yes," is the response. "What queen is the ruler of the Netherlands?" Silence. "Very popular, well-loved, was in Canada during the war. Mother of Princess Juliana." Silence. "Queen of the Netherlands — been on throne a long time?" Mrs. Flannap: "Oh, of course — Queen Mary!" "No. Sorry, folks, that answer is wrong. Well, now you're back to twenty and trying for fifty again. What was the name of England's queen who married a cousin, the German Prince Albert, in 1840?" Silence from the queen experts. "Oh, a very famous queen, folks — *no prompting, please* — why, she was on the throne for years and years, and gave her name to an entire epoch or period." Prolonged silence.



R. J. HICKS is the nom de plume of a well-known newspaperman.

"Sorry, folks. Well, there's twenty dollars waiting for you, right over there, and thanks for joining us to-night."

What caprice induced the Flannaps to pick queens for their subject? Could they have shone any less brilliantly with one of the others?

Next comes Mrs. Maria Borker, of Independence, Missouri, a farmer's wife.

Having endured a barrage of inevitable pleasantries about President Truman from the delighted announcer — no man to pass up an opening — Mrs. Borker started to attack her chosen subject, which turned out, sensibly enough, to be farming.

Her first twenty dollars was earned by doing barnyard effects to the words of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," sung by the announcer. Next she was asked to guess the name of a tune played on the piano. It was "Turkey in the Straw." "Hmm," said Mrs. Borker uncertainly. "Seems like I heard that some place before." "Come now, Mrs. Borker," said the announcer. "Someone's in the straw — who is it?" "Chickun?" queried Mrs. Borker sharply. "No, no." "Turkey?" "Turkey is *right!*" Applause. She got by all right on a question about "What contrivance keeps chickens warm?" (a brooder), and "If you were talking about Holsteins and Aberdeen Angus, what animals would you be discussing?" but encountered a setback when the announcer said, "Miss Betty MacDonald has written a famous best-seller — and a very amusing one — all about life on a chicken farm. What is the title of the book?" After agonized pondering Mrs. Borker gave up, but when the announcer sorrowfully reminded her (the time-limit gong having sounded), she ejaculated, "Oh, and I read that book too — just last week."

Next question: "Which of the children of Adam and Eve is spoken of in the Book of Books as a quotes tiller of the ground unquotes?" Answer: "Cain." "Cain is *right!*" shouted the announcer — and rarely, I feel, can Cain's name have been greeted with such unfeigned and exuberant pleasure and applause.

Mrs. Borker's Waterloo came when she answered "Colorado" to a question on which state contained the Grand Coulee Dam, but she retired amid general approval to collect one hundred dollars.

A high spot of the program for at least one listener was when a man and woman from somewhere called Granite Ledge Homes, New York, were tackling the self-selected problem of "Islands." They were about up to average — average for "Break the Bank," that is — being right on "What is the Pacific island paradise where they present wreaths known as leis when the visitor leaves?"; "What is the name of the island-continent where our tennis team won back the Davis Cup?"; "What is the name of the animal from a large island which carries its young in a



pouch?"; and "Lots of circuses and sideshows have featured an attraction called 'The Wild Man of —.' What island?" But they fluffed "What group of islands is Guadalcanal in?" ("The Philippines," they said). Then came this memorable interchange:

"All right, Mr. and Mrs. Brind. You've got one hundred dollars and now you're reaching for two hundred. Off the shores of what Pacific island were the recent atom bomb tests held?" Silence. "Oh, think hard now, folks. It was in all the papers — on the radio too." Mr. Brind: "It was Atoll Island!"

Another man (accompanied by two small sons), when asked which state had three sets of double letters in its name, responded without an instant's hesitation, "Alabama"; and when asked to say what states' names were brought to mind by various tunes, listened to a spirited rendering of "Sweet Georgia Brown" and then, mistaking the well-meant promptings of the announcer for sabotage, remarked testily, "Oh, please don't do that while I'm trying to concentrate."

As will be seen, few contestants pose a serious threat to the accumulated largesse, though none leaves empty-handed. But a few weeks ago a mother and son had somehow forged their way correctly through the seven or eight questions which put competitors in a position — with a final one to come — to lift the entire bank, at that time standing at a rich five thousand, six hundred dollars. The announcer made the most of the unhappy woman's tension. He did a cat and mouse act, asking her if she was nervous, and what she would do with the money if she won it. Rather appealingly, she eschewed attempts at humor, and after a pause for thought, said soberly that she would like to devote it to her son's education. This produced applause which sounded for once timely and appropriate. I think we were all rooting for her. But alas — "All right, now: the question which will bring you five thousand, six hundred dollars — you hope. We all know and enjoy the adventures of that lovable character of fiction, Don Quixote. What was the name of his horse?"

It was instantly apparent that the woman did not know. I got the impression that no one in the audience knew either. The gong sounded. "Well, I'm sorry, Mrs. Jasmine — it was, of course, Rosinante." Whereupon Mrs. Jasmine, a woman who had sounded pleasant and moderately intelligent, made in her moment of disappointment a significant remark: "*Don Quixote,*" she murmured. "Oh, dear, that's one of the books one ought to have read, isn't it?"

There has been a good deal of discussion recently concerning the hard lot of school-teachers, and of how defeated they feel about it all. I hope that none of them listens to "Break the Bank."



Book Critic

By GEORGIE STARRUCK GALBRAITH

HERE's Peddigrew Donk's astute review
Of the best-selling novel, *View Halloo*.
Peddigrew opens his sharp critique
With a neat quotation from the Greek,
Which leads him to mention G. B. Shaw,
Robinson Jeffers, and Mendel's Law.
He pauses briefly to fondle the name
Of a Russian writer of minor fame
And refer to Mr. Woolcott as Alec.
Then, gushing an idiom pseudo-Gallic
And swept by a tide of sentiment, he
Mourns for the Paris of nineteen-twenty.
By way of conclusion the learned reviewer
Remarks with a sigh that literature
Perished with Dreiser. And Peddigrew
Is done with reviewing *View Halloo*
In an elegant essay that proves our pundit
Is ever so clever and most recondite,
And only one issue remains in doubt:
Just what is *View Halloo* about?

TRAVEL

Through the Looking Glass

By BERGEN EVANS

THE chief advantage of travel is that
it gets us out of ourselves, and the
chief advantage of getting out of our-
selves is that we can then see ourselves.

Perhaps the most interesting thing
that a citizen of the United States sees
in Mexico is the United States and its
citizens, including himself.

I am not referring to his dysenteric, gawking fellow
tourists, nor to the childish Uncle Gringo of Rivera's
murals, but to those incidents and situations which
bring us face to face with our own antipathies, preju-
dices, and circumstances. Every man considers him-
self reasonable and tolerant, and therefore anything
strange seems unreasonable and intolerable to him.
But an honest man, recollecting in tranquillity, often
has doubts, and doubt is the beginning if not, indeed,
the end of wisdom. Thus the motorist who on his first
night out of Laredo south puts up at a "native"
hotel or tourist camp will probably reject with disgust
the fried bean mush, goat meat, and grilled worms
which his host, most eager to please, may offer him
for breakfast. Yet when he is safely back home, cured
of colitis and wanderlust, placidly munching his
morning cellulose, he may wonder if, in the matter of
food, he is not perhaps a little provincial. For, de-
spite the advertisements, there is little doubt that



the majority of mankind would unhesitatingly choose
the Mexican's breakfast in preference to his, and
from the aspect of nutrition would choose wisely.

And so with the exasperating *mañana*. Are the
Mexicans as slow and remiss as they seem, or are we
overexact and full of inefficient bustle? It's all a
matter of values, of course. But the traveler who does
not become aware that there are different values in
the world had better have stayed home and looked
at pictures.

Still, each time it comes as a shock. In the almost
geologic era that elapsed between ordering and re-
ceiving breakfast in our hotel in Mexico City, I once
amused myself by checking the prices of the special
breakfasts against the *à la carte* list printed on the
opposite page of the menu, and found, in every case,
that the special breakfast cost more than its individ-
ual items added up to. When I called this to the
attention of the manageress, she was not in the
least embarrassed — unless, maybe, at my stupidity.
"Why, of course, Señor," she said, with a smile of
forgiveness; "it is surely worth something to make
the combinations for you."

While visiting a lady at Coyoacán I happened to
comment on the industriousness of one of her serv-
ants. She laughed. "That's not one of *my* servants,"

she said. "My servants
wouldn't work that hard.
That's the servant my serv-
ants hire to do their work
for them. It's a useful cus-
tom, too," she added, "be-
cause everything that goes
wrong can be blamed on
her. If I am angry enough
they offer to discharge her,

but the preposterousness of the whole thing makes
it impossible to stay angry."

An American visitor who had hired a special car to
take him from Oaxaca to Mitla had an astonishing
introduction to this custom. They had gone some
distance over the exceedingly rough road when he
became aware that a small boy was cramped in the
luggage compartment. Fearing for the stowaway's
safety, and touched by what he assumed to be his pa-
thetic desire to get home, he had him taken into the
car. On the return journey, to his amazement, he
discovered the same child again locked in the luggage
compartment. This time the chauffeur explained:
it was the boy he always took along in case he might
have to have a tire changed!

The most familiar custom can be concealed by
very slight changes in circumstance. One evening I
drove into a filling station in Ciudad Victoria to have
a tire fixed. At least I thought I drove into a filling
station, but it turned out that I didn't. Just as I was
about to run alongside the pumps a boy of about
seventeen, in an official-looking visored cap, motioned
me to turn and park parallel to the station in an alley.
My Spanish is not good. His gesture was command-
ing and I obeyed. I said that I had a tire that needed

BERGEN EVANS is the author of *The Natural History of Nonsense*,
from which two excerpts, "Don't Believe All You Hear" and
"Wolf! Wolf!" appeared in the *Atlantic* last year.

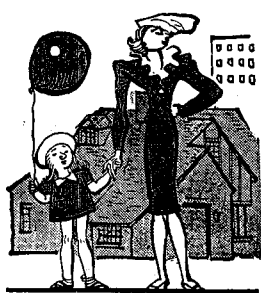
repairing and that I would leave the car with him until after supper. He said that his dearest friend repaired tires and that he would be happy to speak to him in my behalf, a statement which I innocently mistook for rhetoric.

After supper I found that the tire had been mended and that the car was being thoroughly scratched by two small boys who were washing it vigorously with gritty water and who received my protests with polite smiles and increased abrasion.

The young man with the visor assured me that the tire had been repaired with exceptional skill. He had noticed, however, — he was desolate to have to say it, — that one of my lights was defective. With my permission, he would fix it. I said no, emphatically. I knew all too well that that light was defective. I had taken it to six garages between Chicago and Laredo and had paid six times to have it corrected. But it remained defective, and having to choose between apoplexy and a dim light, I had resolved to leave it alone. But he was insistent and eloquent: it would require but the slightest effort, the merest *momentito*.

At my groan of consent he dove into the car's vitals. His protruding posteriors waggled busily. Mysterious thumps and tapplings were heard, and lo, in the merest *momentito* indeed, the light shone in full splendor! Some way, without training or even, one would think, opportunity of observing, he had known the wiring system of one of the latest models and had done with ease what had apparently been too much for half a dozen American mechanics.

But my biggest surprise came when I asked him to fill the tank and found that he couldn't because he wasn't connected with the filling station. He was a broker. His whole stock in trade consisted of his wits and an imperious gesture. If with these he could persuade *turistas* to pull into the alley instead of into the station, they would then become his clients and he would enter into negotiations with the station for their needs.



And when I gave the little boys fifty centavos for removing the finish from the car, I found that they merely operated a concession in his territory.

"How typically Mexican," we said. But it wasn't Mexican; it was American. The boy's poverty, his lack of equipment, were Mexican,

but his enterprise was the trait we most pride ourselves on. Had he been sitting at a glass-topped desk in a paneled office, with three telephones, a receptionist, and "Broker" in gilt letters on the door, he would not have seemed absurd at all. Nor, of course, would he have seemed admirable either.

Normal is that to which we are accustomed. But we may be accustomed to the abnormal. The very suspicion of such a possibility is an education.

Take one of the most striking features of the Mexican scene, the exasperating profusion of children. Slow down as you enter a town, and little boys swarm over your car, offering to be your guide. Step from your hotel, and giggling little girls, carrying solemn littler girls in their *rebozos*, pester you with postcards. Turn a corner, and a shrieking phalanx of juvenile lottery-sellers is upon you. Rest on a bench, and half a dozen competing bootblacks scuffle between your legs. Pause to admire a view, and a score of urchins assist you with voluble descriptions. They are attractive children, bright and comic, ingenious to glean a centavo; but there are moments when every American in Mexico perceives Herod's true greatness.

But the "strange" thing about the situation is not that Mexican brats are unusually annoying, but that most Americans are no longer used to children. The little Mexicans behave, one gathers, as children do and have done everywhere. But in the United States, at least in those segregated communities from which the majority of well-to-do tourists come, there are relatively few children. And *that* is strange. A biologically healthy species must have more young than mature members. A human society in which children do not outnumber adults three or four to one is something wholly new in the history of the race. Mexico is living; we are dying. Mexico is normal; we are abnormal.

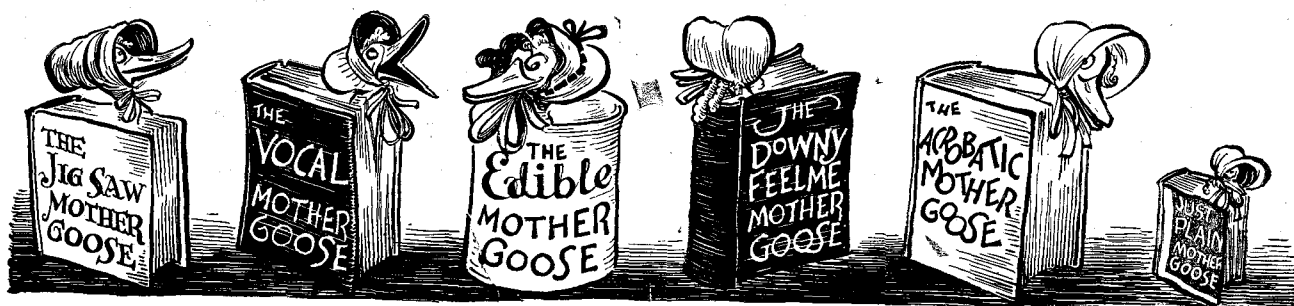
A peon set down in Suburbia would be more astonished at the absence of children than the *turista* is at their omnipresence. And in cosmic values his astonishment would be the justified one. Our lawns, to be sure, are untrampled, our cars are unscratched, and our life expectancy is 63.5. But when we have joined the pterodactyl and the ichthyosaurus, ragged little Indian boys will probably be infuriating Russian tourists by offering to watch their helicopters or to guide them through the quaint ruins of our rest homes.



Outcast

By ETHEL JACOBSON

WHAT could be worse
Or more behind the times?
He scribbles verse
That scans and even rhymes!



Birthday Present

By FRANCES EISENBERG

NEXT week my nephew has a birthday, so this afternoon when I was passing through the book department of one of the large stores, I stopped to select a volume suitable for a three-year-old.

I stood by the table, looking over the display with a feeling of nostalgia. There among the new titles were a number of old familiar faces. The sight of them filled me with satisfaction. How reassuring, I thought, to know that although the styles in adult fiction change with the season, and last year's novel is as passé as last year's hat, one can always go back to the books one loved as a child and find them exactly the same.

I picked up a copy of *Alice in Wonderland*. "This is a pop-up book" read a sentence beneath the title.

As I was turning the pages, reading a sentence here and there with a reminiscent smile, I got a real surprise. Right in the middle of Chapter Three, up sprang a paper replica (in color) of all the characters in the caucus race. In spite of the warning on the cover, I was not prepared for their sudden appearance. Somewhat nervously, I laid the pop-up book aside and looked around for something else.

There was *Jack and the Beanstalk*, an animated book. I opened it cautiously, but nothing popped up. However, on page eight was a picture of Jack in the Giants' house which actually moved. You pulled a tab which caused the Giant to jerk his head this way and that while he counted the piles of gold on the table. There were four animated illustrations in the book, and after putting each of them through its paces, I plunged ahead, prepared now for anything I might encounter.

My next discovery was a rather mild one — a copy of *The Three Bears* in which the animals were covered with real fur, but did not move. Giving this one only a cursory glance, I moved down the table, noting as I went a tall *Mother Goose*, an elongated volume about four feet by five inches; the panorama book, which opened out into a jointed picture approximately ten feet long; and various other novelties, among them one in which the characters' heads and bodies were on different pages, the task of the little reader being to fit the heads to the correct trunks.

There were also books with gadgets attached, such as the police book, with a real whistle, and a story about Mexico with three genuine Mexican jumping beans in a cellophane case on the front cover. I made brief acquaintance with the fold-away books, in which the pages had to be refolded in such a manner as to present a coherent sequence of events; the pull-out books, in which the pages pulled out to a length of six yards instead of turning, and the glowing-eye books, which had on the cover a wooden button painted to represent the face of some small animal. The button was so treated chemically, according to the information on the jacket, that if the book was exposed to a bright light and then taken into a darkened room, the eyes of the animal would glow in a lifelike manner.

About this time I was accosted by a smiling saleswoman who inquired if she could help me.

"Yes," I said gratefully, "I am looking for a book for a little boy three years old."

"Oh, yes," she said brightly. "Now, let's see. Does he like fire engines? How about *The Fire Engine Book*?" *The Fire Engine Book*, which was animated, had a paper fireman's hat which the reader could assemble and wear while he manipulated the pictures.

"I was thinking of something more in the old tradition," I said. "He's a rather conservative child."

She looked somewhat perplexed. "How about *Mother Goose*?" she suggested in a helpful tone. "That's always good for small children. We have the tall *Mother Goose*, the pull-out *Mother Goose*, the surprise *Mother Goose*, and the animated *Mother Goose*. Which would you prefer?"

"Do you have a *Mother Goose* about twelve by nine inches with immovable illustrations?" I asked hopefully.

She shook her head. "I'm afraid not," she said with regret. "There isn't much demand for that type of book any more."

I thanked her and went around the corner to a little bookshop which I sometimes frequent. There without any difficulty I bought an old-fashioned *Mother Goose* in which nothing pops, moves, or whistles. It contains no wool, fur, or feathers. It does not glow in the dark. All the pictured characters have their heads on, and the illustrations are fixed firmly on the tops of the pages with the verses underneath. It is a very ordinary, unexciting book. In fact, you can do practically nothing with it except read it.

After teaching in the city schools of Knoxville, Tennessee, FRANCES EISENBERG is now working in New York.

HOW THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB BEGAN

by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

1

LECTURING, teaching, and study all tend to become institutionalized and stereotyped, especially in mass education. There never are enough born lecturers, born teachers, and born students to make general education work without some kind of standardization. But this is not true of good reading, for good reading is a highly personal experience, the quality of which depends upon the taste, the intellect, the imagination, and the sensitivity of the individual reader.

Still, the reader has to get the books. I find too little in histories of literature and criticism, of how books get to the reader. It is easy to forget that until the nineteenth century the general reader, who is quite as important in the history of civilization as the scholar or creative writer, had little or no access to libraries, and that as late as the early decades of that century the price of books was measured in guineas, not shillings.

As I look back on my own reading history, I see that I grew up in what, if a literary name is to be given to it, must be called the age of the magazine. From the later years of the nineteenth century onward, the price of new books, which had been heavily reduced, went up steadily until the cost more than doubled. In this same period the price of magazines went down. And it was not until the first administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt that in this country the cost of mailing a book was brought into reasonable proportion with the expense of sending magazines by post. As late as the 1920's, there were thousands of sizable com-

munities in the United States where the only books that could be purchased were light romances or detective stories at the local drugstore.

I used to feel very strongly, when we were getting the *Literary Review* going, and trying to distribute the *Saturday Review* throughout the country, that there was too much shadow-boxing in our job. Most of our clientele wanted to see books, to leaf them a bit, before they purchased; and that was very difficult outside the big cities. I used to relieve my mind by writing editorials about the price of books, but they never told how to make books more accessible, because I was neither a manufacturer nor a distributor, and did not know. I even spent a year or so looking for some young industrialist with a million dollars, who might enter the conservative and custom-bound publishing trade and show how the thing could be done, even if he spent his million before it began to pay. I did not find him.

It was not until we had more efficient manufacturing processes and a great war in which millions of soldiers wanted books to take their minds off tedium and danger, that the problem of cheap books (though not cheap new books) was solved. The question of how to make good new books accessible was tackled much earlier, and I was lucky enough to be one of the agents, if in no sense the inventor, of the solution.

It was in 1926, when the *Saturday Review* was well launched, that I was asked by Robert Haas, later a member of the firm of Random House, publishers, to be chairman of the Board of Judges of a new enterprise to be called the Book-of-the-Month Club. The prime director of the enterprise, Mr. Harry Scherman, had come from a long American experience in distributing classics in cheap form, and had seen that his mail-order technique

A graduate of Yale who taught English at his Alma Mater, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY became Assistant Editor of the *Yale Review* in 1911, and was called to New York to edit the *Saturday Review of Literature* from 1924 to 1936. He has been chairman of the Board of Judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club since its beginning.

could be used for new books on a far broader basis than some timid experiments which had been tried in Germany.

The Book-of-the-Month Club was small and experimental at first. I do not believe that we went beyond 40,000 subscribers in our first year, and when we judges chose for our first book the very literary and specialized *Lolly Willowes*, by Sylvia Townsend Warner, I am sure that the proprietors thought they would lose their subscribers and their collective shirts. They did not — and to the judges the chance to use what judgment they possessed, and what standards they lived by, in the actual distribution as well as in the criticism of books, became a challenge as well as an opportunity. For myself, as an editor I had been leading horses to water, and now I could help to see that they had something to drink. We thought that we might be able to create a new kind of audience for good reading, and we did.

William Lyon Phelps was asked to join our committee but refused for a good and characteristic reason. He had an audience already and preferred to be his own committee. So we began with myself; the wise and kindly William Allen White, who knew his Middle West as well as the books he advised us to send them; the generous and salty-minded Dorothy Canfield Fisher, a novelist herself and a warm and utterly honest critic; lumbering Heywood Broun, with his wide experience in variegated journalism and a personality of unusual influence; and the ample Christopher Morley, well-read and a source of enthusiasms.

2

IN ALL my experience as a teacher, a writer, a critic, and an editor, I have never had so satisfactory a sense of accomplishment in what our ancestors would have called the furtherance of good literature as in my more than twenty years on the Book-of-the-Month Club. I could have got more academic prestige, perhaps more intellectual prestige, if I had given all my time to a professorship or to the editing of a literary journal obviously not run to make money; but the conviction of superior long-term usefulness on the Book-of-the-Month Club remains. We judges were on salary, and had no ownership in the business as such, and from the beginning were never subjected to an ounce of pressure from the management in making our decisions, so that our devotion to our work was no more sullied by commercialism than a professor's in a good university. We benefited as a professor benefits

when endowment and fees increase, so much and no more.

Fortunately for me, the work of reading and judging fitted in like the teeth of a wheel with my other activities. Intensive reading such as we had to do was an ideal job for a writer or an editor, since the reading could be fitted into any time or place, from trains to backwoods cabins, leaving the time for routine executive work or creative writing free of interruption. At the beginning I felt that the flow of an endless river of print through the mind might debilitate the intellectual faculties. But I soon grew humbler and wiser. My reading supplied data for criticism, and was helpful in enlarging the background necessary for the writing of biographies on which I was soon to embark. I ate my peck of dirt weekly or daily, and found more vitamins than clay in it.

However, reading in earlier and foreign literatures, which had been a passion with me, became a luxury for which I too seldom had time. Whoever thinks that reading new books under pressure is a brief and easy way to earn a living must think again. In a fine book every sentence becomes a responsibility. In a "just maybe" book, an intensity of concentration is necessary unless one is to waste hours of time or to judge erroneously. In an indifferent book, especially a novel, equal concentration is required, for at any moment it may turn upward. Poor books, like bad eggs, take care of themselves. I was not supposed to get them but often did, and could take a holiday after the first few chapters. I apologize for giving these personal reactions, which, however, have some relevance to the obscure history of the habits and the technique of reading.

We have learned some very important facts about the reading taste and reading capacity of this country in our twenty-odd years with the Book-of-the-Month Club. In all that time there have been only seven judges — the places of the two who died, Heywood Broun and William Allen White, having been filled by John P. Marquand and Clifton Fadiman. So there has been opportunity to pool experience and conclusions. The teacher of literature seldom knows how effective (or ineffective) his teaching has been until years have matured his students and settled their patterns of life. We could test our success and failures in a few months — not, let me hasten to add, by the sales figures of the books we sent out. These were instructive but might often mean only that we had hit upon some unexpected quirk of public taste, good for that time only, or had failed in describing

the book to induce our readers to take it. *Gone with the Wind* did not sell well for us when we sent it out. Many subscribers, as they had a right to, chose another book. It was one of the most confident choices of our Board; yet our first reaction was that, as several times before, we had been too confident of a popular choice. Now it has gone into more than ten millions.

What counted for success in our eyes was the impression made upon critics and readers, the impact of the book, which was easy enough to register. A strong impact meant, usually, long-continued sales. It meant, in certain instances, the deep satisfaction of a successful venture. This happened when we chose a type of book hitherto not widely successful with the American public, such as Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*, or Clarence Day's *Life with Father*, or George Santayana's only novel, *The Last Puritan*, and saw it spread through the best readers in the country.

It took us a long while — too long — to learn a very simple truth. We could not choose a book on the basis of what we thought the public liked and wanted. We did not know. The publishers did not know, as was proved by their frequent (and expensive) attempts to make best-sellers by advertising, and their equally common surprise when some Cinderella on their list married the prince of popularity.

I should make some qualifications. There is a standardized type of light romance that the people will always take as they will take breakfast food or sugar. Occasionally a masterpiece or near masterpiece conforms to this type — a *Treasure Island*, for example — and will sell as well as the synthetic product intended to appeal to the simpler emotions (including the sexual). When minor masterpieces came our way, we snapped them up; but the standardized variety did not appeal to us and so did not tempt us to play down to what we knew to be a popular taste. Yet sometimes in the earlier years we would take, in a lean month, a “just pretty good” book, fiction or non-fiction, because we all agreed that this was what the general reader, if not our superior selves, wanted. Such choices often failed, and never succeeded with any emphasis whatever.

We began to see that there was only one safe procedure, which was to choose what we ourselves liked. If we liked a book well enough, the public seemed to like it also. The only qualification was common sense. There were books upon which we, as highly experienced readers, might agree, which were obviously too erudite, too esoteric, too specialized, or, as in much modern poetry, too difficult

for the intelligent general reader. Yet it proved to be less dangerous to err in this direction than in the choice of the commonplace.

3

IN ORDER to free the interplay of like and dislike among five very different personalities, we quickly gave up voting, which always favored everyone's second choice, and adopted the Quaker principle of concurrence. The old Quakers in their business meetings never voted. If the majority could not persuade the minority to concur, the proposal was dropped. The proponents bared their hearts. The opponents searched theirs. With us, very frequently, the length and vitality of the discussion itself would prove that the book had more vitality than was suspected even by those who favored it.

The minority, however, were not asked to subscribe to the high estimate of the majority; they were asked to concur in the decision to send out the book. If they would not, we dropped it, and its subsequent history usually showed that we were right to do so. Of course it worked the other way too, but I remember only one instance of a member standing out for a book in a minority of one, and unable to make the majority concur with his desires. I have been so often wrong in my predilections, in our discussions, that I am proud to say that the recalcitrant member was myself and the book John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*.

We learned that the general intelligent public, about whom writers and publishers were always talking, wanted leadership even more than advice in their reading. If we gave them a skillful machine-made article from the production line, they were vaguely disappointed, for they wished to read books they liked, but better books, and, to some extent, different books from those they had been reading. Why ask to have books chosen for them which they obviously might have picked for themselves? If they were told a book was good and why, and the report was honest, and the book when it came out was not out of their range of interest, why then they gave it just that extra ounce of interest, that fillip of expectation, which, as everyone knows, makes the difference between indifferent and satisfactory reading. And furthermore, that interest carries the reader over and through the difficulties of a packed, an elusive, or a subtle book. Many an excellent volume, I am convinced, has failed to circulate as widely as it deserved because of the reader's sluggishness rather than from any fault of the author.

As our catalogue of books chosen grew in length, we could look back with pride to an increasing number of titles that had been successful with the public, but successful also when viewed as contributions to literature. My own list of our most fortunate choices would include: *Show Boat*, by Edna Ferber; *The Time of Man*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; *The Romantic Comedians*, by Ellen Glasgow; *Elmer Gantry*, by Sinclair Lewis; *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, by T. E. Lawrence; *Giants in the Earth*, by O. E. Rolvaag; *Abraham Lincoln*, by Carl Sandburg; *Bambi*, by Felix Salten; *John Brown's Body*, by Stephen Vincent Benét; *Kristin Lavransdatter*, by Sigrid Undset; *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Maria Remarque; *The Good Companions*, by J. B. Priestley; *The Good Earth*, by Pearl S. Buck; *Shadows on the Rock*, by Willa Cather; *Mutiny on the Bounty*, by Nordhoff and Hall; *Anthony Adverse*, by Hervey Allen; *Seven Gothic Tales*, by Isak Dinesen; *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, by Franz Werfel; *Heaven's My Destination*, by Thornton Wilder; *Claudius the God*, by Robert Graves; *Life with Father*, by Clarence Day; *Gone with the Wind*, by Margaret Mitchell; *Of Mice and Men*, by John Steinbeck; *The Yearling*, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings; *Benjamin Franklin*, by Carl Van Doren; *New England: Indian Summer*, by Van Wyck Brooks; *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, by Ernest Hemingway; *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, by John P. Marquand; *Darkness at Noon*, by Arthur Koestler; *Independent People*, by Halldor Laxness.

If my list is overbalanced by fiction, the reason is that many of our best non-fiction books were topical and informative, and have naturally not outlived their time.

4

AND so we discovered what any observers with like advantage would have found out: that the intelligent interest of the American public had been grossly underestimated by publishers and advertisers. It was a public better educated and less provincial in its interests than either educators or booksellers had been willing to believe. It read by hundreds of thousands books we chose and sent out, which the publishers had hoped to dispose of as caviar by the thousands. Non-fiction, which (except for some religious books and histories) had been published for prestige as much as for profit, now reached the best-seller list and stayed there.

A new method of distribution was partly responsible for this result, but would have failed if there had not been throughout the country an

unsatisfied demand. The statistical picture of published books, listed by categories and numbers sold, changed in a decade. Non-fiction improved its percentage greatly. The best-selling fiction became of much higher quality than the typical best-selling novel of the early 1900's. I made a careful study of all this at one time and I am sure I am right.

It was a change in our national culture that at bottom was responsible. To say that America, in the years just before and after World War I, had come of age would be to say too much. But it is not too much to say that millions, instead of hundreds of thousands, of American readers did come of age in the two decades before we began our Book-of-the-Month Club experiment. The proportion of college graduates, who had at least done sound reading, increased; the proportion of high school graduates, who had at least been introduced to sound and adult reading, increased enormously — the numbers, indeed, of high school graduates doubled every ten years. Nor is it to be forgotten that after the end of the open frontier, economics and sociology became important for all intelligent people, even if they did not know what the words meant; and after our entrance into World War I, history came to life even for the most provincial. We, of course, did not create the demand for non-fiction and for sounder fiction, but it pleased us to think that by trial, error, and adventure, backed by original and adroit business methods, we had found one way of releasing it.

We learned also from sad experience that it was useless to choose a book because we thought it would do our readers good. The principle of the old-fashioned Sunday School library simply did not work with us. Temptation, especially when we got toward the war years, was very great. But experience soon taught us that the American wanted first of all a fine, an interesting, a memorable book. Advice, no matter how wise, information, no matter how important, he resented if that was all he got. He did not want to be sermonized, at least by our agency.

This may seem to have been merely a symptom of that age of indifference to great issues through which we so dangerously passed in the 1920's, and which invited irreparable disaster. This is not true. We had the same experience long before the war clouds began to gather, and after they broke. Apparently the successful book with the intelligent American reader must be more than propaganda, whether for morals, economics, or politics. It must be first of all interesting, which means that it must touch the imagination. The Bible is propaganda

from cover to cover — and is also a great work of uplifted imagination. Even so, my generation were made to read the Bible — for which I personally am deeply grateful.

5

THE last important lesson we learned was not to be afraid of racial, religious, or political prejudice, provided we had a good book. Again and again we expected a deluge of attacks because a novel, let us say, seemed to us strongly pro or anti Catholic or Jew or Protestant, dealt frankly with the Negro problem, or went far beyond the New Deal in its hopes and prophecies for the common man. We expected a deluge, and got a few raindrops. The assumption that racial, religious, and political groups in the United States differed more than they resembled each other was unwarranted. Actually they shared a common experience of American living; and when some aspect of that experience was honestly and imaginatively presented, they would read of it with tolerance and sympathy, even if they did not agree with either the interpretation or the solution.

One exception must be made — but not, I think, a real exception. Three times we have sent out books that described the despotism and the ruthless cruelties which have been used to create and then to buttress the modern totalitarian state. The first was the autobiography of Jan Valtin, whose career of double-dealing with both Nazis and Communists gave some cause for doubt as to his credibility. Whether he told the exact truth or not, there is nothing in his revelations that has not been duplicated and verified in later history. Violent and well-organized attacks were made upon this book by the intellectual leaders of the small American Communist Party.

The second example was an apparently innocent novel called *The Fifth Seal*, by a White Russian long an exile living in France, Marc Landau, whose pen name is Aldanov. The hero of this novel was a victim of totalitarian cruelty, whether by Nazis or the Russian government was not entirely clear. To our surprise, violent protests began to appear even before the book was published, signed often by liberal men and women who were certainly neither Nazis nor Communists. To our still greater surprise, it became clear on investigation that these critics had not even read the novel, and that all the hullabaloo had resulted

from a chain letter sent out by a tiny group of leftists — who also had not read the book!

But the best description of the police methods of the Soviets was one of the finest novels of modern times — Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. Against this novel I remember no protests of the least importance. It was too clearly not propaganda, but truth for the sake of truth, by an artist whose theme was human nature. Yet in many ways it was the most damning indictment of what modern man has learned to do to the souls of his fellow creatures.

We made many mistakes, of both omission and commission, and learned how to correct them as far as our own fallibility permitted, for we were a good-natured and conciliatory group, taking each of our defeats without rancor, and backing our enthusiasms or our dislikes without fear of ridicule or sensitiveness to prestige. And we grew better friends, and our minds worked together better and better as the years went on. We all knew that our responsibilities were as great as our opportunities.

If there had been no other satisfactions in what we were able to learn and to do than the last to be recorded, I should still feel my association with the Book-of-the-Month Club fortunate. Time and again we were able to lift the talented but unrecognized young writer from the ruck of best-sellers and publicized reputations and set him free on his way — free from the necessity of hack work or the pressure of relative poverty, and assured that not only his first book of importance, but also his next one, would have an audience ready which we had helped to make wide. Hervey Allen, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Stuart Chase, Walter Lippmann, Pearl S. Buck, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Margaret Mitchell, John Steinbeck, Richard Wright, can be listed as names now eminent. Our choice and our system were as effective on their behalf as the best-directed patronage of the classic eras of literature.

Neither poverty nor obscurity is valuable for talent or genius once the first fruits are ripe and ready for the picking. And new names and new ideas in writing have a tough time of it anyway, even when given a hearing. The Greeks may have been always seeking a new thing, but that is certainly not true of our reading public. The new thing (and the good thing) has to be brought to them. Our success in doing so would seem to indicate that selling tripe to the public may be easier, but is not necessarily more profitable, than giving them good meat.

OPEN LETTER TO LEONID LEONOV

by EDWARD F. EUBANKS

1

IT is only rarely that a piece of writing by a Russian affects an American as strongly as your "Writers Must Be Our Conscience" in the March *Atlantic* affected me. It not only stimulated in me a great enthusiasm for the way the Soviet government is meeting the problems of its writers, but it enabled me to see just how much we in the United States are losing in allowing our writers to dissipate their energies on inconsequential themes. Your article opened up a whole new social and literary realm for me. It is the eve of a new day in American literature. We are standing on the peak of Mount Chaos (the highest peak in the Waste and Confusion range) ready to descend into the Valley of Order.

Much as I respect the direction the Soviet writers have taken, and grateful as I am for the encouragement their example gives me, in America, we shall have to go in a different direction. It is mainly a matter of momentum. We might conceivably adopt your theme of the righteousness of labor (and, indeed, some of our writers have done just that), but we have already gone so far in another direction that it would be impossible now to retrace our steps.

I hesitate to say this because I hope that a strong friendship will grow out of this correspondence, but conditions might be different if it were not for the bad name your boys have given our labor unions. But I think you will agree that it is not the adopted theme that is important, but the ultimate objective.

Probably you are wondering who I am and with what authority I speak. If you have never heard of me, do not feel uninformed. Nobody else in the reading public, American or Russian, has ever heard of me either. But I speak as the self-appointed spokesman of a new generation of American writers, and you may be confident that everybody will know my name as soon as my plan is in operation.

After three years in the Navy, EDWARD F. EUBANKS has returned to study at Dartmouth. We like the irony with which he answers the open letter from Soviet writer Leonid Leonov.

My plan calls for a new government bureau to be called OKA — pronounced *okay*. Although OKA (Office of Kept Authors) was suggested by your Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (B) on Repertories of Dramatic Theaters and will have the same objectives as that committee, the methods used by OKA will have to be different from those of your organization. Ultimatums are just not effective in the United States. They create resentment and antagonism and they do not do the job. Of necessity, we shall have to use more indirect methods. If my approach appears weak to you, I hasten to assure you that the indirect method is the only one that will work here.

My idea is to have OKA issue a list of fundamental tenets for American writers, a writers' code based on the motto "Everything is okay and it's getting more so." Now it would be fatal to our cause to issue a governmental proclamation ordering every writer in the country to write according to the code. We shall have to make them *want* to do it. We can start the organization off with a dinner at one of the big New York hotels. The most important people among government officials, writers, movie actors, and businessmen will be there to make speeches and to congratulate the writers on their patriotic effort to unite in the service of their country. The whole thing will be broadcast over a major network.

That will get the plan off to a good start; but to maintain the initial enthusiasm and to quiet any unenlightened dissenters, machinery of persuasion will have to be set up. Luxurious hotels will be appropriated by the government (or new ones built) at all the resorts and in all the big cities, for the exclusive use of OKA writers. There will be writers' hotels in Palm Beach, Palm Springs, Hollywood, San Francisco, Sun Valley, New York, Chicago, Honolulu, Cape Cod, Newport, and in all the other places where American writers might wish to live. I think one of the first of these homes should be a dude ranch a few miles outside of Reno or Las Vegas,

Nevada. On second thought, we could have one at each of these outposts of American culture. All expenses will be paid by OKA. In addition to the hotels, every OKA writer will be given an automobile and provided with free passes for air, rail, and steamship transportation. Meal tickets will also be issued, good for the biggest meals at all the best restaurants in the country.

Intellectual food will not be neglected. Subscriptions to all the most popular magazines will be given to the writers, and they will receive copies of all the OKA-approved best-sellers. They will have a radio in every room they occupy, and in their automobiles; and portables will be provided for use while traveling on public conveyances. Arrangements will be made to enable them to see a Hollywood movie every night, no matter where they happen to be. All this will be made available in addition to weekly salaries, and bonuses for anything written and published.

You might object that it all sounds good but that there is nothing in the plan that prevents a writer from renouncing the whole thing and striking out on his own. I would answer that it will not be necessary to use force with most of the writers. The benefits of OKA will be enough to make them see the truth in the code. But for the recalcitrant few, we have a most effective means of coercion. First, if a writer refuses to write according to the code, he will lose his OKA membership card and all the privileges that go with it. If that is not enough, through the cooperation of the advertisers, publishers, and, if necessary, the suppliers of paper, we can make it next to impossible for any but OKA writers to publish.

2

THE possible heights American literature could attain under OKA are thrilling to contemplate. No longer will the American public be subjected to the scribblings of malcontents like Steinbeck, Faulkner, and Dos Passos, and to the irrelevant musings of wastrels like Robert Frost, Katherine Anne Porter, and Wallace Stevens. Our writers will extol the virtues of mass production and standardized entertainment. Poets will sing of the beauties of indoor plumbing and mahogany-paneled station wagons. Our novelists will show us how satisfied are the American workers, the American housewives, the American fathers, the American kids. (Never will they use the word children.)

The first thing I am going to do is find the man who wrote the mighty line, "How American it is to want something better!" If I have my way, he is going to be the vice-chairman of OKA. I do not

have to tell you, Mr. Leonov, who the chairman will be.

There is something else that will have to be provided for the writers of OKA — an ample supply of benzedrine and phenobarbital. To the kept writer who retains delusions of artistic integrity, they are essentials. Even now, one writer I know would not last a week without them. He just pops a phenobarbital tablet into his mouth at bedtime and sleeps like a baby, with none of those wakeful hours of self-accusation that are so damaging to writers. In the morning, his head cleared with benzedrine, he is ready for a day's work.

There is one point on which we might disagree, Mr. Leonov. That is on the matter of collision that you mentioned in your article. Russian writers have a ready-made subject for collision in their denunciation of the enemy — the reactionary, bourgeois, capitalistic forces that are antagonistic to the Soviet Union. It so happens that it works two ways. We can both collect on the same collision. With the OKA code as a starting point, the collision in the works of American writers would logically occur between the good people who stand behind the American Way of Life and the bad people who want to destroy it (the Reds, Commies, and so on), and of course, for variety, the peoples of countries that have a paucity of flush toilets and eight-cylinder automobiles, who might conceivably be trying, by such methods as pleading with us to lower our tariffs or to lend them money, to drag us down to their level.

Of course (and I think you will agree with me on the wisdom of this) we will encourage our men to say nice things about the work that is being done at Lake Success, as long as they do not make any demands, and as long as they continue to point out, every page or so, the superiority of the American Way of Life over all other ways.

I hope that you and I can rise above the differences that are bound to develop between our countries out of the conflicts — or collisions, if you prefer — in our literatures, because we do agree so well on ultimates. I never should have developed my plan if I had not read your article, and I am very grateful to you.

But perhaps there is something I can do for you, friend Leonov. Apparently, phenobarbital and benzedrine are unavailable in the Soviet Union. You, for one, I am afraid, need them very badly. Your article had all the earmarks of a piece written at four o'clock in the morning by a chronic insomniac. To tide you over until your government resumes production of these essentials, I am sending you a six months' supply of these wonderful drugs.

ARTHUR MACHEN

by ROBERT HILLYER

1

WHEN I was a very young writer, I came across the works of the Welsh mystic, Arthur Machen. It was just before the First World War; and during that false era of good feeling, people indulged themselves in a good deal of literature that had nothing to do with ideologies or psychoanalysis or international cartels. I suppose it would be called "escape literature" today. At any rate, Arthur Machen's books, which were once the delight of budding authors who considered themselves of superior taste, are now neglected, and his first editions are no longer prized items in auction catalogues. *The Great God Pan*, *The Hill of Dreams*, and *Hieroglyphics*, titles which to us were full of rare magic, would today stir no response or even recognition among the serious-minded young realists who compose the large majority of our writing profession. The notion that literature is a form of ecstasy, a revelation in wonderful phrases of the spiritual quest of mankind, would be relegated with a smile to the kitchen-midden of the nineties. But even today, when I open one of Machen's books and read a sentence or two, some half-remembered association moves me just as some odor makes us recall the happenings of a season long ago. And at the same time I remember the man himself.

It was the summer of 1926. A noon picnic was in progress on top of a great cliff overlooking the sea near Penally in South Wales. From time to time a long moaning roar sounded from the ground near-by as a wave sloshed into one of the blowholes which run from the upper surface down to the beach below, and the air, forced upward, exhaled with a gigantic sigh. We looked down on St. Margaret's Isle, where nearly a thousand years ago a colony of nuns passed their days amid the watery solitude.

ROBERT HILLYER, American poet and novelist, was for many years an intimate friend of that remarkable Welshman, Arthur Machen, whose wit and lyricism have been too little appreciated on this side of the Atlantic.

Before us, on the edge of the cliff, were earthworks of an antiquity unknown. The primitive people who built these earthworks would lure their enemy toward them as toward a walled town. Escaping along a path on the cliff shelf, they had the pleasure of seeing their enemy storm the walls and, in their precipitate rush, hurl themselves over the cliffs into the sea. All around us there was the contrast between the clear summer sunlight of today and the overgrown and ruined reminders of incalculable years.

There were six of us in the picnic party: Arthur Machen, his wife, their two children, Hilary and Janet, my wife, and I. Hilary was a gangling boy of fourteen; Janet, about ten, was a tiny child for her age, a pixie-like child with a face forever laughing. Mrs. Machen was an ample, easygoing woman with ruddy cheeks and a broad smile. She was content to speak with her eyes and her gestures, which seemed to say, "Of course I am aware of the importance of my husband's books — but listen to him; you'll find he isn't like his books at all."

Nor was he. An occultist, a mystic, and a devout Anglo-Catholic, Machen had more appetite, zest, bulk, and general enjoyment of the creature comforts of this world than any epicure. He was a sturdy figure. He had a red face, clear china-blue eyes, and a fringe of white hair around the bald dome of his cranium. One did not often see the bald toppiece, for he invariably wore a strange felt hat, too small for him, that rose from a narrow brim to a high peak. He was sufficiently like Dr. Johnson to have been assigned the part of that eminent Londoner at the London pageant of a few years before.

He spoke with a deceptive violence. "O holy saints and angels of high Heaven," he roared as the children sprang from the grass to escape an invasion of wasps, "is there no serenity to be had in this world? Is there no courage, no poise? Sit down, you fools, sit down. Who was ever stung by a

Welsh wasp?" My wife and I, who had been cringing in our places, forced ourselves to ignore the winged menace. Hilary and Janet continued to leap and howl. "By all the —" Machen started, and then a bewildered expression came over his face. "By all the ladies of St. Margaret's Isle and their beatified shades forever," he said with hurt dignity, "I believe I have been stung by a wasp. The wretched thing must have blown over from Devonshire."

The Machens lived with great sumptuousness on almost no money. Although his books were for a time collectors' items, they were caviar to the general, and it is doubtful if he ever made much from them. He had a weekly column in one of the London papers that brought in a small stipend. But somehow there was always the atmosphere of generous plenty. He could broach a bottle of cheap Australian Burgundy with such gusto that one had the illusion of sipping a rare vintage wine from France. Furthermore, he had a profound knowledge of all the good things of life which he could not afford, and could give a conversational savor to the simplest meal that would make it surpass a banquet. Always, I knew, that question of money was in the background, and Machen was by no means a practical man. Money, such as it was, was for spending, not hoarding.

He told me of how he had once received a small legacy and had cashed it in one-pound notes that he kept in a trunk under his bed. Whenever he needed a pound he would reach into the trunk and take one, and he described his utter amazement and grief when, reaching into the trunk, he found that the pound notes had come to an end.

2

ON the surface, one might say that Machen's life was a failure. He never escaped from the poverty that had dogged him since his birth as the son of a High Church clergyman in Wales. The magic which he found in the Roman ruins and prehistoric mounds, the domed hills and strange forests, of his homeland, and all the mystery of the Holy Grail, he summoned into words with as much devotion and skill and industry as an artist could muster, but the profits of an uncongenial age eluded him. He attempted to compromise, to write potboilers, but only succeeded in mystifying his audience. In some cases he was the victim of plain bad luck. For example, some years ago he published an account of Elizabeth Canning, the heroine of a famous kidnapping (or else a tremendous hoax) of the eighteenth century. The work fell flat. Yet in 1945 a book on

Elizabeth Canning (and a very good book) by another author was among the season's successes. And so it went with him even during that brief period when collectors were paying hundreds of dollars for his first editions — from which he derived nothing.

But he was never daunted. He regarded life with a mixture of awe and high good humor, and had a penetrating sense of proportion. After describing a strange and mystical experience that had happened to him and changed the whole current of his life, he broke off suddenly: "Of course, that was important, but I consider an act of mercy to a homeless kitten far more so."

He had the power of investing his world with excitement and of communicating it. One day we were passing a large field which was public land — or, as the expression is, "Crown land." "This tract," said Machen, gesturing expansively with his pipe, "belongs to our dread Sovereign Lord, the King." One expected Majesty to make an appearance in person, — not the then reigning monarch, George V, clad in country tweeds, but some magnificent personage out of the Middle Ages, in ermines and silks and with a golden crown on his head.

In Machen's presence one saw the landscape under the enchanted light of another age. The ruins of St. Margaret's and Manorbier Castle rekindled with the glories of their ancient pride. One eagerly explored St. David's Cathedral in search of the little altar which, according to Machen, was in truth the Holy Grail. Perhaps he did fail to summon all this into his pages for the benefit of the common reader, but he lived in it, and when I was with him I lived in it, too. He could change ginger beer into nectar, and Australian Burgundy into Château d'Yquem.

Of course, such an existence might be discounted as a mere escape from life were it not for the fact that the happy illusion was founded on a vast and solid amount of reading and research. Machen was not reconstructing the past from fancy or whim; he could cite you chapter and verse from a dozen authorities to give substance to his vision of the dignity of human life and the necessity of its sacraments. And, on the other side, so strong was his faith in his fellow beings that they were swept into his benevolence. I have never seen a man more at ease with all conditions of people or more easily accepted by them. His mind lived in a classless society, that spiritual democracy which characterized medieval Christianity. And he was naturally kind.

Back in London, at his home in St. John's Wood,

he held open house every Saturday evening. Dog and Duck parties they were called, from the name of a famous punch that he concocted from an ancient recipe. Many of the well-known writers and actors (Machen himself had once been a strolling player with Sir Frank Benson's company) attended these gatherings. There was the punch, good company, and good conversation, — that was all, and that was enough. It was considered an honor to be asked to one of these gatherings, for there everyone delighted to listen to a man whom the age in general had neglected.

One Saturday evening the secretary of a rather affected American woman writer appeared and proceeded to monopolize the conversation with stories of her employer's fame, cleverness, and income. One by one the other voices dropped out of the contest, among them some of the most influential in English letters. The secretary — though toward the end nearly everyone was showing unmistakable signs of boredom — went on for an hour. Machen listened courteously and dispensed his punch. At last the secretary turned with some condescension to her host. "And by the way, Mr. Machen, Miss So-and-so is staying at the Savoy. She has to keep a very strict schedule, of course, but I feel sure that if you will call some day between four and five and make the engagement ahead of time, she will receive you."

Everybody in the room except Machen felt paralyzed. For my part, I was embarrassed beyond words for my compatriot. But the old man casually went over to his desk and got pencil and paper.

"Let me see," he said, "would Wednesday be convenient? I shall be happy to come."

But more was to follow. It happened that Machen's brother-in-law and his niece were at the time popular authors on both sides of the Atlantic, enjoying a success such as he had never tasted.

"Miss So-and-so wanted to know," the secretary went on, "if you would be kind enough to extend the invitation to your brother-in-law and your niece as well. She would be so glad to meet all three of you."

So that was it! The lady novelist had not really wanted Machen at all. He was merely the point of contact with his better-known relatives. Still the old man was not perturbed. He added a few words to his memorandum and promised to do his best to produce the desired authors. I subsequently learned

that he did produce them. The results of the meeting were evident in the blurb on the dust cover of the lady's next book, whereon she was described as the friend of Machen's brother-in-law, his niece, "and other English notables." Machen himself was not mentioned. He noticed the omission. He was no one's fool. But it moved him to no more than a laughing comment on the snobbery of American writers. That puzzled him.

He prided himself on his knowledge of America and American ways. "As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina," he would boom, raising his glass. On one occasion, he overheard an Englishman making that annoying remark to me: "But you are not really an American. Why, you are more like one of us." "I should consider it a compliment," said Machen, "if Mr. Hillyer would take me into the fold as a fellow American." It pleased him that the majority of the letters he received about his works were addressed to him by Americans, and he was punctilious in answering them. In fact — and this is unusual for a writer — he was invariably faithful as a correspondent.

After my return to America we wrote back and forth about once a month. My son's middle name being Hancock, Machen always included greetings for "the Governor." But I could feel, in spite of his characteristic optimism, an increasing note of anxiety. Not only was the world about him obviously drifting into the new war, but his own circumstances were going from bad to worse. The small and select vogue which he had enjoyed for a brief period dwindled to nothing, and his books ceased to appear. He was well in his seventies; his wife's health alarmed him. Just when I was beginning to think that he had come to a point where courage and highheartedness could no longer prevail against the unrelenting bad luck which fate seemed to have assigned him, I received a buoyant account of the consecration of the new bishop of St. David's, together with the program of the ancient ceremonies and the liturgical music. At the end there was a postscript: —

"Our gracious Sovereign, King George the Fifth, out of his great bounty and kindness, has awarded me a pension."

For a moment I had a vision of the fine old man in bardic raiment, receiving a bag of gold from a medieval monarch clad in ermines and silks and with a golden crown on his head.

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

ON a warm sunny afternoon the most attractive site in Greater New York is that heavily wooded tract of three hundred acres, once the country estate of the Lydig family, and now the lair of some twenty-five hundred creatures, not counting birds and insects, who compose the community operated by the New York Zoological Society. It is a little city in itself and is beset by most of the management problems of the big; it is a garden spot in which those mammals in clothing have a chance to see how those mammals in fur live; it is a natural theater where the beauty and comedy of the circus are daily reproduced with such spontaneity as to make one wonder which are the performers and which the spectators.

As you pass the great gates and climb the steps to the plaza, you first hear the voices of the sea lions demanding their lunch. These clowns jet and whoosh about, throwing themselves half out of the water for a crumb of popcorn and loudly protesting that they haven't been fed since the beginning of Lent. No one believes them, and when the keeper appears shortly after noon to scatter handfuls of fingerlings, their sham is over and the din is terrific. One big grandfather keeps hurling himself onto the cement embankment to be closer to the source of supply; and one whom I call Pavlova keeps waddling up to the top of the rock island for the sheer joy of diving in to dinner.

In the lion house you meet the three boys who were born in the Park, hand fed and literally housebroken by that most diminutive and charming of housemothers, Mrs. Martini. Mrs. Martini stands

exactly 4 feet, 10 inches, and weighs 100 pounds. Rajpur, the biggest of her boys, now weighs 584 pounds. Rajpur was asleep when first I saw him; he had been fed, and there he lay in that wonderful feline repose, the most bright, powerful, and immaculate tiger Blake could have imagined. Then the keeper passed his bars, and Rajpur's nostrils twitched and he came to. The keeper retraced his steps, and now Rajpur was on his feet, slowly pacing, rubbing his glossy coat against the bars like a cat against your legs. The keeper reached in and scratched him behind the ears. Rajpur turned his head and the massage continued until the hind quarters collapsed in surrender and he lolled back his head as the fingers gave pleasure. "That's how you lose an arm," said a spectator as the big jaws opened and closed, but what he didn't realize was that Rajpur was grinning.

Mrs. Martini, who trained the boys (dressed in leather apron and gauntlets), is no longer allowed inside the cages, much to her regret and theirs. But she finds consolation in her Nursery, where the walls are painted pink and the baby scales, nipples, hot-water bottles, and diminutive cages are ready for the newborns. Here you see the little fellows: the beedy-eyed marmosets who, as they cling to the wire, look like miniature Tibetans; the lemur with his pale-blue fur and beautiful ringed tail; Pete, the woolly monkey, with his little wise face, who cried so piteously when Mrs. Martini put him back in his abode; the grumbling pair of ocelots; and Josephine, the white-faced chimpanzee who needed a fan.

The visitor can soon see with what respect and imagination this community is tended. For instance, one new annex — the Jewel Room — has been especially planned for birds of iridescent plumage. Twelve and I found ourselves in a darkened corridor watching the birds in their warmly lit and native vegetation like animated canvases along the wall. Here we saw the hummingbirds, the purple sugarbird, the orange cock of the rock, the green

AGNES NEWTON KEITH

author of **LAND BELOW THE WIND**

tells of her years of silence

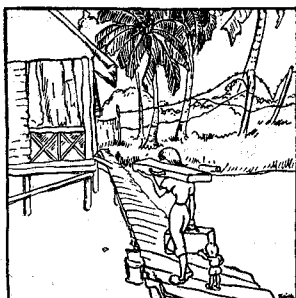
DOROTHY CANFIELD says in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*, "To read this book is like living through an experience rather than just reading about it."

THREE CAME HOME. They were a family. They were in love. They had wanted only to live quietly and grow in peace, but history caught up with them in Borneo. The family was torn apart and for three and a half years it had to exist only as an idea.

MRS. KEITH TELLS how her three-year-old son George and the other children played as best they could on the very spot that might hourly become their graveyard; how the women learned to strip away one by one what they had thought were the necessities of life. She describes how they learned the misery of no privacy, no beauty, only disease, sleeping in dampness, wild hunger; and how they dug the earth with their hands for scarcely edible roots. Here one grew scrawny and old too soon and was slapped and beaten for daring to report the guard who tried to go too

far. Here one finally thought, "Why couldn't I have let myself be raped and kept still about it?"

IT WAS HERE, SAYS THE AUTHOR, that



"those years of captivity convinced me of two things: that there is no war without captivity, both of the victor and the vanquished. I know now the value of freedom. In all my life before I had existed as

a free woman and didn't know it. This is what freedom means to me: the right to live with, to touch and to love my husband and my children; the possession of a door and a key with which to lock it; moments of silence; a place to weep, with no one to see me doing so; the freedom of my eyes to scan the earth and sea without barbed wire across my vision. I will never give up these rights again. There may be more to life than these things. But there is no life without them."



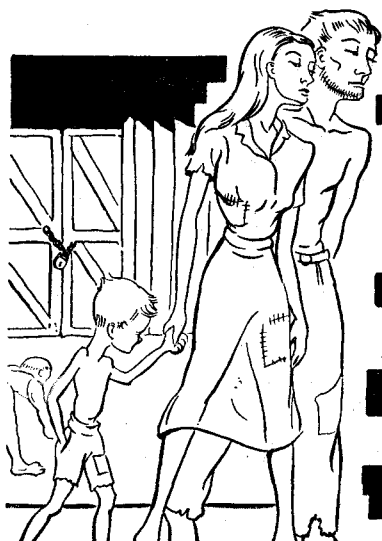
Mrs. Keith and her son, George, December, 1946

CLIFTON FADIMAN says: "What makes it more than first-class dramatic reporting, is the light it throws, candid, unsentimental and often humorous, on the human spirit . . . this is a story of a group of ordinary women who found that if they were to survive, they would have to become extraordinary heroines—and did so."

How and Why This Book Was Written

During three and a half years in a Jap prison camp, Mrs. Keith, always suspect because it was known she was a writer, ran the risk of death or worse to scribble the record of those years on forbidden scraps of paper. Before she could transfer these notes to manuscript pages, she needed time to recover from the mental and physical tortures she endured. She could typewrite for only an hour at a time because her fingers, raw from the effects of acute malnutrition, could not withstand the pain. That she is able now to tell of her experiences with humor and balance reveals an amazing gift of fortitude and understanding.

"I have written this book," explains Mrs. Keith, "for three reasons. For horror of war. I want others to shudder with me at it. For affection for my husband. When war nearly killed me, our love kept me alive. And for a reminder to my son that it is better to give more and have less than to fight."



Three Came Home

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tanager, the fairy bluebird, and Rothschild's myna from Bali — feeding, chirping, and singing, the more unconcernedly, I am sure, because they could not see us.

The oldest of the birds was of course the parrot. Few of the mammals are older than sixteen, and among the youngest are the three elephants newly arrived from the Belgian Congo. The only two who stirred our pity were the mother tiger who yawned and roared with such obvious boredom, and the panda bear who lost his mate a year back, and whose lumbering, pigeon-toed vigil seemed endless and pathetic.

The animals who live forever

The love of animals unites all the children of the world, and I know of no other touchstone which is so sure to bring together the affection of children and parents. Each year, at this time, booksellers and publishers set aside a special week for the celebration of books for children. I should like to make my contribution by recalling those animal stories which continue to touch the hearts of young and old, stories of animals who live forever.

First and earliest are those books to be read aloud to the very young, books which blend realism with fantasy, and in which the note of mortality, which children shrink from, is subdued. *The Just So Stories*, *Story of Babar, the Little Elephant*, *Doctor Do-little's Circus*, and *Stuart Little*, that endearing mouse of E. B. White's, are in a class by themselves.

The dog stories come next, and here we expect reality, not the love affairs of a hero and heroine wrapped up in fur, but the devotion, the courage, and saddest to relate, the growing old and scarred of a friend who ought to live forever. The best of those stories are told from the canine point of view, told in terms of hunger, scent, and devotion, as Virginia Woolf portrayed Flush, the Brownings' Spaniel. I remember the sadness which almost stopped me from finishing *Bob, Son of Battle*, that classic of Alfred Ollivant. I remember *The Bar Sinister* by Richard Harding Davis, that clean, fighting tale of a bull terrier who resembled my own "Mr. Dooley." (Mr. Dooley died of swallowing a chicken bone.)

I enjoyed the story of Lobo the wolf by Ernest Thompson Seton even though the mating was sentimentally sad, and I was swept away by the hunt and struggle in *Reynard the Fox* by John Masefield.

Mr. Masefield's *Right Royal* is more a poem of horsey men than of horseflesh. But in *The Maltese Cat*, Kipling's swift story of a polo pony, in *Black Beauty*, in *My Friend Flicka* by Mary O'Hara, and in *The Red Pony* by John Steinbeck, it is the horse who takes command.

Is it curious or characteristic that there is so little literature about cats? We have glimpses of them in short stories from time to time, but nothing I have read of the feline nature can compare with Kipling's classic picture of the mongoose Rikki-tikki-tavi.

White Fang by Jack London was the first book that took me into the wilds. And here let me pause to pay my respects to Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, whose stories, with their superb illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull, gave me my first and unforgettable awe of the Canadian forests. His *Red Fox*, *Haunters of the Silences*, and *Kindred of the Wild* are true to nature. *Bambi* by Felix Salten is one of the most touching stories of our time for any age. Observant but not so well known is *One Day on Beetle Rock* by Sally Carrighar, a beautifully written account of the animal life on the High Sierras from sunrise to dusk on a June day.

The best nature writer in England today is Henry Williamson. His two years' hermitage on the Devon moors sharpened his senses and brought him the source material for books of remarkable authenticity. Begin with *The Old Stag* and then read *Tarka the Otter*.

And if you suffer as I do from the spring fever of fishing, feast your eyes — and those of your oldest boy — on *Return to the River*, Roderick L. Haig-Brown's story of a Columbia River Chinook.

I rest my case.

Mexico and Moscow

My reading of fiction this spring has been refreshed by the discovery of two new writers whose talent and originality invite the mind after what Conrad Aiken rightly calls "a long walk in the desert of contemporary prose." *Under the Volcano* by Malcolm Lowry is to be read and savored slowly.

Scenically it is a story of Mexico, of a feast day in a small mountain town, half resort and half peasant village, and of how the spirit of the place, the mood and color of the heights, affect a quartet of lovers. In character it is, like *Brideshead Revisited*, the story of a man's — in this case the British Consul's — disintegration, of the rescue which is attempted by his divorced wife Yvonne, and of how his half brother Hugh, and his friend, the French film producer, Jacques Laruelle, do their best — and worst — to intervene. In its picture of Geoffrey's deterioration through drink, and in its delineation of Yvonne's attempts at reconciliation, the novel threads together past and present with a subtlety of transition which reminds me of Conrad.

Mr. Lowry is a stylist of versatility and power. He has the gift of balancing the spoken word and the hidden thought; the faculty of lighting up the inner

The most talked-about
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question of our time

JOHN FISCHER'S Why They Behave Like Russians

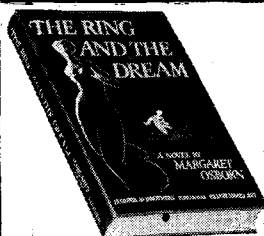
When three chapters from this book were published in *Harper's Magazine* (the first article was called *The Scared Men in the Kremlin*) they heralded a brand-new kind of seeing, thinking and writing about Russia.

JOHN P. MARQUAND:
"One must not be deceived by its informality and humor. It presents an able, fair, and singularly unbiased picture of the Russian scene."

BROOKS ATKINSON, former Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, writes: "A thoroughly documented book about Russia and about the Ukraine in particular by an exceptionally able reporter whose judgment is sound."

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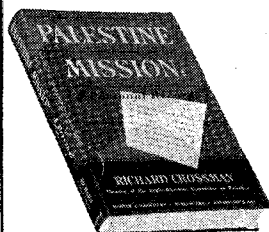


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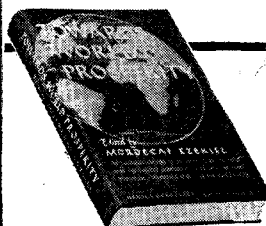
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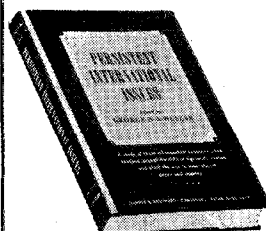


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life of those who are devoted yet opposed. In his massing of effect, in his capture and sudden break of a mood, in his delineation of love proffered and withheld, his style is as supple and as strong as silk. Thus he describes the lovers: "For a time they confronted each other like two mute unspeaking forts." Then a little later he notes this gesture of their reconciliation: "as he approached she turned this hand palm upward in an involuntary movement, of irritation perhaps, but it was like an unconscious gesture of appeal: it was more: it seemed to epitomize, suddenly, all the old supplication, the whole queer secret dumb-show of incommunicable tendernesses and loyalties and eternal hopes of their marriage." Here at last is a novelist to enjoy, to praise, and to reread.

A Room on the Route is the most impressive novel I have read about Russia since Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. Its author, **Godfrey Blunden**, an Australian born in 1906, made notes for it during his stay in Russia as a war correspondent in 1942 and 1943, when he lived — as closely as an alien can — the life of a Muscovite during those months of tension which saw the German advance and the costly eventual relief of Stalingrad. The story he tells is the story of James Ferguson, an English journalist who is admitted to a Russian household on terms of semi-confidence and who, under the influence of the vodka and hospitality, begins to piece together the once human but now broken and fearful lives of the Russians who forgather in that small apartment.

Rachel, grieving for her son in Siberia; Mary Anderson, the American girl who married a Communist and who is now shut off from both countries; Gregor, the hard-skulled Lett of the NKVD, who has had to turn in his uniform and who is "waiting"; Vitalia, the seductive, stupid spy; Boris, the cynical intellectual; and Mitka, the joking, resourceful peasant, — these are pictured as if in self-confession to the visiting democrat. Whether such confidences could ever have been gained by an outsider is a question. But the pictures Mr. Blunden gives us of courage, endurance, and dedication, of how the early certitude of the Revolutionaries collapses under the fear and torture of the inexorable and impersonal State, are strong and vivid pictures no one of us can readily forget. For its human touches and its terse and mounting action, this novel is certainly exceptional.

Heavenly rivers

A River Goes with Heaven is the title of a novel published over a decade ago, and with that senti-

ment I am sure **Roderick L. Haig-Brown** agrees. As a boy in England he did his earliest fishing between the chalk hills of Dorset; he marked "any change in the river Frome or the fish that swam in it or the duns that hatched from its weed beds." The fly rod came to be a natural extension of his wrist, and when his education, begun at the Charterhouse, was broadened to include the logging camps of British Columbia, his destination was fixed for life. The Canadian woods and waters he found irresistibly attractive, and to the banks of the Campbell River he brought his wife and children to farm, to fish, and to hunt — wars permitting — to their hearts' content. And in this Canadian paradise he has written two of the most delightful and graphic books on fishing it has ever been my pleasure to enjoy: *Return to the River* (1941), and more recently, *A River Never Sleeps*.

A River Never Sleeps is the biography not of one river but of the many streams Mr. Haig-Brown has fished with such zest. It is the calendar of his angling: beginning in January with the search for steelheads on days so cold that the ice formed in the ferrules; pausing over the roach, the salmon, and the pike which rewarded his February patience in England and Scotland; remembering the trout rises, the beauties netted and lost on his favorite April streams — so he passes down the seasons to the sea-run cutthroats and the gleaming salmon of October. The rivers most dear to him are the Columbia, the Campbell, the Dart, the Frome, and the Stamp. He writes of them and of the companions who made their fishing memorable, with his senses always on the alert, and with that split-vision which takes in the flash of action and the sudden pause of beauty.

His prose gives the natural sense of participation. Listen. "The fly rolled over in a satisfying curve and laid itself in the water within inches of the sycamore's upstream root. I kept the rod point high to give it a chance to come slowly over the deep water. Then two things happened at once: the sun broke through the clouds, and I saw a big salmon rise slowly, slowly through the water, seeming to balance through his whole rise with head and tail absolutely level. He had judged the swim of the fly perfectly, and I saw his gills show scarlet as he opened his mouth to take it. The pull of the line struck him, and he went away upstream at once in a run that made Gerry's rod bend like a birch sapling in a gale of wind."

Mr. Haig-Brown is a perfect example of a man who does what he likes best, and does it supremely well. I wish I could fish — and write about it — half as skillfully as he.

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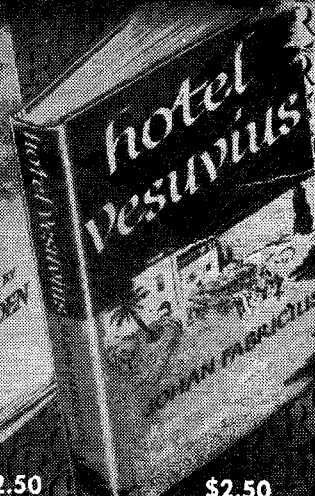
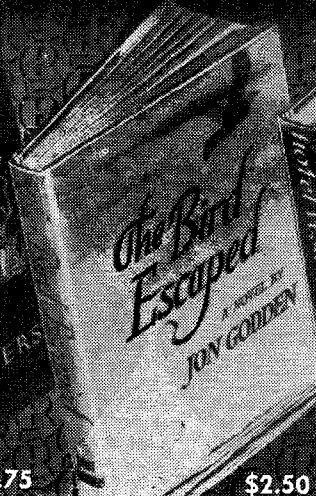
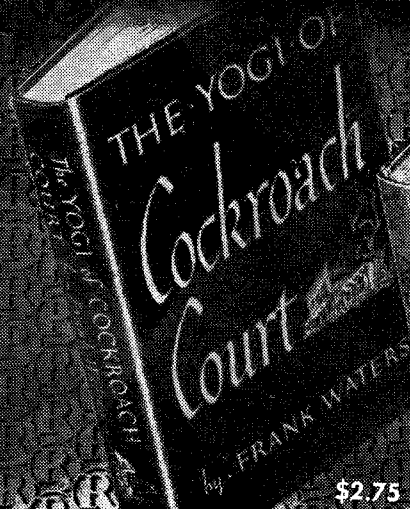
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THE SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND

by LOUIS L. JAFFE

LAST year Charles Curtis, with the assistance of Ferris Greenslet, gave us *The Practical Cogitator*. Mr. Curtis's new book on the Supreme Court, *Lions Under the Throne* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50), might have been offered as a testimonial to the practical value of the *Cogitator*. It is wise and witty, warmed by the sunny lights of high literature and philosophy. Mr. Curtis's special note is urbanity. He is alive to the intellectual currents of the Western world, and he is neither a cynic nor a Utopian. He seeks out with a positive good will what he can admire; and he chides departures from perfection ever so gently.

It is in this spirit that he writes of the Supreme Court. Indeed there is something of the ardor and affection of the lover in his feeling for the Court. But it is not the opportunistic, possessive affection that exalts the Court when it sings one's own tune, and vilifies it, as so many today are doing, when it sings a new one. To be sure, Mr. Curtis finds the present music comparatively harmonious despite a discord here and there.

Mr. Curtis is mostly concerned with the Court's constitutional function. He does not examine its present controversial and occasionally unorthodox way with statutes. He does not agree with those who hotly charge that Marshall "usurped" the power to declare legislation unconstitutional. The founding fathers foresaw the problem but they could not settle it. The Constitution was to be the "supreme law of the land." But who was to sustain its supremacy? The Constitution did not say. The Executive, the Legislature, the Court? The Court decided that it must properly assume this responsibility, at least when the question of legality arose in the course of a litigation. In other situations, no doubt, the Executive or the Legislature must make the decision. There was general acquiescence in the Court's solution, because someone had to do the job. No more is required to legitimize function and power. The Court pretended that the power was nothing exceptional. The dispute, it said, was simply a question of law—and to decide this question is peculiarly a judicial function.

But, Mr. Curtis observes, the Constitution provides no ready answers for the really hard questions. Does a minimum-wage law take away an employee's "life, liberty, or property without due process of law," and so violate the Fourteenth Amendment? Such words, he says, "are all but the

equivalent of silence." The Court cannot find an answer in the law. If there is any criterion, it can only be whether the legislation is so repugnant to "all men of sense and reflection" that it should be ignored. The Court is collaborating with Congress in the common enterprise of government. It will ignore Congress's work only if it is "uncoöperative," "a palpable breach of discipline on the part of its fellow workman."

The Court's obligation is to keep the Constitution abreast of the best thought about government. Since the Constitution speaks in compendious generalities, it can welcome in turn a variety of constructions. Occasionally Mr. Curtis, with his receptiveness to all facets of thought, seems to endorse somewhat contrary doctrine. As, for example, Holmes's vain boast that he would not invalidate any law unless he found an express prohibition in the Constitution. If the Court is so literally circumscribed, it could hardly undertake the task which Mr. Curtis sets it. Holmes's dictum would require the obliteration of much of the Court's 150 years of decision. More pertinent is Jackson's view that he would not overrule a decision which had stood the test of practicability, merely for lack of a literal constitutional warrant.

For Mr. Curtis there is only one *bête noire*, one evildoer. It is Abstraction, the faceless, the unseeing One. Sometimes his aversion leads him astray. He knows, he says, at least one judge who can do "without abstractions and reach and touch facts directly"! Perhaps he is referring to God. At another point he admits that we cannot do without abstractions, at least "until we can think of something better." But obviously the only thing better than an abstraction is a better abstraction.

Mr. Curtis, however, knows this. And I heartily share his distaste for the judge who pursues his abstraction to the exclusion of all others. In one case, an ordinance forbade the ringing of doorbells by unsolicited peddlers. Early one Palm Sunday a legion of Jehovah's Witnesses descended upon a town and called the citizens to their doors to press upon them pamphlets condemning organized religion. A majority of the Court held that if the ordinance forbade this conduct, it denied the constitutional protection of religion! "Forbid this," the majority seemed to say, "and where can you stop?" Mr. Curtis deplores such abdication of discretion and judgment.

Mr. Curtis fails, or perhaps hesitates, to draw one ultimate conclusion. The judges, he says, should adopt "our philosophy." Not theirs, but ours. Ours, it is implied, is democratically representative. But do not all explicit philosophies em-



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body the views of an elite? How many in this country love free speech with the doctrinaire passion of the Supreme Court? If we admire the present Court's general constitutional attitudes, is it not because we are of the same elite with it? Probably this is confessed in Mr. Curtis's eloquent conclusion. Where Plato would have his philosopher kings, he would have the judges be our state philosophers. They are to criticize our highest ethical, political, and economic abstractions, harmonize them into "more complete schemes of thought." "Out of a confusion of which we may be only half aware, they will articulate our creed for the era."

Shall lawyer-judges then be not only our lawyers and judges but our philosophers? Perhaps only an American, and a lawyer, would so exalt them. But in a world in which so many idols beckon down darkening paths, this idolatry of judges, if such it be, is among the less sanguinary sins. The Court has set flying on the highest mast the banner of freedom and tolerance. To many of us that banner is the emblem of a noble battle.

AFTER STEFFENS

by GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

FORTY-FIVE years ago, in October, 1902, *McClure's Magazine* published "Tweed Days in St. Louis," the first of Lincoln Steffens's exposures of corruption in American cities. Steffens was a moralist, a seeker for sure-fire answers, and a writer of remarkable talent; his dead hand rests heavily on the authors of *Our Fair City* (Vanguard, \$3.50).

This volume, edited by Robert S. Allen, formerly the partner of Drew Pearson in conducting the syndicated Washington Merry-Go-Round column, is a collection of articles about American towns — Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Miami, Birmingham, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Memphis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Butte, Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Most of the articles were written by local newspapermen. The editor gives the keynote of the book in the title of his introduction: *Still "Corrupt and Contented."* *Corrupt and Contented* was the title of Steffens's indictment of Philadelphia.

"We have made no fundamental progress in municipal government in the past fifty years," says Mr. Allen. "The low and sordid state of local rule is basically the same to-day as it was a half-century ago."

This contention is pretty consistently maintained

by the authors in the brief space each has at his disposal. In effect they bring Steffens up to date; they rapidly survey the home-town political swindles of the past generation, they take a quick look at particular local and regional influences, they throw in an anecdote or so, and then beat it. It doesn't work. Seemingly, they are as moral as Steffens, but the old fervor is gone.

The main trouble with *Our Fair City* is that — with the exception of the pieces on Cleveland and San Francisco — it's dull. Though it treats of affairs of the past few years, it smells of the lamp. The United States isn't the place it was when Steffens exposed his towns, and the nearest the authors come to indicating the fact is to point to the growth of satellite towns and suburbs peopled with fugitives from city taxes, the decrepitude of urban transportation, and the dwindling number of local newspapers.

You would scarcely guess from this book that there had been tremendous internal migrations in the United States, that there had been two wars and a great depression since Steffens's day. Few of the changes have been of the sort that would nourish local self-sufficiency, local industry, local culture, or, perhaps, local honesty. The authors are acutely conscious of the physical dilapidation of American towns, — true even in New York, where La Guardia and Moses spent tremendous Federal doles in new construction, — but we get no real feeling of life going on in these blighted areas. There is no organic picture of any kind.

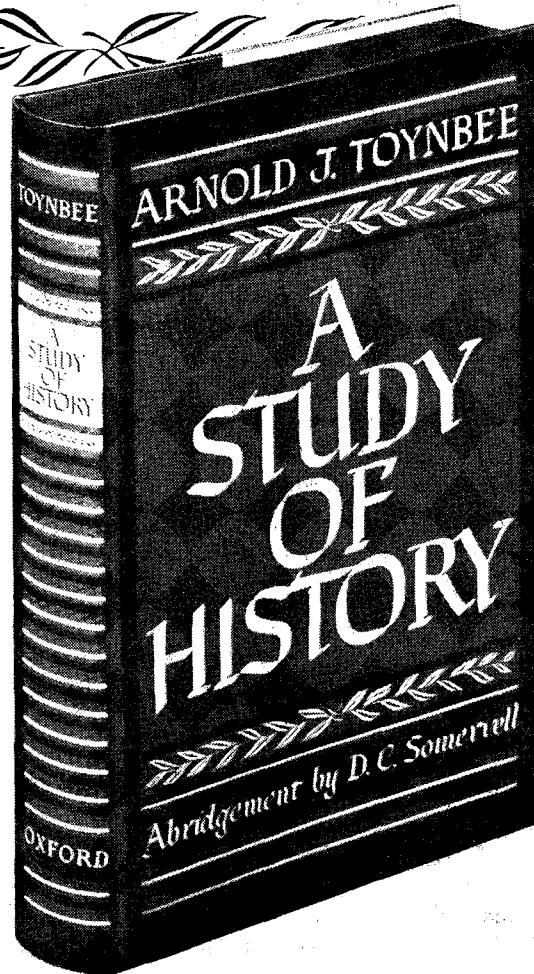
Richard Maher's piece about Cleveland is interesting, not because the author takes Tom Johnson out of the moth balls, but because the citizens of Cleveland have apparently been willing to change the form of their city government at any time. Mr. Maher says that Cleveland has tried it twelve different ways in seventy-eight years, and he uses space to demonstrate some of the changes.

Mr. Raudebaugh, the author of the article on San Francisco, also gets some ginger into his work. Writing of the streetcar mess he says, "The end of the war caught Mayor Lapham with his trolley down." Aphorisms such as "It is much easier to deal with a practical politician than with an idealist" are scattered through the piece. His passage beginning "For a clear and basic understanding of local and state governments in California, Walker's *Manual of Pacific Coast Securities* is absolutely essential. Its coldly factual pages explain many strange deeds and events," is a nice example of getting to the point without waste of time.

Perhaps a credit ought to go to Louis M. Lyons, who wrote the piece about Boston. Mr. Lyons

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points out a very serious flaw in the Steffens technique, a flaw that Steffens was tolerably adept in concealing. Steffens's great trick was getting political bosses to tell all. Then he'd dramatize the confession. But it was a different story when he went to work on the businessmen. Before he ever started his muckraking, Steffens tried to get Frederick Weyerhaeuser, "the greatest lumberman in all the world," to tell how rich he was. The magic didn't work; Steffens didn't find out. Steffens got the McNamaras to confess their complicity in the Los Angeles dynamiting as part of a deal with local businessmen who wanted industrial "peace." Skeptical, the McNamaras were finally sold on the idea and confessed. The employers snatched their opportunity and sent the McNamaras to prison.

Mr. Lyons is conscious of this mote in Steffens's eye and says about the book on Boston that Steffens proposed to write: "He got the leading political boss, Martin Lomasney, to confess the crimes of politics. But the financial element in the reform group wanted no public confessions. So the whole thing fizzled. Steffens's book on Boston never came off, and mystery lingered about the project long after he departed. It needn't have. Steffens just found the people who mattered too tough to come clean."

THE NEWEST ORDER

by JAMES H. POWERS

ONE advantage which the satirists enjoy over those afflicted with impassioned zeal unmodified by a sense of humor is that they view man with a certain humility. They are distrustful of any attempt to analyze him on a basis of pure logic. This saves them from falling into the trap in which the Marxian thesis of history has been wriggling, rather uncomfortably, for a long time.

During the thirties James Burnham spent the better part of a decade under the spell of revolutionary Communism, which is notably humorless. Then, after imbuing himself thoroughly with the Marxian concept of history, with its dogma of "inexorable" social trends, he fell afoul of Leon Trotsky. He had already tangled with the Stalinist version of what Lenin believed Marx taught. The upshot of this experience was a break, complete in all senses save one, with every variety of communism. The fragment which he has preserved from this experience is abundantly in evidence throughout the pages of his new book, *The Struggle for the World* (John Day, \$3.00). Mr. Burnham

appears unable to get away from the conviction that tomorrow's history can be reduced in advance to a neat, striking blueprint. Nor can he rid himself of the notion that anyone who may question his premises or his dogma is either an ignoramus, foolishly wandering in a world of make-believe, or, more probably, a self-deceiving lunatic.

His thesis is easily stated: Since the recent war left but two major powers in existence, the Soviet Union and the United States, these two must fight it out for supremacy because they represent the only two ways of life in existence. In fact, the struggle has begun. The first sentence in Mr. Burnham's book says so categorically: "The third world war began in April, 1944."

The sands run short, he insists. It is either "we or they." And since atomic power provides the United States with an incomparable advantage for the moment, the thing to do is to use that advantage before we lose it.

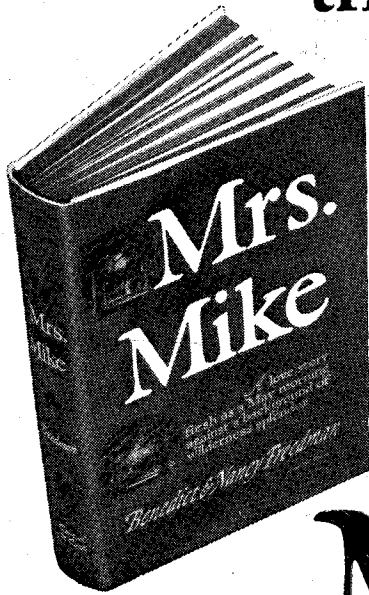
What sort of empire has Mr. Burnham in mind for us? In the last third of *The Struggle for the World*, he sets down his prescription without qualms and with complete assurance. We must begin by dropping the idea that peace counts as an objective in foreign policy. The doctrine of the "equality of nations" goes next. Simultaneously, out the window goes the doctrine of "non-intervention in the internal affairs of other nations."

With the Monroe Doctrine and the Act of Chapultepec thus disposed of, we should launch immediately a vast propaganda to "find the ear of the masses" all over the world, especially ears in Russia. We should help our friends and refuse all assistance to questionable world associates.

At the same time, it is evident that we must keep both foes and friends alike from finding out what else Mr. Burnham has in store for them, as it is reasonably certain that they might cool toward us were they to read Chapter 15 of Mr. Burnham's book. In that section, he outlines his program for putting all empires thus far recorded in history into the shade. Since "no world federation will be attained voluntarily," the U.S.A. must create one by force. To lull the prospective partners, however, we should avoid using the word "empire." They might take alarm. Presumably, if another word is employed, they will not recognize the tactics.

But it is difficult to imagine that they will be able to remain in doubt, given the rest of Mr. Burnham's blueprint. While scotching Communism wherever it shows its head, and safeguarding to the United States a complete monopoly of atomic power (one of the key points of the whole program), he proposes that we begin our large-scale operations with frank

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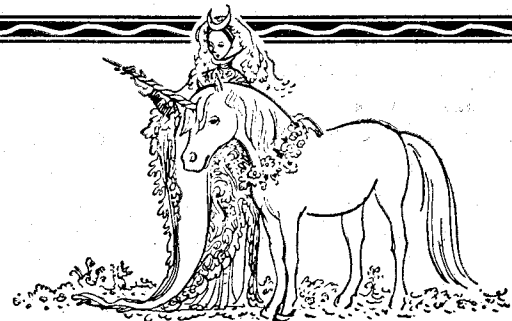
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recognition that an American empire already exists. We are merely remiss in exerting authority over it. Within its confines lie all Latin American states, the Philippines and the isles of the Pacific, Canada, and a number of other outposts where everything is already prepared. If the Canadians do not "freely choose" to recognize the new imperium's command over their destinies, never mind. When necessary we can make them do so.

Obstacles to the development of Mr. Burnham's empire there are, of course, and among them is the manifest disrelish of the American public for such adventures. Well, they will have to be cleansed of such "pseudo-moral platitudes." The conscience of the United States is a great misfortune, in his view.

But let us proceed. Great Britain and her Dominions should be annexed by way of common citizenship, offered by us, not them. Alliances in this matter are of little value. What is needed is absorption. The instrument would be force, if necessary. Of course, Britain would have to accept a junior partner role; she should be permitted no other choice. Europe would be brought into the family by similar pressures, less tenderly applied. "Independence and freedom are after all abstractions" in Mr. Burnham's view, so why boggle over them?

The only remaining point of possible obstruction to this Utopia of Might is the idea of democracy which seems to persist among the American people. Since this new policy "could not be United States policy so long as the United States remained a democracy," the solution is obvious.

To sustain his vigorous proposals Mr. Burnham seeks to marshal a wealth of factual backing. Unfortunately, in this process, another weakness of the method employed in the book confronts the reader. *The Struggle for the World* is studded with citations which, unhappily, fail to come off. In his first chapter, for instance, he is not content with pointing out that the United States faces its new world role deficient in experience and training. He insists that the desire of the American troops to get home after the war was an illustration of a characteristically provincial national softness, and that "this was not the attitude of the young men of Athens of the 5th century B.C." Or of other young men in other armies more recently.

Has Mr. Burnham ever read Euripides? Or Aristophanes? Or Thucydides? Or the story of the mutinies of British troops in the Middle East last year? Mr. Burnham is plainly irritated that the American people do not seem to fit into his design as they should. We are, in short, ignoramuses, who have no literature, no art, no original religion as

others have, no music, no philosophy. Evidently, we are in a bad way for a people destined to take up the job Mr. Burnham defines for us.

Has it ever occurred to Mr. Burnham that he may not understand the American people?

No one who is aware of the currents flowing in the world today will dispute the desirability of bringing the Communist danger to a halt, ridding nations tending toward the democratic view of life of the menace it represents, and taking wise, firm precautions to ensure the security of Western ideas and social and cultural institutions. Few will dispute the desirability of building up the federative aspects of the world more strongly at the same time. If, however, the West should espouse Mr. Burnham's plan, it would in the process leave precious little to differentiate the result from the monolithic power state he quite properly opposes.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD

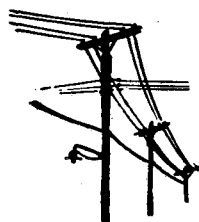
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MR. TERHUNE's biography, if it is not continually exciting in presentation, is clearly a labor of love and carries from first to last a warmth and an understanding which prevent a wealth of detail from obscuring the central subject.

Edward FitzGerald was born in 1809, the year which saw the birth of a number of the world's famous men — Tennyson, Lincoln, Gladstone, Darwin, and Poe among them. One of eight children, he was well-born, and we may remember that "sculptured monkeys still surmount the gateposts at Little Island, Waterford, the Irish seat of FitzGerald's family." His nursery looked out on hunting country, and he grew up in the midst of reasonable luxury and entertainment. I am surprised only to find Mr. Terhune surprised that from the time he entered manhood FitzGerald exhibited contempt for society as such, and lived in simplicity more like his exact coeval, poor Edward Lear, whom he apparently never met.

The middle course always suited him. He was "classed neither with the best nor the worst of the undergraduates" at Cambridge. He was "a non-reading reading man." He read widely, that is, but not in the recommended books. "When in London and not engaged by family duties, he led a delightful existence." Picture galleries, auctions, bookshops, and pawnshops fascinated him. He was not ever, as one legend has it, a recluse. With those "unconnected with his darker views" — to refute the popular conception — "he was humorous, happy, and carefree." His marriage was not a success, but there was honor in it. He was constantly in search of a faith, but Spedding said of him in 1835: "His tranquillity is like a pirated copy of the peace of God." He was full of the wanderlust but, says Mr. Terhune, "he found his Land of the Lotus in England itself." He was

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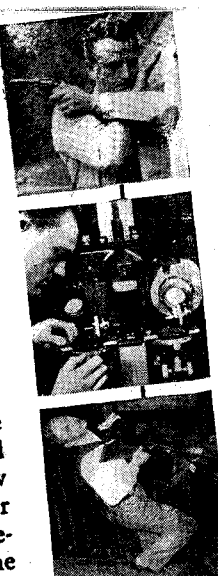
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a countryman rather than a city man. Beauty in color, form, sound, or seasonal change moved him deeply, and like other creative people — as Stephen Benét says somewhere in a poem — he felt tears in his eyes often and could not tell why. His friends really loved him. Two of them, Thackeray and Tennyson, figured long and largely in his life.

We can see clearly now that he was not at all the self-styled idler. He stood to work, literally, at a high desk. He mastered Spanish and Persian, and taught himself Italian and German in early and middle life. He wrote and translated a respectable number of books, and signed his name to poetic letters which, as thousands know, are high art in themselves.

FitzGerald had an editorial mind, and his biographer thinks that even in reading he edited mentally. Scissors and paste were his "Harp and Lute," and his library contains many books revised the better to suit his taste. His love for Shakespeare was perennial, though he once shied from the influence of his manner and his "quaint words." He was always translating. He began the study of Persian on a wet Sunday, probably in his forty-fourth year — a wet Sunday for which the English-speaking world can be grateful. But more than ten years before, he had been caught by a bit of Persian literature and wrote a sonnet ending with a lovely and pure FitzGerald line: —

... That time her virtue never will subdue,
Nor all the rambling water wash away.

Which leads us to the romance of the *Rubáiyát* and the most magical chapters in the book. They are worth the full price of admission.

DAVID McCORD

WEB OF LUCIFER

Maurice Samuel

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KNOPF

THE Renaissance in Italy bewilders because of the diversity of direction in which its enormous energies exploded. To many, it connotes an amazing development in the arts; to others, a new stirring in religion, philosophy, physics, scholarship, literature, statecraft, exploration, or in pure and applied politics.

It is the last-named phase to which Mr. Samuel devotes his primary attention. His is a novel of men of the Renaissance as political beings, the raw material for Machiavelli's studies. In our aloof detachment it is possible to forget or ignore the contemporary passion for political intrigue and conquest which animated the Italian Renaissance, when any third-rate princeling with a handful of *condottieri* might aspire to incredible glories, but the men of that time and place could not forget or ignore them. Even Dante wasted years owed to eternity in the petty quarrels of a small city.

This constant political insecurity was part and parcel of the violence and turbulence of the period, of the brutality and cold amorality, in which all the people lived. That some scholars and poets and artists escaped it and rose above it is one of the strange phenomena of an ex-

traordinary age. A time of seething energy, its fruits were as wild as they were diverse.

In Mr. Samuel's story, the youthful Giacomo Orso of Picina, an intelligent peasant boy, is brought up in godly fashion but inspired with the dream of a United Italy. Across his path comes the glowing figure of Cesare Borgia, young, brilliant, a soldier of soldiers, successful above other men — the born leader. To him, Giacomo blindly and loyally dedicates his life. In his service he learns and sees many evil things which he excuses as means necessary to the end. Compromising with his conscience, he comes to hate the restraints of goodness; he loses his honesty, his faith, his honor, and almost his soul, and at long last comes through dreadful experience to see Cesare as he is, a man of genius but utterly vile.

The story of *Web of Lucifer* is as simple as the story told on a tapestry. It is the background of the tapestry which is really significant. Mr. Samuel does not bring all his characters to life. He fails, I think, to make Machiavelli, for instance, more than a lay figure. Most of the time the reader is out of sympathy with Giacomo, but one *does* follow his downward rush with horror and pity. It is in the bulk and depth of the picture, in the careful reconstruction and presentation of an amazingly rich and varied scene, that this book is outstanding. The wholeness of *Web of Lucifer* is solid and foursquare. This is not merely an historical novel of obvious virtue and readability. It is a work of art done with entire integrity.

R. E. DANIELSON

MISS CONDON

Aline Bernstein

\$2.50

KNOPF

ALTHOUGH it can hardly be described as a good novel, this account of sin and retribution in New York at the turn of the century has considerable interest as an example of the Hollywood-influenced book. Reading it is precisely like sitting through one of those movies known to the trade as "a woman's picture." The heroine is a beautiful lady who commits amiable misdemeanors in an atmosphere of extreme luxury. The circumstances of the crime are so pleasant, in fact, that one is almost able to ignore the punishment.

Jennie Condon Ames is married to a doting but elderly theatrical producer. (One is tempted to call him an impresario.) Charlie Ames takes his young wife to Paris. She becomes bored and goes off on a solitary excursion to Italy, where innocent Americans, from Hawthorne's day to this, have come to no good. Jennie is no exception. She falls in love with a priggish youth from Maine. The rest of the book is devoted to her attempts to rectify an uncommonly intricate error.

Aline Bernstein treats this plot with the respect due a still serviceable antique. She provides Jennie with a background and a character which make her actions plausible. Her description of the hot, deserted Italian summer resort is convincing. Jennie, at times, moves and

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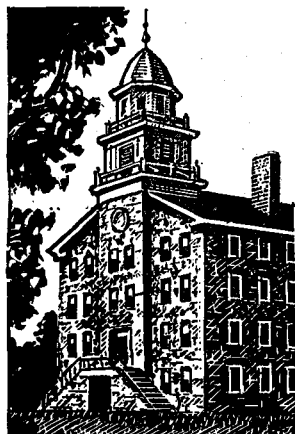
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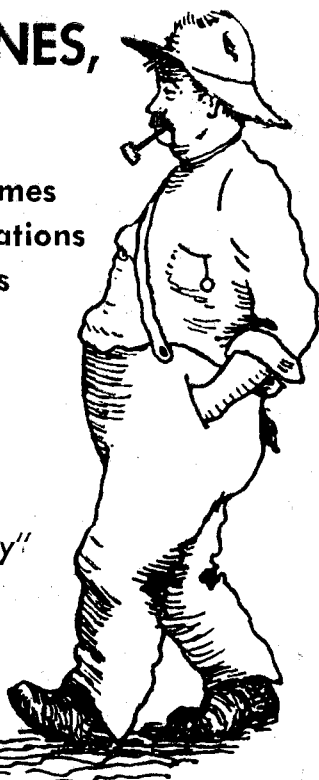
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speaks like a real woman. Even her punishment, which is confined to her own mind, has a certain subtlety of conception.

It is the construction of the book, and the portrayal of the subsidiary characters, that make *Miss Condon* something for the matinee trade. All the men in the story, from the Down-Easter who woos Jennie with idealistic talk about the poor, to the Italian priest who comforts himself with Kentucky rye, are either stereotypes flattering to the feminine ego, or fat bits for a good character actor. The women are the reliable old-maid confidante, the ambitious cat, and Jennie herself, the bewitching, not quite responsible creature who is, of course, the reader in disguise.

No scene is too important to be interrupted for descriptions of clothes, jewelry, furniture, and bric-a-brac, all of them, it must be admitted, done well. People appear and fade away without reason. Although most of the action is seen through Jennie's mind, her reveries are punctuated by episodes of which she could not be expected to know anything. Finally, while Jennie is never displayed in an indelicate pose, by an odd piece of transferred action one is shown an actress, otherwise quite unrelated to the story, attempting the seduction of one Dan Rosen, who has nothing to do with the main course of events either.

All these matters should make *Miss Condon* painful reading, but they do not. The narrative rolls along at a fast clip, the writing is easy, and the conversation, in its less emotional moments, very good. Approached in the same spirit in which one attends the Bijou of a Saturday night, the book becomes decidedly entertaining.

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John Hilton

MACMILLAN

THIS is not a book on Mexico, nor even an exhaustive study of Sonora. It is rather an experiment in sharing . . . memories." John Hilton's mild warning in the preface to this first book may well serve as an apologia for his expositive limitations. By his own account, the author was moved to experiment with book-writing after mulling over a sheaf of pencil sketches, with marginal notes, made over a period of eight years while roaming the State of Sonora, in northwestern Mexico adjoining Arizona.

Mr. Hilton is neither a brilliant writer nor an accomplished artist, but his anecdotal stories have an intimate fireside quality, and his tight little drawings neatly limn characters and settings. He has had a lot of nomadic fun and more than the usual amount of misadventures to be found almost everywhere in Mexico once the traveler strays off the Pan-American Highway.

In the Callejon, a block-long passage in Alamos, Mr. Hilton found the Beggar Who Smelled Like Violets, who gives the title to the most charming tale in the book. A *flacon* of Parisian essence, the wedding gift of a French husband, spends its last fragrance on shoddy garments, to please passers-by and perfume the memories of a gentle old woman recalling days when the influences of the court of Maximilian were felt as far away as Sonora.

The general uneasiness of Mr. Hilton in his efforts at wide vistas could have been allayed by sound professional advice during the inchoate stages of his experiment. Ex-

So who should come down the chimney but the Archangel Michael, announcing another Flood, and suggesting that the O'Callaghans get busy building an ark... which accounts for the fact that the new novel by

T. H. White

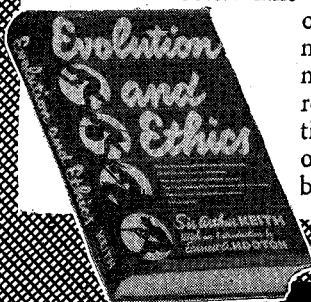
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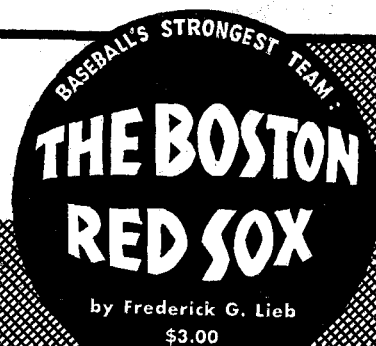
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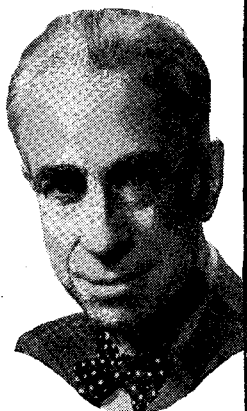
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cessive use of quotation marks in his running prose throws it off plumb, and he is allowed, in several instances, to be made prey for a sophisticated magazine with a voracious appetite for misconstructions.

Although he cannot be included in the writing fraternity of more worldly and less jaws-agape excursionists such as Henry James, Richard Halliburton, and Margaret Halsey, Mr. Hilton has his say for adventure as he finds it over in his corner of the continent. In addition to finding them exhilarating, he has succeeded in sharing some of his lighthearted memories.

WILLIAM C. ESTLER

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LET ME LIE

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James Branch Cabell

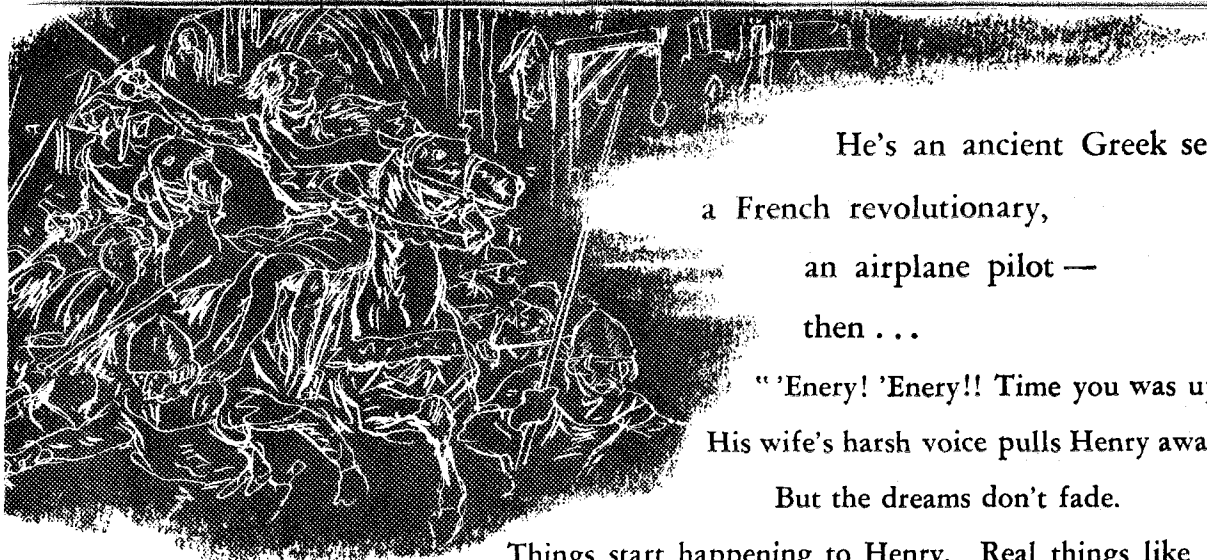
FARRAR, STRAUS

NOTWITHSTANDING the many critics who have condemned him as a faulty observer of life, James Branch Cabell must be reckoned with in any estimate of contemporary American literature. He represents a way of life and letters, anachronistic as it may seem to be, that has been both productive and inspirational. He has been called an escapist, a perennial tenant of the ivory tower, a man who writes about life while taking great pains to remain aloof from it. His new collection of essays, *Let Me Lie*, is, in part, an explanation and, if Mr. Cabell will bear with me, an apologia. In his Epilogue, wherein Cabell Senior discourses at length with Cabell Junior, Cabell Senior recognizes that he, like all well-born Virginians, has possibly been dwelling in a fool's paradise, following a dream as the one true reality of life, insisting only, be it false or misleading, that it be noble. That this philosophy may be a negative one, he fully realizes, reluctantly admitting that, by all earthly standards, he and his class may have failed.

Much of the material in *Let Me Lie* has appeared, in one form or another, in the *Atlantic* and other publications. The net whole, however, presents a well-rounded collection of Cabellana that should delight his many readers, while making a first acquaintance with this prolific Virginian a remarkable adventure. He ranges, with the unmistakable Cabell touch, from "The First Virginian," the little-known saga of a gregarious Ajacan Indian chief who became a Spanish grandee, to "Miss Glasgow of Virginia," a personalized criticism of the work of one of his oldest and most devoted friends. In between, he holds forth on such intrastate items as John Smith and the Pocahontas legend, Virginia's failure to excel in the creative arts, Robert E. Lee, and Mrs. Louisa Nelson, the author's perennially fifty-two years old mammy. It would be an unconscionable breach of faith to discuss these delicate and charming little essays of Virginia in any greater detail; Cabell must be read to be fully appreciated and understood.

There are moments when the reader will indignantly kick up his heels and accuse Mr. Cabell of being pontifical, otherworldish, or cynical. He will frequently resent the necessity of keeping a dictionary, an encyclopedia, and an atlas within arm's reach. But few will deny that the author possesses a charm and a detached exuberance which, combined with his delightfully rambling conversational style, make for extremely pleasant reading and recollection.

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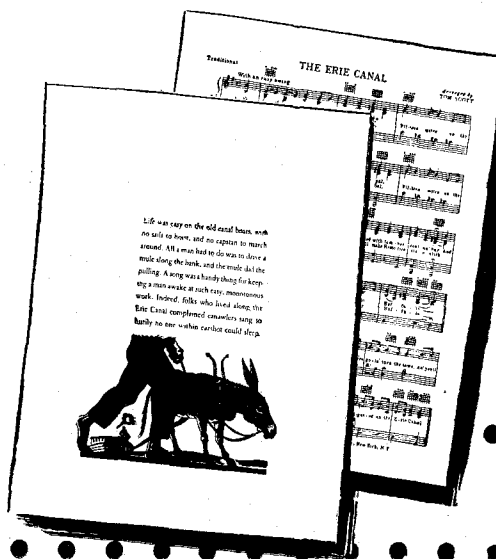
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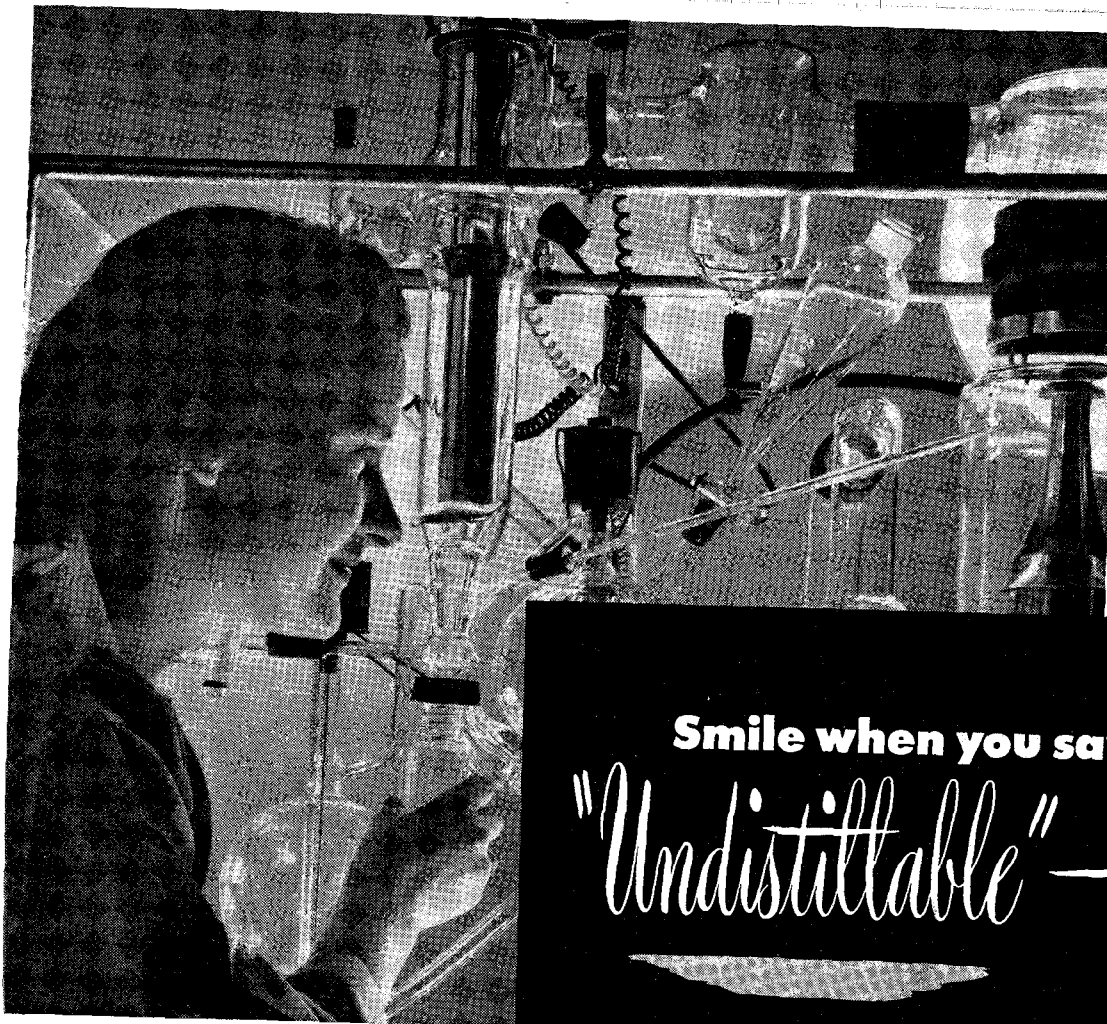
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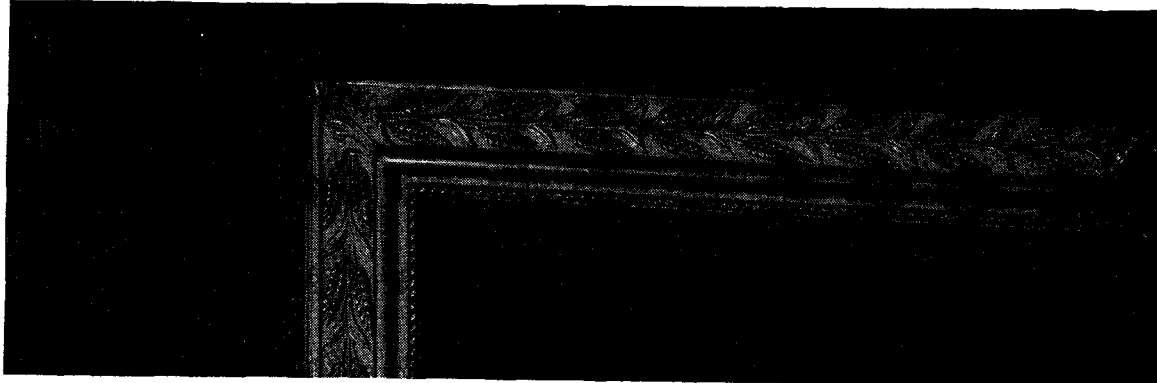
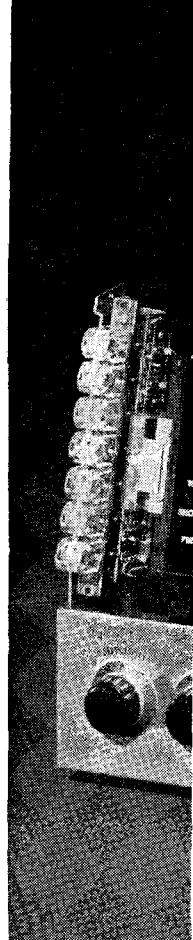
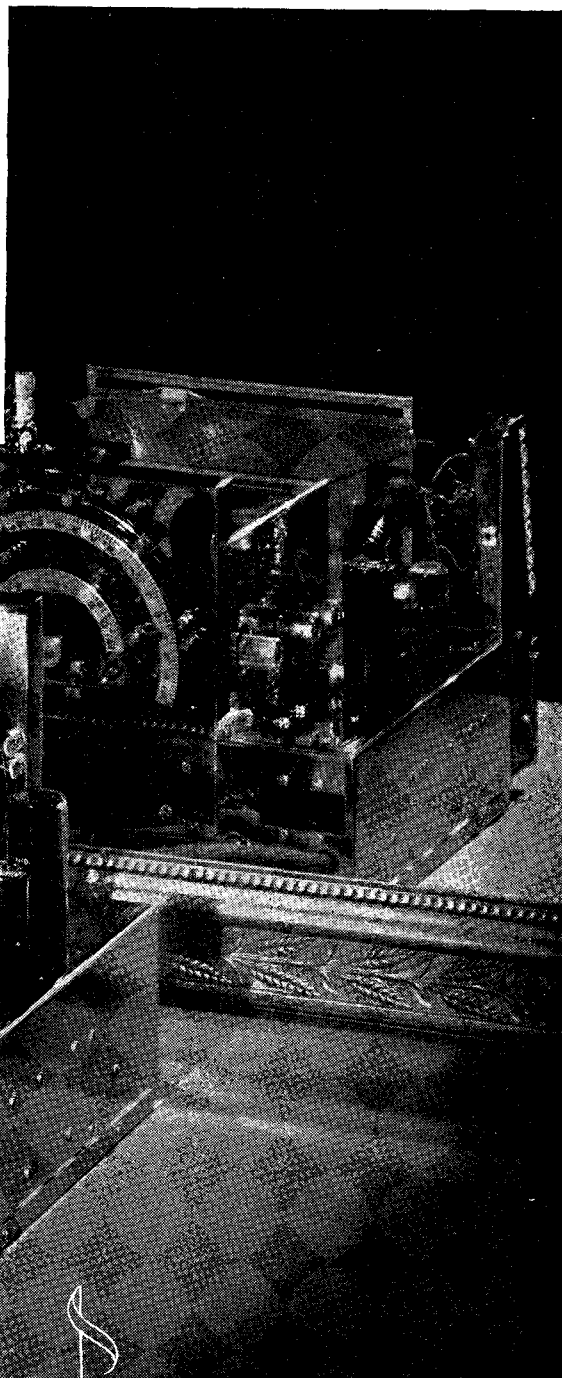


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